SPECIAL! NEW COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE!

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Radio Stars

JULY

10 CENTS

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EDDIE CANTOR
SHIRLEY ROSS
TONY MARTIN
LUM 'N' ABNER
EDGAR BERGEN
CECIL B. DEMILLE

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Earl Christy

BE IRRESISTIBLE—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

IRRESISTIBLE

YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores

IRRESISTIBLE LIP LURE—THE NEW GLOWING VIBRANT LIPSTICK

Pretty lips cost her a pretty penny but never a second for her tender gums

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

LET her study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that *dull, dingy, shadowed* smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until she lavishes a fraction of the care she gives her lips on her dingy teeth, her *tender, ailing gums*—not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" upon her tooth brush.

Don't Overlook "Pink Tooth Brush"

When that warning tinge appears on *your* tooth brush—*go at once to your dentist.* Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of necessary work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually he will suggest harder, "chewier" foods—and often the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For nearly always, Ipana and massage is a wise precaution against the warning of "pink tooth brush." Begin today to help the health of your teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Watch those lazy tissues grow gradually *firmer, sounder, healthier.*

Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

• • •

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night, over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E. D. S. T.

Remember
a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA
Tooth Paste

The DAILY BEAUTY RULE *of Smart Women*

SECRET OF A LOVELY BODY

1—CLEANSE...lather gently but thoroughly.
2—STIMULATE... with soft-textured towel.
3—SOFTEN and PROTECT... with generous powdering of MAVIS, the beauty talcum.

NEW BEAUTY IN 10 DAYS

Do this every day for ten days. You will be thrilled with the difference in your skin! MAVIS keeps skin soft, youthful, alluring.

FINER THAN MOST FACE POWDERS

MAVIS spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts!* Keeps you free from perspiration odor. Safeguards *feminine daintiness.* Protects fine underthings. Cools, soothes, refreshes.

FREE Generous size trial package of MAVIS TALCUM. Write to Vivaudou, Dept. 70, Long Island City, N. Y. This offer not good after July 25, 1937. Get your FREE MAVIS now!

MAVIS FOR BODY PROTECTION

Finer than most face powders

WABC • WAVA • WBZ • WBAL • KNX • WBNS • WEAN • WGN • WHAM • WHIO • WMAL • WLS • WMCA • WOAI • WSAI • KOMA • WMAQ • WISN • WKRC • KXOK • WSM • KTRH • KSO • KSTP • WCAR • KDYL • WJZ • KOMO • KWK • WBZA • KOIN • WHAS • KSFO

Radio Stars

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor, ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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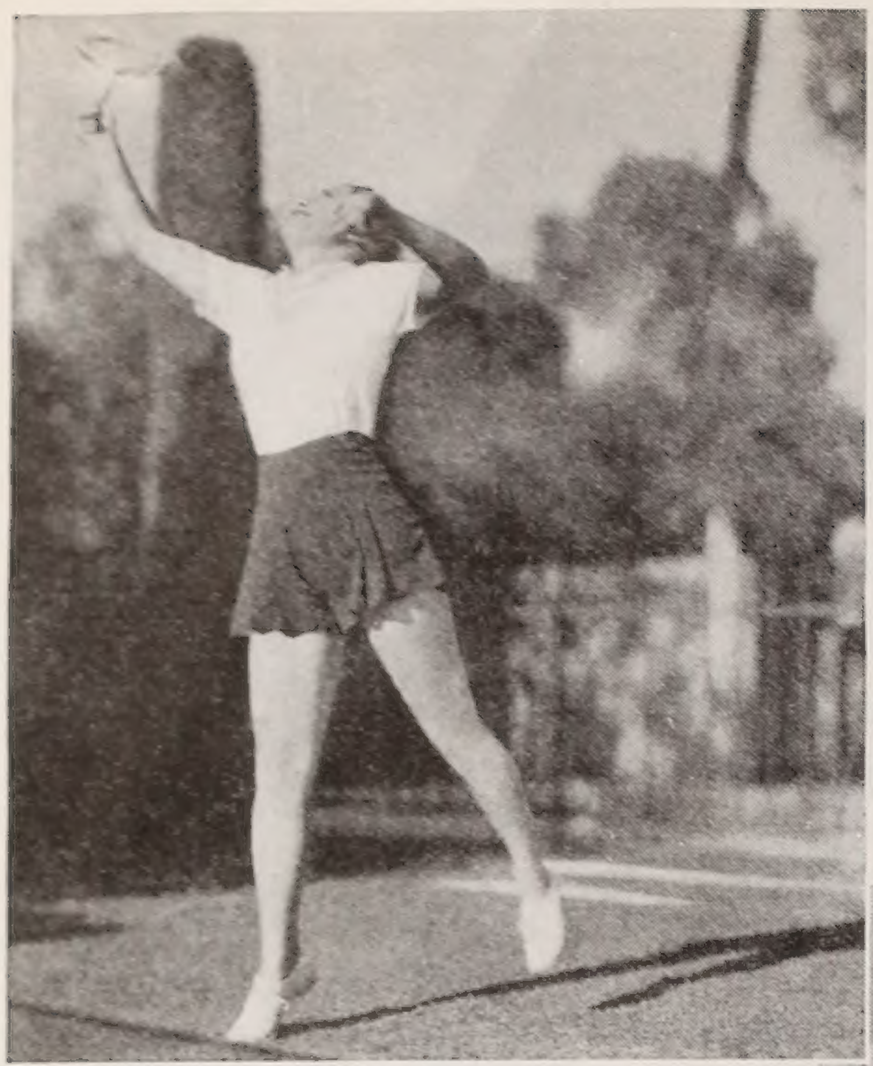
He introduced her first in "Escapade". She was an immediate sensation!
Then they appeared together in "The Great Ziegfeld". You know how wonderful they were!
Then she won new triumphs as O-lan in "The Good Earth", which is being hailed as "The Best Picture of 1937."
You will be thrilled to see them together again now in the most exciting romantic drama since "Mata Hari" and directed by the man who made it!
William POWELL • Luise RAINER
in
The Emperor's Candlesticks
with ROBERT YOUNG • MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
FRANK MORGAN • Henry Stephenson
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by GEORGE FITZMAURICE • Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.

Beauty Advice

BY MARY BIDDLE



Badminton is another game in which Gladys delights.

Would you know the secret of the famed Swarthout glamour? Here are her rules

Whoever says Gladys Swarthout is "lovely to look at—lovely to listen to," tells but half the story, for she is "lovely to know." Gladys Swarthout is more than a beautiful voice, face and figure—she is a real person . . . and she knocks our conceptions of temperamental opera divas right on the head! She is a thoroughly normal person, with a radiant personality. It takes only a few moments with her to feel her genuine interest in people and things.

Interviewing Gladys Swarthout on the subject of beauty—and in particular her beautiful figure—I kept bumping into her personality at every turn. It seems Gladys is really interested in sports, exercise, physical activities. That she really likes healthful foods! Well—the idea of a person having a beautiful figure by doing absolutely nothing but what she likes is certainly a novel one—one that I must pass along to you.

Just look around you. Look at all the figure-fault people you know. Watch their activities. The slim ones are always on the go. Nervously jumping here and there. Dashing hecticly from one engagement to the next. And the fat ones—they take

(*Continued on page 78*)

Much of Gladys Swarthout's lovely litheness comes from the exercise of riding, of which she is a devotee. But you can achieve equal results from any exercise you enjoy.

It's their Birthday.. *but Your Gift!*

Photograph copyrighted by NEA Service, Inc.

Mothers—ACCEPT THIS "DIONNE BIRTHDAY BOOK"

THE whole world shares a thrill of joy as those darling Dionne babies toddle past their *third* milestone—"bigger and better than ever"!

"Lysol" disinfectant celebrates with a birthday gift for *you!* Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's own thrilling story of the methods used in bringing up his five famous little wards. Illustrated with many of their most appealing photographs! *Free* with each purchase of "Lysol"!

Dr. Dafoe talks to mothers on the radio (Columbia network) every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. This is the only book containing the important information he has broadcast, as well as many additional facts of fascinating interest to everyone. While these books last, your druggist is authorized to give one *free* to each purchaser of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Since the day the Quins were born, May 28, 1934, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help keep their surroundings *hygienically clean*. . . one of the important measures directed toward the prevention of Infection.

Are you taking this simple, but scientific, precaution in the care of your *own* baby? You owe it to your family's welfare to keep their surroundings *hygienically clean* with "Lysol" disinfectant.

Use "Lysol" in *all* your household cleaning. Add "Lysol" to the laundry tub for washing towels, bedding, handkerchiefs, etc., especially when there is any sickness about. "Lysol" adds no work; hardly any cost—because it is highly concentrated. Get "Lysol" *today* and ask your druggist for a *free copy* of Dr. Dafoe's valuable book!

FREE! AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S
with every purchase of "LYSOL"

If your druggist is out of these books, send "Lysol" carton and coupon below and we will mail you a copy, absolutely free and postpaid.

. . .

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 7-R. S.
Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

I am enclosing a carton from "Lysol". Please send me, by prepaid post, a FREE copy of Dr. Dafoe's book. My druggist's supply was exhausted.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

It's My Humble Opinion—

BY

RUDY VALLEE

It was a great day when Rudy Vallee set sail on the *Ile de France* for England and the Coronation, whence came two of his Thursday night shows featuring all-British casts. Here he is, obliging eager autograph seekers who thronged about him before he left.

BELIEVING that every man is entitled to trial by a jury of his peers, I would like to present, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, my side of a recent mixup in which I was concerned.

To me the whole thing, and its subsequent newspaper treatment, is but further proof that there is a crying need for a Saturday-night publication to be called, let's say, *The Weekly Check-Up,* whose sole function it would be to show up the errors, omissions and misstatements made deliberately or otherwise by the Press (i.e. newspapers, magazines, all forms of printed material) and radio pronouncements made during the previous five or six days.

The proof? The story concerning the picture of yours truly and a young lady, photographed in Boston. Here are the errors committed by the newspapers: First—they misstated the name of the young lady. (The lady originally named was in New York City the night the picture was taken in Boston). Second: The gentleman who was with me was neither my "stooge," nor my press-agent or publicity man. (For the past six years I have had no publicity man, no press-agent). He represents the publishing firm of Irving Berlin in Boston, lectures on chemistry in two schools, writes for both a Catholic and a drug magazine and has been out of my employ for some six months. When he was with me, he acted as secretary and *aide-de-camp.* Third: My friend merely tried to secure the camera plate—he made no motion to attack. Fourth: I at no time took the offensive. I asked my friend to release the plate, which he had wrested from the photographer, and then asked the photographer, in deference to the young lady present, not to print the picture which included her, but to take as many of me as he wished.

It is a peculiar paradox of our American way of living that we hold inviolate and sacred the privacy of our homes, through which no one may walk or search without a warrant. Yet, probably through fear of the Press more than anything else, our legislators have not dared to guarantee, to celebrities or to *anyone,* the right to keep his or her physiognomy to himself or herself, the photographing, the subsequent reproduction of the photograph except when used for commercial purposes. Certainly it is a sad commentary on the state of *The Boston Record,* that, in its desperation to increase circulation, it finds it necessary to photograph a man leaving a theatre with a lady and thus to use that personality in conjunction with that of the lady to build up circulation, on the assumption that its readers secure a vicarious thrill in what this particular personality does or with whom he may associate. Is this news—for our Constitution guaranteed a one-sided freedom?

It could not help but amuse me, because as a personality and circulation builder I am really not that important—although by their snapping of the picture and the subsequent reprinting of it, they would have you believe that most of you wait breathlessly to see who my fair companion may be!

As laughable as this particular incident may seem on the surface, *The Boston Record* probably seriously thought it was doing me a favor by printing my picture in its pages. It probably seems incredible to its editors that there are those who do not subscribe to that moronic morsel of imbecility which goes something like this: *"I don't care what you say about me as long as you mention my name."*

But it was not my own feelings in this particular instance that I was considering. It is just possible that the young lady had reasons for not wishing to have a photograph of herself published without her permission. Unfortunately, the law may not offer redress to a young lady who may, or may not, suffer as a result of having a picture of herself spread throughout the press of the country, and perhaps does not permit another young lady, who was not even there, from securing any (*Continued on page* 64)

Diverting and newsy are Rudy's comments in his sixth column

RELIEF FOR YOUR FEET

Don't suffer another day from your feet. No matter what common foot trouble you may have, you can now have IMMEDIATE RELIEF at very small cost. Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted foot specialist, has formulated a Foot Comfort Remedy for every foot ailment. They are made under his personal supervision in the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the feet. Go to your Drug, Shoe, Department or 10c store *this week* and get the original Dr. Scholl's in the yellow package for quick, safe relief.

For FREE BOOKLET explaining the symptoms, causes and treatment of all foot trouble, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 247 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

CORNS, SORE TOES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve pain; remove corns. Stop cause—shoe friction and pressure; prevent sore toes, blisters. Thin, soothing, healing.

CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, quickly relieve pain, safely remove hard, dead skin. Stop shoe pressure. Very soothing and healing.

BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for bunions relieve pain; stop shoe pressure on the sore spot. Thin, protective, healing, safe, sure. Easy to apply.

SOFT CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for soft corns between toes, relieve pain instantly; take pressure off the sore spot; safely remove soft corns.

TENDER FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, or perspiring feet. Soothing, healing, comforting to irritated skin. Eases new, tight shoes.

TIRED, SORE FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves sore, feverish, chafed, swollen, aching, tender feet. Promotes foot health. Very soothing.

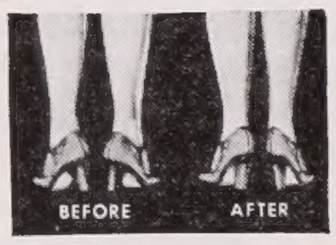
CLEANSES FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Soap (granular), loosens secretions of the skin; cleanses skin pores; stimulates normal circulation, promotes foot health.

FOOT LOTION
Dr. Scholl's Foot Lotion cools, soothes, invigorates tired, burning feet. Relieves soreness. Deodorizing, antiseptic.

CORNS, CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Liquid Corn and Callous Remedy 2 drops relieves pain; quickly, safely loosens and removes hard or soft corns and callouses.

REMOVES CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Fixo Corn Plasters quickly, safely remove corns. Instantly relieve pain; stop shoe pressure. Easy to apply, stay in place. Waterproof.

FOOT RELIEF
Dr. Scholl's Kurotex velvety-soft foot plaster relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots and prevents blisters. Cut to any size.



CROOKED HEELS
Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates prevent crooked heels, keep shoes shapely. Cushion heel; save on repairs. Easily attached in any shoe. For men and women.

EASES FEET
Dr. Scholl's Moleskin, foot plaster for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots and preventing blisters. Cuts to any size.

BURNING FEET
Dr. Scholl's Pedicreme a soothing, healing, cooling vanishing cream for relieving tired, tender, aching or burning feet. Delightfully refreshing.

REMOVES CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Corn Salve stops pain instantly and quickly, gently, safely loosens and removes old, hard corns.

SORE, TENDER HEELS
Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions make walking a pleasure; help support arch. Sponge rubber, covered with leather.

RELIEVES SORE FEET
Dr. Scholl's Bath Salts relieves tired, aching feet. Also recommended for bath in rheumatism, lumbago, gout. Softens water.

LAMB'S WOOL
Dr. Scholl's Lamb's Wool sterilized super-soft, for padding and separating the toes; relieves scalds and soft corns.

CORNS, BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Felt Pads in sizes for corns and bunions instantly relieve pain and stop shoe pressure on sore spot.

ITCHING FEET, TOES
Presto Athlete's Foot Remedy relieves itching feet and toes, kills fungi it comes in contact with. Aids in healing skin.

Dr Scholl's Foot Comfort Week

—SHE'S A WILDCAT!

WHAT a penalty people pay for being mean and nasty-tempered! They forfeit friends and romance! They're their own worst enemies!

Still, they're not always to blame. You know, yourself, that you can't escape being nervous, irritable, crabby, if your system is clogged with poisonous wastes. So if you really want to be light-hearted . . . popular, fresh-looking . . . *be sure that your bowels move regularly.* And whenever Nature needs help—take Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax works by the "GENTLE NUDGE" system

The "gentle nudge" system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving you a thorough cleaning-out. Ex-Lax just gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists. Evacuation is easy, comfortable—and complete. You'll feel *clean.* You'll feel more *alive.* And you'll be grateful for the absence of the strain and nausea that make the action of a harsh purgative so unpleasant.

Another thing—Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it, and Ex-Lax is just as good for them as it is for you. Available at all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. MM77, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Responsible for over sixty film successes, Cecil DeMille now devotes himself to glamorizing radio.

Gracie and George, and the Jack Bennys congratulate DeMille after a *Lux Radio Theatre* show.

How Cecil B. DeMille has conquered the

BACK in 1913, Cecil B. DeMille, now director of the *Lux Radio Theatre,* sat gloomily with bespectacled Jesse Lasky in the restaurant of New York City's Claridge Hotel. A play he'd produced had just failed. There was little his friend Lasky could do to cheer him up since he, too, had just experienced a great failure in the sudden closing of his *Folies Bergère.*

Along came Samuel Goldwyn who, at the time, wasn't doing so well in the glove business. With a long, despondent look on his face, he joined them at lunch.

"How's business, Sam?" they asked.

"If it was any better, it would be still lousy!"

But, somehow, these three men could not be discouraged. Even as they sat there, telling each other about their respective failures, they decided to become partners in a new kind of business which was just getting under way—the making of motion pictures. So Cecil and his pals journeyed out to Hollywood and opened a studio in an old, dilapidated barn at what is now known as Selma Avenue and Bryant Street. Their

Realism is attained on *Lux Theatre* by carefully timed sound effects. DeMille checks them with a *CBS* expert.

Glamour Is His Business

BY WILFRED HEALY

first picture was *The Squaw Man,* with Dustin Farnum, brother of the more popular William, as its star.

From that time on, Cecil B. (the *B*, incidentally, is for Blount) DeMille was outstandingly successful in directing and producing pictures. The one element he insisted upon in all of his productions was glamour. More lavish productions have never been filmed than his *The Ten Commandments, Ben Hur, The King of Kings, The Sign of the Cross* and *The Plainsman.*

When *Lux* hired DeMille as director of its (*Continued on page* 60)

air as he did the films

Dear Madam:

Tell me — honestly, now — what is your *real* opinion about all the many face powders you have tried? Have you ever truly found that one heaven-sent face powder which brings to life all the vivid, glowing, natural skin charm and loveliness that you have every right to expect?

You aren't to blame, really, if your search has failed. We have all had the same trying experience. Testing — choosing—never quite *sure* we were the lovely person we longed to be.

You—are the very problem modern cosmeticians studied year after year before LOVELY LADY was created. Millions of women go on switching face powders, grinding *hard-base*, sharp-flake powders into the skin, finally spoiling their natural skin beauty.

Now,—BALMITE the exquisite new *soft-blend* base—chosen for my LOVELY LADY Face Powder ends harsh overpowdered look caused by hard-base, sharp-flake powders. . . . Because of BALMITE all five exquisite *new* shades of LOVELY LADY *blend out* to *cover your every seasonal variation of complexion color.* Smooths away horrid lines that have made you look years older, brings out the flattering loveliness of your natural skin tone beauty.

Don't punish your complexion any longer! Sit down before your mirror—try all five *new* shades of my Face Powder. You'll see then, and only then, if you have been using the wrong face powder. You'll see instantly which one shade of LOVELY LADY makes you look youngest, loveliest. Just send the coupon—NOW and I'll send you generous vanity size samplers of all 5 new shades of my Face Powder by return mail — FREE.

Sincerely,

Lovely Lady

ON SALE AT COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

FREE

LOVELY LADY,
603 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free by return mail generous vanity size samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face Powder. Include a week's supply of LOVELY LADY All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Paste this on a postcard or enclose in envelope

Kate Smith's Own Cooking

On a pleasant summer afternoon at home, Kate Smith enjoys a cool drink of iced coffee, served on a lawn table shaded by an umbrella.

In this article, and also in the recipe leaflet, Miss Smith gives your recipes for this new *Mélange* salad and other tempting salads.

Courtesy Mazola Company

A summer cheese tray, featuring various popular cheeses, appeals to our hostess.

Hello, Everybody!

This is Kate Smith, bringing you some summer food suggestions and offering you, this month, recipes for several of my favorite hot weather dishes.

These are the very same recipes that I'll soon be following, myself, in my island home on beautiful Lake Placid, where I expect to spend as much time as I possibly can during the coming summer months. Yes indeed, you can just imagine me, folks, right after my broadcasts (or any other duties that may bring me, reluctantly, to New York) shaking the dust of the city from my feet and boarding a train post-haste for the Adirondacks. I won't delay a minute, I assure you, because, when I'm in my beloved mountain camp, I know I'll be able to rest and relax, to swim and walk, to play tennis and golf and, best of all, to entertain my folks and my friends in the most informal manner imaginable.

You can be sure, too, that I also shall spend long pleasurable hours, while there, experimenting and puttering around in the large rustic kitchen of this country home of mine, fixing up the same dishes that I've been telling you about these past eight months or so, in my capacity of "guest conductor" of Radio Stars Magazine's Cooking School.

I also intend to try out new dishes that I'll be able to tell you about at some future time. For I'm saying goodbye—or should I say *au revoir*—to my "cooking class" here, this month; but I want you to know that I plan to return to "meet" you again in these pages. Can't say just when, at the present moment, because I'm vacation-minded just now (I'll bet you are, too!) and I'm shedding responsibilities as a duck does water! "Less work for Katherine!" is my motto during the summer! But I know from experience that I'll change my tune when the cooler fall days come around.

Then, too, I'll be going on the air next season for a new sponsor, General Foods, and I'm sure that will make me so food conscious that I'll want to talk about culinary matters once more. So, though we part for the time being, let's agree that our theme song will be *Till We Meet Again*—with more menus, more

School

Our Cooking School Hostess says good-bye with a shower of summer recipes

recipes and more of those friendly letters from you to me which I have so greatly enjoyed receiving during my "tenure of office" as your Cooking School Director. I hope you'll write and let me know what you think of my coming back in this capacity, when you send in for this month's recipes, the last of the present series. I believe you'll find the coupon that brings you this free leaflet at the end of this article of mine, for a change. But just because it isn't up here in front for you to see at once, don't overlook it or you'll miss out on some dishes that are full of *summer-appeal.*

But let's see what they are, these tempting foods for the hot days, when foods need to be extra-special to whet our lagging appetites. We'll start right off with salads, of course; first, because I know you like them, and, second, because I practically live on salads and cold meats, myself, in summer, so I've been particularly interested in all the salads I've ever heard about or tasted. Which means, of course, (*Continued on page 54*)

BEAUTY authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream, with its remarkable new ingredient.

New Kind of Cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream contains colloidal gold, which has an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action makes Golden Cleansing Cream more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and, at the same time, tones and invigorates skin tissues.

Make This Simple Test

Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Then cleanse with Golden Cleansing Cream. On the tissue you will find more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Try it tonight. See for yourself how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store for just $1.00.

Daggett & Ramsdell
GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue, New York City. Dept. MM-7

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Copr. 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell

WELL-DRESSED WOMEN NOW WEAR *BRA-FORMS

Leading American designers recommend the use of dress shields to protect their creations not only from perspiration but also from strong under-arm cosmetics.

At a recent Fashion Show in New York, every dress was worn over a carefully selected Kleinert's Bra-form.

*Bra-forms are smart uplift bras made in net, lace, batiste and satin and equipped with a pair of Kleinert's guaranteed dress shields.

They can be laundered as easily as your other lingerie, and solve your perspiration problem perfectly without the slightest bother.

You need bras and you need shields—Bra-forms combine them *most* conveniently! From a dollar up in good Notion Departments everywhere—a tiny fraction of the cost of the dresses they save.

The Bra-form illustrated above, is of fine batiste, $1.25.

Ask for Kleinert's Launderite Shields—25¢ a pair at Notion Counters everywhere.

Kleinert's
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TORONTO, CANADA...LONDON, ENG.

Comfort First in Play Clothes

By
ELIZABETH ELLIS

Lily Pons' favorite swim suit is of white satin and woven elastic, high in front, with deep sun-back.

I'VE discovered that it's the stars who have to be the most formal in their working hours who, actually, are the most informal in their play time. Such is true of tiny, vivacious Lily Pons. Lily's working life is composed of costumes and more costumes. If she isn't dressing up for a screen rôle, she's having fittings for some operatic part. And between times, she has to deck herself out fittingly for her radio broadcast every Wednesday night. As you know, Lily is soloist with Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra on the *Chesterfield* program. So it is no wonder that when she is at home, either in California or Connecticut, Lily relaxes completely and dresses for comfort above all else.

Chatting about clothes with Mlle. Pons has its conversational hurdles! Although Lily speaks English, she much prefers to talk French. And when she does talk English, her accent is much more apparent than when you hear her speak on the screen or over the air. At such times she has rehearsed what she is going to say and the results are much smoother than her impromptu conversations in person.

No frills for Lily Pons, when she is relaxing at home

For a sports costume she chooses a slacks suit, strictly man-tailored. This one is of crush-resisting linen in herringbone weave.

A charming summer evening gown of gaily printed seersucker is a gem for vacation travel or a week-end party. It can't wrinkle!

You can be right in the midst of a conversation with Lily, and thinking you are getting along swimmingly, when suddenly her shoulders move, her hands give a despairing gesture and she rattles the rest off in French to her maid, manager or publicity agent nearby. So these fashion observations on Mlle. P. are partly from her own English descriptions, plus volumes in French, relayed to me by an interpreter who thought I couldn't understand a word of the language!

The first thing that surprised me, upon meeting the pint-sized Lily, was that her hair isn't black. Didn't you think it was? Instead, it's a colorful reddish brown which heightens the effectiveness of her typically Latin skin coloring—a warm brunette tone, which makes her appear perpetually sun-tanned. She always wears her hair the same, day or evening. Sometimes, with formal clothes, she wears flowers placed high upon her head because she feels it gives her an illusion

(*Continued on page 68*)

"Glare-Proof"

Now 3 Pond's "Sunlight" shades

Summer Brunette
Sunlight (LIGHT)
Sunlight (DARK)

to soften your face in blazing light . . .

Now *three* new "Sunlight" Shades—to flatter you in hard sunlight.

Pond's "Sunlight" Shades are *new!* They catch only the softer rays of the sun. Soften its hard, unbecoming glare on your face. Completely away from the old "dirty-looking" sun-tan powders. Try them at our expense.

Or, get a box yourself. If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Dept. 9RS-PG, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test.
(This offer expires Sept. 1, 1937)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Radio Ramblings

Meri Bell, popular songbird on *CBS*. Her favorite dish is black-eyed peas and onions!

This tip may or may not be of value to the over-plump ladies—but one of Fifth Avenue's expensive reducing salons has found Guy Lombardo's music best for reducing exercises! Their reducing ladies usually exercise to the rhythm of a Lombardo phonograph record.

If the case calls for slightly more strenuous treatment, a Hal Kemp recording is selected. His tempos are slightly faster and set the exercisers leaping and swinging at a livelier rate.

A prank of this same Guy Lombardo, by the way, was the push that started Gracie Allen singing regularly on her radio programs. In her early radio days, she had a terrible case of microphone fright. At first she insisted on broadcasting behind a screen, so that even the Lombardo musicians could not watch her.

About that time Gracie was fond of a new song called *A Little Grass Shack*. She gaily sang it around rehearsals and, one day, the Lombardo bandmen improvised an accompaniment as she sang. It sounded well and Guy suggested that she sing it on the air.

The Bennys go to the circus. Joan Naomi, Jack and Mary pose with DoDo, the clown.

"Oh, I couldn't!" Gracie protested. "No one would like my singing and, besides, I'd simply die!"

Guy conferred with George Burns to see what could be done about it. After dress rehearsal, George announced: "Gracie, the program is about three minutes short. Couldn't you possibly sing that song with Guy? We haven't time to write enough to fill those three minutes."

Reluctantly Gracie consented. As things turned out, it was not so terrible, either for herself or for the audience. She hasn't missed singing on a program since, except when occasional attacks of flu interfered.

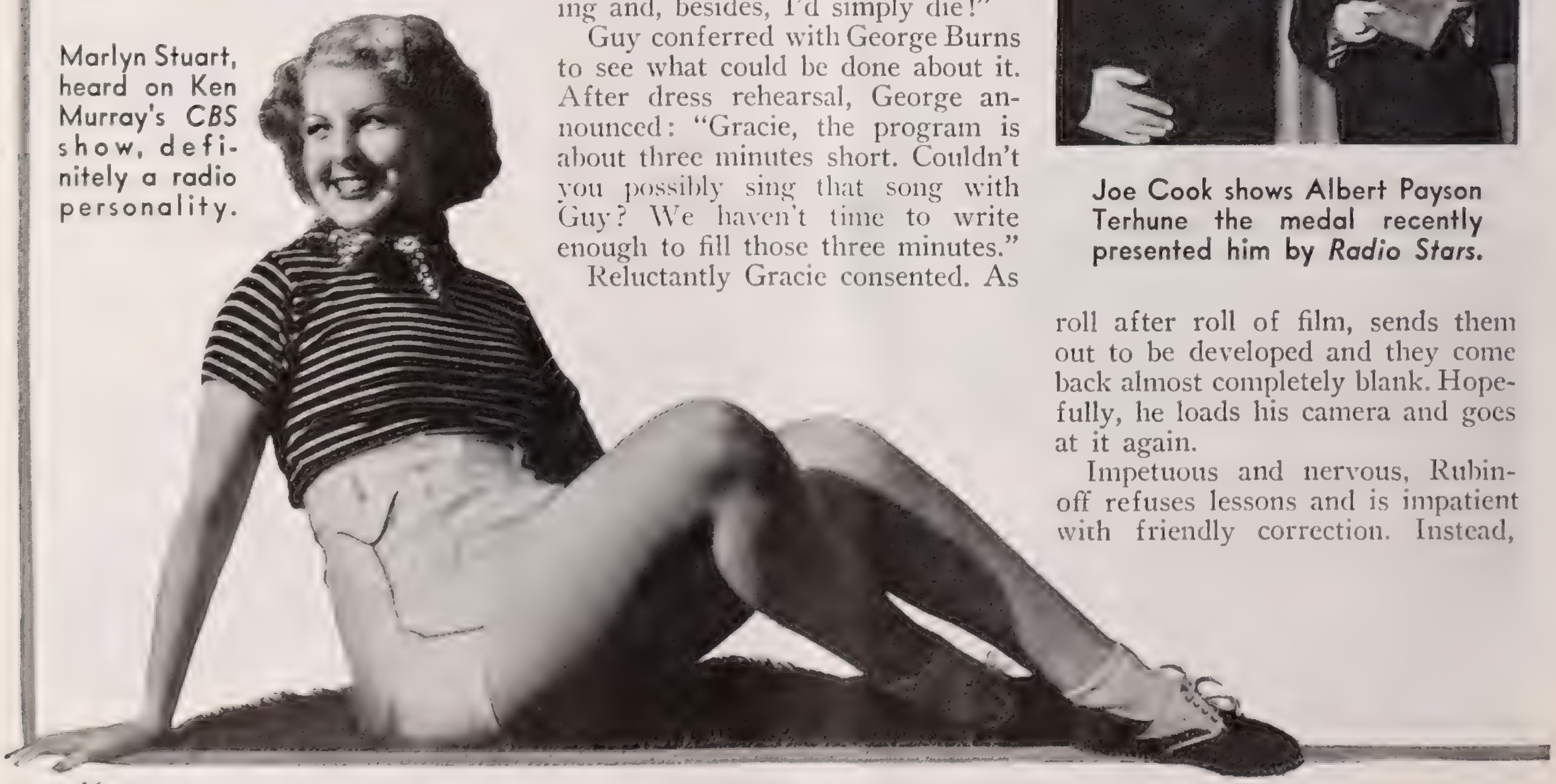
***Easy Aces* have a strange setup for their radio network. As far west as Denver, their programs are heard on an *NBC* network. West of Denver, *NBC* stations are not available at the proper time, so the Pacific coast hears them on Columbia stations.**

The *Ace* sketches on the Columbia stations are broadcast from records and a lapse of three weeks is allowed for recording and mailing time. Thus the Pacific Coast hears them not only on another network but three weeks later than the Eastern broadcasts.

Rubinoff is an enthusiastic candid camera fan and his enthusiasm really is astounding. He takes roll after roll of film, sends them out to be developed and they come back almost completely blank. Hopefully, he loads his camera and goes at it again.

Joe Cook shows Albert Payson Terhune the medal recently presented him by *Radio Stars*.

Impetuous and nervous, Rubinoff refuses lessons and is impatient with friendly correction. Instead,



Marlyn Stuart, heard on Ken Murray's *CBS* show, definitely a radio personality.

If you want to be in the know on radio doings—here's the latest news

he takes the camera back to the store, insists it is no good and buys a more expensive one.

He is improving. The last report was that he had managed to get pictures on nearly a third of a roll, so he is working more feverishly than ever. Rubinoff is tireless and severe in rehearsal but occasionally he will climb off the stand, camera in hand, to crawl along the floor and try to get an action picture of a musician from an odd angle.

Andre Kostelanetz' music contains all sorts of experiments with putting queer sounds into the microphone. For a while he was getting a rhythm effect by having a musician get close to the microphone and click his tongue against the roof of his mouth. The sound was inaudible a couple of feet away but the microphone picked it up and amplified it. "Dental blocks" Kosty called that.

He has a new arrangement of Good Night Ladies, *in which a door slam supplements the drums. A real door is wheeled over to the microphone and slammed by a musician with notes in front of him.*

(Continued on page 73)

Who can hit the highest note? Kenny Baker and Morton Bowe engage in desperate rivalry.

Now SHE HAS Glamour

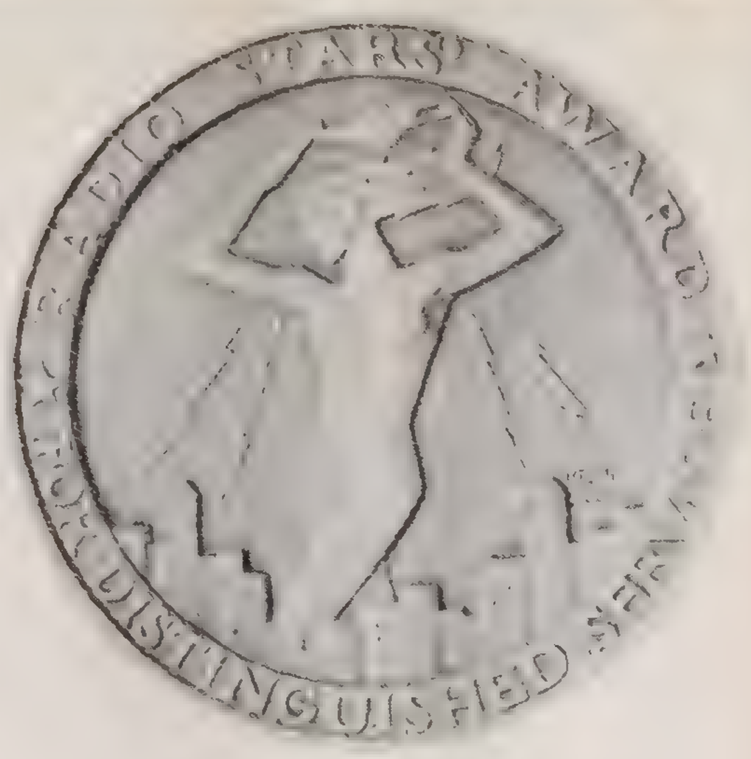
...SCENTED WITH GENUINE IMPORTED *French* PERFUME

From Paris, where life is gay and glamorous--where women are fastidious and fascinating -- comes the exquisite perfume that gives to Djer-Kiss Talc its enchanting fragrance . . . . Here in America it is the daily choice of lovely women who have discovered its ability to enhance personal charm, with a haunting touch of magical allure.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

Buy Djer-Kiss Talc in drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.

Bandleader Rex Chandler.



Baritone Richard Bonelli.

For Distinguished Service to Radio

When the comparatively unknown Rex Chandler, with his *Universal Rhythm*, was chosen to succeed Fred Waring and his *Pennsylvanians* on the *Ford Program*, it was generally thought that either a lamentable mistake had been made or another musical genius had been found. The latter, of course, turned out to be true.

Rex Chandler is not one of those pompous conductors who simply waves a baton and does little else. On the contrary, he's an accomplished musician, personally supervises all musical arrangements of his orchestra and conceived his *Universal Rhythm* only after years of constant study, here and abroad, of the rhythms of all nations. He is not the temperamental type, conserving his energy for the long, wearying hours of preparation and rehearsal. His patience and mild manner bespeak his culture.

Richard Bonelli, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Alec Templeton, distinguished blind pianist, are the other highlights of the program. Few baritone voices are as pleasant sounding to listeners as is Bonelli's. His mastery of the microphone enables him to sing out with the full quality of his voice without blasting listeners' ears, as many opera stars unfortunately do. The playing of Alec Templeton is one of radio's most unusual gifts. His interpretations astound even the most accomplished pianists.

With three outstanding artists, Chandler, Bonelli and Templeton, contributing their finest efforts each Saturday night, there is little surprise that the program has become so popular a favorite. Because of its artistry, precision and general excellence, RADIO STARS MAGAZINE awards its medal for Distinguished Service to Radio to the *Universal Rhythm Program*.

Peter C. Grady

EDITOR

Rex and Richard Bonelli discuss the musical score in rehearsal for the *Universal Rhythm Show*, heard Saturdays at 7:30 p.m. *EDST* on *CBS*.

YOU CAN *Tempt... Excite... Thrill*

and Still Be Refined...If You Use This Talc That's Perfumed with Blended Flowers

Ah-h-h!...what madness you can stir in the blood when you appeal to a man's sense of smell! Like the cave-man of old, seeking his mate among sweet flowers of the forest, a modern man is primitive, too.

His heart beats madly...he yearns for you... when you thrill him with the perfume of Nature's own flowers. Lander's Blended-Flower Talcs have this tempting, exciting perfume that men adore. Try the Lilacs and Roses Blend...dust your whole body with this exquisite powder... smell sweet all over!

Then, stand on your toes...stretch up, up... and whisper, "I'm utterly lovely—thrilling. I *can* win love." And you'll *feel* the power to go forth and conquer. Lander's Blended-Flower Talc does this for you and more...

It guards your refinement...makes a man long to protect you, because you're sweet as a flower. There may be fever in his kisses, but there'll be worship in his soul. He *knows* you're refined. Strong-scented talcums give the wrong idea. Play safe, get Lander's...perfumed with a blend of true flowers. Only 10c each at your 10c store.

SMELL SWEET ALL OVER

10c

LANDER'S BLENDED-FLOWER TALCS

LILACS AND ROSES · GARDENIA AND SWEET PEA · CARNATION AND LILY OF THE VALLEY · LAVENDER AND PINE · ORCHID AND ORANGE BLOSSOM

SOLD ONLY AT ALL 10c STORES

Shirley Ross, popular Paramount player and blues singer, is heard Wednesdays on Ken Murray's radio program.

. . She

FIFTEEN years in Hollywood make her almost a native. She went to grammar school there and high school and, briefly, to college. Like many another Hollywood aspirant for success and fame, Shirley Ross found it a handicap to live in that city of opportunity. She was too close at hand to be seen, her talents too near the motion picture scouts to be recognized by them. But, although she feels she might have got ahead faster if she had not been a home town girl, she did manage to achieve her goal without going away from home.

And that is because Shirley is a born fighter. You wouldn't guess it to look at her. She is tall and slim, with light brown hair curling softly in a long bob and framing an almost perfect camera face, with straight nose, sensitive mouth and wide, long-lashed gray eyes. There are beauty and sweetness in her face, but the dominant characteristic is strength. You don't expect so much will power in a girl as young and pretty as Shirley, but from the time she was a little girl, she has shown a forceful, determined character, a decisive personality.

"If anyone waved a white handkerchief in front of me, I'd fight!" she smiled. "As for taking a dare, there was nothing I wouldn't try."

That's why, today, she rapidly is winning success on screen and radio—you've seen her, perhaps, most recently in *The Big Broadcast of 1937*, *Hideaway Girl* and *Waikiki Wedding*, and you hear her Wednesday evenings on Ken Murray's program, at 8:30 *EDST*.

That's why she is a blues singer, and why she is an airplane pilot. And why she has the courage to contemplate combining her two careers with that third and no less difficult career, marriage.

"I know it won't be easy," she confided, looking abstractedly down at the lovely, tasteful ring on her finger. "It will be difficult . . . Marriage is a business, like anything else and, in Hollywood, in pictures, there is everything against it, but I intend to make a go of it, if possible."

Shirley is tall and slim, with light brown hair curling softly in a long bob, framing a perfect camera face.

Off for a brief holiday at Miami, Florida. Shirley dresses simply, but she has a flair for tailored smartness.

Kept Her Chin Up!

BY MIRIAM ROGERS

That's why Shirley Ross now has an enviable career, both in the movies and on the radio

She smiled wistfully. "I know a career isn't everything—there is so much more in life. I want to study and I want to travel—and I want to lead a normal, rounded-out life. I know trying to combine marriage and a career is a risky business, and I don't intend to keep on working indefinitely, but I have fought too hard and too long to give up now."

Shirley was about fifteen when she first definitely made up her mind what she wanted to do. She had studied piano since she was a small child and her mother was very anxious to have her become a concert pianist. But although Shirley played with skill and artistry, concerts terrified her. She realized that she could not go on with it, that she must find some other objective.

She could not contemplate just growing up, just being a débutante and later a wife. Life meant much more than that. She had to *do* something, *be* somebody! She never has been able to understand girls who lack initiative, lack ambition, the driving urge to accomplish something, in whatever line.

While she was wondering just what her future course would be, fate flung down a challenge that gave her the direction she needed.

In Hollywood High School she had studied dramatics and was prominent in the school plays. It was while she was playing the lead in one of these that a talent scout saw her and arranged for a movie test. Shirley was thrilled, as any girl would be, and hope soared high. But the test was a failure.

Shirley, however, showed her mettle. "When I learned it was bad, that my big opportunity had vanished into thin air, I was determined to show them!"

It was the little girl who never refused a dare! From then on, one purpose dominated her life. Shirley knew her mother was broken-hearted at her relinquishing a career as concert pianist—she had her to convince, as well as producers and public. She began systematically to develop her voice, to study (*Continued on page 84*)

Combining two careers makes a heavy schedule, but Shirley is young and healthy, and she loves every bit of it.

Frank Muto Photos

Ho hum! Nine o'clock! Time to get up and go to work!

Does he sing in his bath? Or is it a cry for help?

Over the morning coffee Ida offers helpful hints.

Cantor on

BY NANETTE KUTNER ●

Ida and the girls censor Eddie's

WHEN Eddie Cantor told me his family criticize his radio programs, I didn't believe him. I know Cantor!

For all his sweetness, his simple way of living, his many charitable enterprises, his reputation for being a square-shooter, he has the shrewdest publicity sense in show business.

I never shall forget what he told me one evening in Hollywood, as we sat, Ida and Eddie and I, in the cozy walnut-paneled study that opens off their huge living-room. The older girls were out on various dates, the younger ones had gone to bed.

With a motherly: "They grow so fast," Ida commenced to lengthen one of Marilyn's dresses.

President Roosevelt was scheduled to speak, and Eddie twirled the radio dials. He always has been a staunch Roosevelt booster, feeling justly proud of having spent Thanksgiving Day, a year ago, with the President at Warm Springs.

"Roosevelt is the most human man I've ever met," declares Eddie.

We listened to the speech. After discussing its main points, Eddie, in the energetic manner characteristic of him, suddenly waved his hands at me, announcing: "I'll give you a great idea for an article. You know this *Good Will Court?*"

I nodded. *The Good Will Court* was then at its height.

"Write an article on why the public will tire of it. And *I'll* tell you why!"

Thereupon, Mr. Cantor proceeded to furnish me with some pretty pallid reasons.

Politely I rejected them. It wasn't until I sat in my own home that I saw the thought underlying his suggestion. *The Good Will Court* played opposite Eddie Cantor. It

"Why did you sing that song?" asked Edna. "The lyric was silly!" said Marjorie. "And a bum joke is always a bum joke!" squelched Natalie. "*You* should be good thirty minutes out of thirty!"

"Now, Eddie, the cigar is not *your* trademark!"

His daughter, Marjorie, is Eddie's capable secretary.

The gag writers gather—now for the new script!

the Carpet!

programs. But he loves it and gauges his performances by them

would have been to his advantage if the public tired of the program. They had the same time on the air. Less listeners for *The Good Will Court* meant more for Cantor!

I could not help smiling at his shrewdness. From that time on, all remarks of Eddie Cantor's had me looking for reasons behind them.

So when he told me his family censored, edited and criticized his programs, I thought: *"A-ha!* You can't fool me, Mister! That's merely a story, concocted for publicity purposes." And for awhile I refused to believe it.

Well, I take this back. I eat my words. I apologize publicly, here and now, right in print. For unless the entire Cantor family, from Ida down to baby Janet, went to the inconceivable bother of staging a carefully-rehearsed scene for my benefit, then with my own eyes I saw and with my own ears I heard them tear apart Eddie's program, telling him just what they thought was wrong with it.

This is the story.

Eddie had invited me to watch his last evening broadcast. He gives three performances. At noon he stages a public dress rehearsal; in the afternoon, when in California, he broadcasts to the East; in the evening for the West.

I stood backstage with them, the whole Cantor gang. I watched their joint antics and marveled at Cantor's enthusiasm, and the way, after the broadcast, he refused to let the audience go home, but stood on the stage, entertaining them an extra fifteen minutes, simply because he loves to do it.

Finally, his performance finished, his forehead dripping with perspiration, he sank down upon a chair in his dressing-room.

"That one's over," I remarked. (*Continued on page 92*)

Eddie gazed at the assembled group. Listened tensely to the comments and criticisms. "Maybe it was your radio," he alibied. "Even President Roosevelt doesn't sound very good when there is static!"

Anthony (Tony) Martin, radio and movie star, knows what he wants.

Gracie Allen gives Tony what is technically known as "the works."

"I've always been lucky!" Tony grins. "Something is due to happen to me!"

Dolly, the Bedlington terrier puppy, is one of Tony's devoted pals.

No Woman Could Stand Him

says Tony Martin—who thinks he doesn't want romance or marriage!

BY GLADYS HALL

HE knows what he wants all right, this dark young Tony Martin, six feet tall, weight one hundred and seventy-five pounds, dark brown eyes, crisp black hair, tanned skin, flash of strong, white teeth, genial, assured manner, lively humor—he is not in love. He doesn't want marriage. He doesn't like clinging vines. He does want music and security and travel and fun. And always, above, beyond, permeating all else, the beat in his blood, the systole and diastole of his heart, he wants *music*. Music on the air. Music in the movies. Music with an orchestra. Music on the stage. He isn't partial, just so long as it is music and he is singing it, playing it, breathing it into his lungs, giving it forth again.

He always knew what he wanted, the young Tony Martin. Even when he was a tiny shaver of eight and his stepfather, to whom he is devoted, offered to buy him anything he might fancy, in any one of the Oakland shops. Tony wanted a saxophone. And not all of the proffered substitutes, tops, marbles, skates, a bike, football gear, books, or as much soda pop as he could drink, moved him from the hard core of his wanting. A saxophone. A saxophone or nothing. Perhaps, then, it would have to be nothing. For the mother and stepfather of Tony were not well-to-do people. Tony's stepfather was proprietor of a modest shop featuring ladies' wear. A small-town merchant of just-sufficient earnings. Tony's own father and mother were separated when Tony was an infant, his brother a few years older. The father died when Tony was still very small, leaving all of his considerable estate to the elder brother, nothing at all to Tony. His brother, Tony told me, had, as a lad, a fine flair for imitations. He used to stand in front of picture theatres showing Chaplin pictures and imitate Chaplin more to the life than Chaplin himself. He might have gone far in the theatre, which he loved, and still loves. But it was the love of a dilettante. He did not want the theatre with the single-minded intensity with which Tony wanted music. And knew what he wanted.

And so, if it couldn't be the saxophone, okay then, it would be nothing, thanks. And then a customer of Tony's dad couldn't pay his bill. He suggested that he pay with a used and mammoth saxophone. And Tony's good father, remembering the fanatic light in the boy's eyes, accepted the saxophone and—Tony got what he wanted.

When he was in grade school he was the drummer boy. He says that in no other capacity did he feel so dominant, so important, so master of his fate and captain of his soul as when he beat that drum, *rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat,* and knew that the feet of his schoolmates marched to his drum.

In Oakland High School he organized and conducted what he now calls, but affectionately, "a little ole orchestra". They called themselves *The Five Red Peppers.* And the first time, and the first song, Tony Martin ever sang in public was when he sang *Yankee Rose,* against the background of that orchestra in school. *The Five Red Peppers* finally got vaudeville booking, in and around San Francisco. They were paid, eventually, sixty-six dollars a week for the five of them. Tony kept meticulous accounts of all earnings, disbursements, et cetera. And when they hit the sixty-six-dollar mark he has a notation in one of his penny account books: *"In the Big Dough now."*

Which was all very exciting, but it didn't further the daily stints of algebra, English, biology and so on. The boy was young, the hours were late, school work was suffering and his mother, always firm with this son she adored, persuaded him to give up his orchestra and stick to studying.

After high school Tony entered St. Mary's College. A stalwart six-footer, he was (*Continued on page 80*)

Music Director Mark Warnow entertains and dishes it hot for Andre Baruch.

Andy Devine, of the Jack Benny show, is co-owner of a riding academy in Glendale.

In the

Comics, choristers,

Virginia Verrill, *CBS* songstress, visits an indoor pool between visits to the beaches.

Gay, glamorous Gertrude Niesen, topflight star in many fields of entertainment.

An armful of honey for Victor Moore of *Twin Stars*. The lass is Barbara Read.

Radio Spotlight

savants and sirens, bright stars of the lively broadcast lanes

Flutist John Amans practices with Lily Pons for a *General Motors* concert and Andre Kostelanetz assists.

Two hundred and seventy-five pounds of comedy! Jack Smart in a "truckin'" number.

LIKE everyone else who has listened to Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and his dummy, Charlie McCarthy, who first bowed to radio on the Vallee program, we were all agog to meet the delectable Charlie. We called at the Waldorf, the day they arrived in New York. To us Charlie was so definitely a personality, it came as a distinct shock to see Mr. Bergen open a suitcase and lift out his famous manikin, removing a quilted wrapping from its head!

Of course he was alive, we felt absurdly, as he emerged from the wrapping. Such an aura of individuality was revealed with that unique small figure! We felt excited, eager to talk with him.

"It must be uncomfortable, traveling in a suitcase," we murmured commiseratingly, as Charlie settled himself with a little shake on Mr. Bergen's knee.

"Oh, yes, it is—yes, indeed!" Charlie nodded his head. "So hard on the clothes, too—my coattails get crushed." He looked reproachfully at Edgar Bergen through his monocle. "I used to travel in a trunk," he went on in his dry, beguiling voice, "but now I'm so valuable to Mr. Bergen, he wants me right with him—right in the bag, you might say."

Charlie McCarthy, we learned, is seventeen years old. He started life as a ragged newsboy, and, like many another self-made man, he regards his top hat, tails and monocle with keen satisfaction. It isn't exactly fair, Charlie thinks, to refer to him as a dummy. His father was a Big Stick, out in Michigan.

"*Whitey Pine,* they called him," says Charlie. "I'm a chip off the old block!"

We asked Mr. Bergen where the name, Charlie McCarthy, came from. Charlie, he explained, was the name of a little Irish newsboy in Decatur, Michigan, Bergen's boyhood home. And when young Bergen decided to become a ventriloquist, he made a sketch of the boy's head, from which a woodcarver named Mack constructed the now famous figure. He should, they decided, have an Irish name. So they christened him Charlie McCarthy.

BY NANCY BARROWS

Something New

Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and his delectable dummy, Charlie

Charlie McCarthy and his stooge and pal, Edgar Bergen, now broadcast from Hollywood, Sundays at 8:00 p.m., *EDST*, on *NBC-Red* network.

"Originally," said Edgar Bergen, "Charlie had a sort of gamin smile—a grin—but as he grew up and went into night club work, he took on a more serious expression, in keeping with his more sophisticated discourse."

"Oh, definitely," agreed Charlie.

"Still, from the *timber* of your voice, people would know you came from the woods," remarked Mr. Bergen.

Charlie cocked his head and regarded him severely. "'Only God can make a tree,'" he quoted.

The metamorphosis of Charlie began a little over a year ago. In January, 1936, Edgar Bergen made the painful discovery that vaudeville, the chief source of his livelihood, was definitely dead. For the first time in his seventeen-year career he had no job. From his first amateur efforts in school and college shows, he had gone on in Chautauqua circuits and tent

grin that now seemed strangely unmirthful. A top hat and tails for Charlie, he mused . . . A few skilful touches with a brush, and Charlie's face took on a new expression that further inspired his pal and stooge. A monocle . . .

"It was the smartest idea I ever had in my life!" says Edgar Bergen.

And then, being ready for opportunity, it knocked at his door. Helen Morgan's club gave him an opening. And while he was playing there, the Shuberts saw him and signed him for a spot in the *Ziegfeld Follies*.

"It didn't work out," Mr. Bergen says philosophically. "I was playing 'in one,' before a backdrop. It looked too much like a vaudeville act. They were right in saying it didn't seem an integral part of the *Follies*. So, two weeks before the New York opening, they took me out."

He was then in Chicago, and, all else failing, he agreed to make a series of appearances in a small club, not frequented by the class he and Charlie had hoped to entertain. But it was a job. And he had no choice then.

An agent for Abe Lyman saw him, however, and asked Bergen to sign a contract to appear as entertainer with Lyman, at his club. Bergen was delighted, but explained that he had to work out his agreement with the small café. The agent, eager, says Bergen, for his fee, assured him that it would be all right. And Bergen signed the contract.

But on his next to last performance in the café, Lyman chanced to drop in. He was shocked to see his prospective entertainer, playing with all his zest, in such a mediocre spot. The agent, it seemed, hadn't confided in Lyman. He couldn't, Lyman said, take on an act from such a place.

Philosophically Bergen accepted his release from the Lyman contract and finished out his engagement at the café, wondering where he would go next. And then, as if to reward good sportsmanship, fate tossed into his (*Continued on page 70*)

"My father was a Big Stick, out in Michigan," says Charlie. "*Whitey Pine*, they called him." "From the *timber* of your voice, people would know you came from the woods," says Mr. Bergen.

Under the Sun

McCarthy, give us something never before attempted on the air!

shows, to the four or six-a-day vaudeville, and gradually established himself in the better vaudeville houses throughout the country. Summers, he took to the sea, serving as entertainer on Southern or European or round-the-world cruises.

Now, on that dismal January day, he sat in a furnished room and wondered what lay before him. For two weeks he had had no job. Where, he wondered, in this world of depression and change, could he find one? What now were the chief fields of entertainment? The answer to that, of course, was movies and night clubs. Movies, Bergen reflected, staring through a small window at the icy rain, had little to offer him. He had made, at one period of his career, fourteen one-reelers, but they did poorly by him. There remained —night clubs. He looked at the tatterdemalion Charlie, with his

Charlie sits on a high stool placed on a platform, to bring him close up to the microphone, when he broadcasts his glib wit.

Afraid of Her Luck

Lucille Manners is a sensational star, but she is fearful of Fate's trickery!

BY MIRIAM GIBSON

Lucille Manners, star of the *Cities Service* program, heard over the *NBC-Red* Network Fridays at 8:00 p.m. EDST.

She is tiny in stature, but she has a voice of great volume—and she says she has the constitution of an Amazon!

Lucille, of the sensationally sweet voice, has honey-blonde hair, sapphire blue eyes and a real peaches-and-cream complexion.

"When I was offered the chance of replacing Jessica, I was delighted — but scared!" Lucille confesses frankly, with a smile.

LUCILLE MANNERS is radio's contradiction.

She is the prima donna of the *Cities Service* program each Friday night, yet she has the soul of an ingénue.

She is confident when she sings into a microphone, yet really is nervous when talking to the press.

She is not temperamental, yet ever conscious of temperament.

She is tiny in stature, but she has a voice of great volume and the constitution of an Amazon.

She dresses simply, yet paints her nails with platinum polish.

When asked how she feels about replacing Jessica Dragonette, she says she has all the confidence in the world. In the next breath she says she is scared to death.

At first glance it is hard to realize that a girl of twenty-three can be so paradoxical, yet sincere. However, when one knows the psychological phases of her life up to now, Lucille Manners can be understood.

Last winter, Jessica Dragonette left the *Cities Service* program on which she had been star for eight years. In that time Miss Dragonette had built a tremendous following. Lucille Manners, a comparative newcomer to radio, was given this coveted spot on the air. Stardom was thrust on her. Suddenly she found herself in the limelight, and a very strong light it was.

"When I was offered the chance of replacing Jessica, I was delighted—but scared," explains Miss Manners. "Yet I could not afford to turn down such a golden opportunity.

"I knew I could sing well enough to fill the rôle, but I realized that the position meant a great deal more than just singing. Jessica has a host of admirers. Fans resent having their idol replaced," Miss Manners said.

Then, too, the sponsors were accustomed to Jessica Dragonette—to her singing, to her personality. They had spent eight years in building her. Would they be satisfied with a new personality? Miss Manners herself answers the question.

"Just after I had been signed to replace Jessica," she said, "the chairman of the board of directors of my sponsor was having a dinner party at his home. He asked me to sing for him and his guests. 'I would like to have my friends see you as well as hear you,' he said. That night I sang for him and his guests. Afterward he introduced me to his friends, saying: 'Eight years ago, *Cities Service* signed an almost unknown singer to their program, and today she is a star. Tonight I introduce to you another young lady whom we are putting on our program. We hope to do the same for her. And as far as I'm concerned, she can stay with us even longer than eight years. I believe you all agree after hearing her.'

"It was only then that I realized that nearly every director of the company was among my host's guests. Naturally, I felt better after that, but I still was afraid of what the radio audience, the (*Continued on page 86*)

Jerry Cooper, tall, bronzed baritone, is the new M.C. on *Hollywood Hotel*, heard over *CBS* Fridays at 9 p.m. *EDST*.

While still a boy, he mastered the guitar, as well as the trombone, never dreaming then of radio fame.

. . . Trombone

BY GEORGE KENT

Unknown, unbefriended, Jerry Cooper came to New York with twenty dollars in his pocket. Now he is ranked among the best-paid radio entertainers

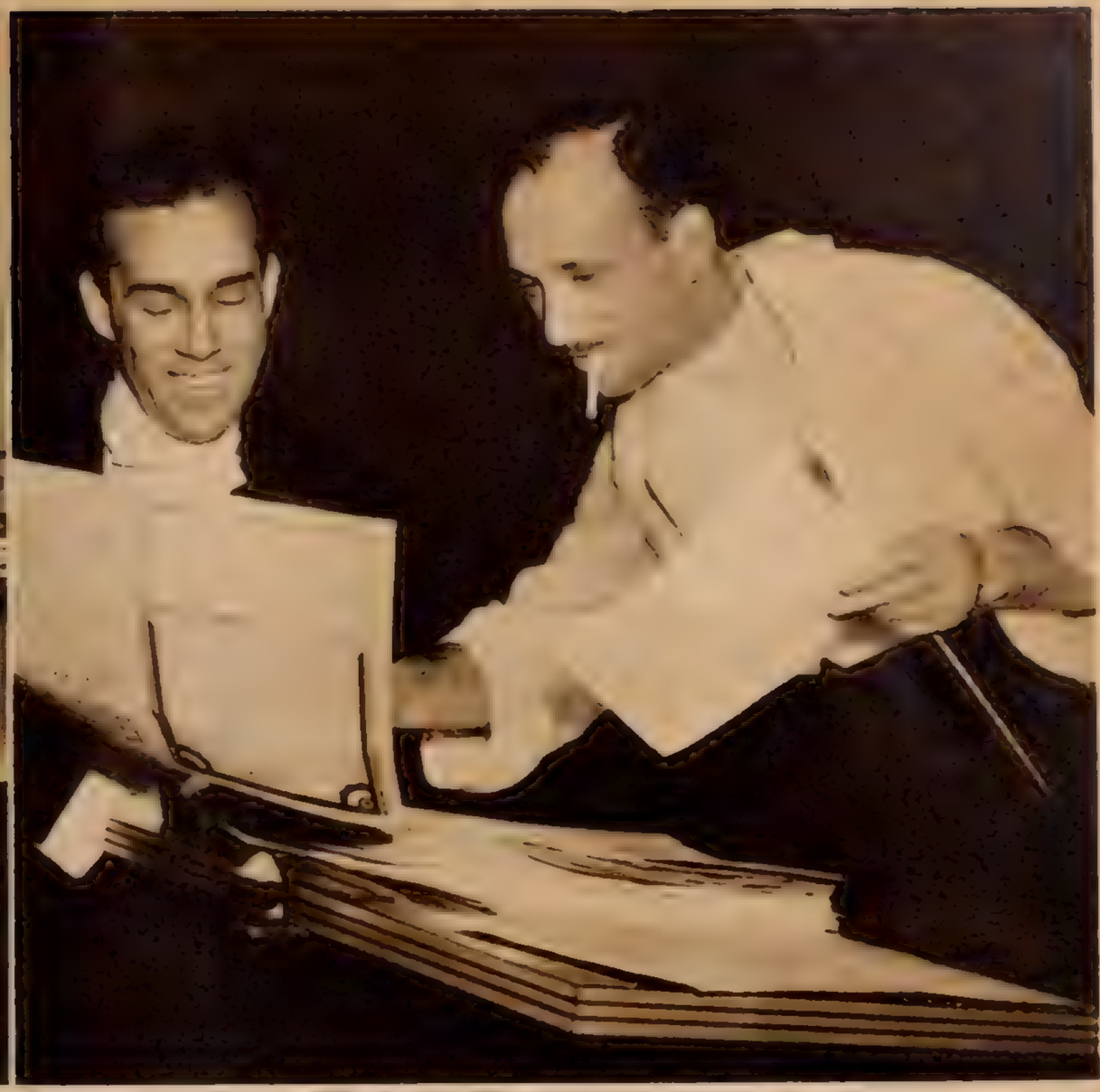
IN the veins of Jerry Cooper is more than a drop or two of Latin blood. His eyes glow darkly and his voice has the tenderness of an Old World serenader singing beneath a balcony. He sings through a microphone to millions, yet to you, and all the other sweet things who listen, it seems he is pouring out his heart to one pair of small pink ears.

This is the great gift of Jerry Cooper, who, not long since, climbed out of a box-car with twenty dollars in his pocket, unknown and unbefriended, to conquer New York. And this is the gift that, in three short years, made that conquest possible. His voice is a remarkable instrument and he could sing hot songs, scat or classical—but romance won for him. Being a man who knows what it is to be poor, he'll stick to romance!

Jerry Cooper will not betray the thousands who have learned to depend upon him for a moment or two of romantic happiness. Bluntly he informed me that he does not intend to get married. He will not fall in love. He will remain, so far as you and I are concerned, the serene bachelor balladist, unattached and wistful, singing to the unknown *She*. Rudy Vallee is one of his great admirations, but Jerry feels that marriage hurt Rudy irreparably, both as a man and as an artist. Jerry Cooper does not propose to make that particular mistake.

A great many performers, as you may recall, have made similar announcements and stuck to their word—until a winsome something in pink organdy bounced into the studio. But none of them came through this lad's searing mill of experience. For the sake of the record, and to assure you that he means what he says, let me put

Jerry tries the drums, and smiles, remembering how once, as "horse" for the band, he toted the instruments.



With orchestra leader Ray Block, Jerry works out a new arrangement of a popular song for a broadcast.

Troubadour

down a few of the facts.

He was born in 1907, in Bay Minette, Alabama, son of a railway mail clerk. The family moved to New Orleans, where his father and mother separated. At thirteen, Jerry's education stopped and he became sole support of his mother and a brother and sister, both younger.

Railroads fascinated him, but he got a job in a wholesale grocery at twenty dollars a week. Still he wanted to work on the railroad and, during his lunch hour, he ding-donged at the assistant to the chief clerk of the Illinois Central for a job. The answer always was: "No."

Jerry thumbed his way to and from work to save carfare. There was not enough left out of his pay to buy him lunch. He used to go among the men in the grocery, asking each to lend him a penny. At that early age he was clever enough to realize that no one would mind parting with a penny, whereas any would hesitate to give up a quarter.

Two years in the grocery, and two years of annoying the Illinois Central, finally drove him against the wall. One day he quit his job, walked up to the chief clerk's desk in the office of the Illinois Central, with the question: "Where do I go to work?"

He had calculated that the chief clerk, with three hundred employes, could not possibly know all the details about each. The chief clerk stared at him, said he never had seen him before. But Jerry persisted, said that he already had quit his old job and he had to have the new one.

In the end, he went to work. The story is interesting because it shows how the young Jerry was able to make up his mind and get what he wanted. The new job, incidentally, paid him sixty dollars a month.

Money, then as now, was not the important factor in his life. This railroad job turned out to be a temporary one—and at the end of six months, Jerry was out of a job. He went to work for Western Union, getting his job only through a fib about his age, being as yet too young to be a messenger. He learned the tricks and, inside of a month, was earning thirty-five dollars a week—or twice as much as he had been getting down at the Illinois Central.

Wealth for a boy of fifteen, yet when the railroad asked him to come back, he quit the telegraph company and reported for work. The change was a break, for there he met Steve Budreau. Steve was a truck driver who, nights and Sundays, operated a small band. He used to come to Jerry's desk to get his bills receipted and it wasn't long before Steve discovered Jerry had a voice, and Jerry that Steve had a band.

Jerry had made a hit in a small way, singing at parties, "socials," picnics and the like. He had no professional dreams and when Steve suggested that he come along one night to an Elks' "circus" and sing, he refused. At least he said "no" until his girl heard of it. This girl, Jerry's puppy love, insisted he get up and show what he could do—called him a coward, said she would leave him if he didn't. So Jerry sang. The applause was immense. It gave Jerry ideas.

When Budreau suggested he sing with them over the radio, Jerry agreed, this time without hesitancy. This radio station was a small-watter, with a studio about the size of a packing case, and the (*Continued on page 94*)

Kathleen Wilson, (Claudia of *One Man's Family*), studies with the famous Chinese concert dancer King Lan Chew (*Last Orchid*).

Colonel Stoopnagle and his partner, Budd (*left*) rehearse for their Sunday eve *NBC* broadcast.

Bandleader Horace Heidt of the *CBS Alemite Half Hour*, with his soloist, Lysbeth Hughes.

This lovely lassie is Vera Marsh. She is Joe Penner's "girl friend" on his Sunday night *CBS* broadcasts. A talented dancer as well as singer, she has been featured in many musicals. Here she basks in the sun at a Palm Springs pool.

Between

Leith Stevens, *CBS* conductor, whose hot jazz makes *The Saturday Night Swing Club* famous.

Irene Beasley, that beguiling blues singer, known to radio listeners as "the long tall gal from Dixie," now a popular star of night clubs along the gay, white way.

Wide World

Friendly rivals, Parkyakarkus *(left)*, Joe Penner and Milton Berle, three popular *CBS* comics.

Broadcasts

Gentlemen

Here's the real lowdown on Molasses

Pat Padgett *(left)* plays *Molasses* on the air. Pick, or *January* (*right*), is Pick Malone, who was christened Andrew Pickens Malone.

Molasses and January prepare to celebrate in a big way! Or, maybe, this is the latest in duelling, in the best burnt-cork circles!

BY WILLIAM VALLEE

Molasses 'n' January are the only pair of comics in the world who work on *two* big-time radio shows, week in and week out! While they're *Molasses 'n' January* on the *Maxwell House Show Boat,* they're also *Pick and Pat* on the *Dill's Best Show.* For this, of course, they get paid, and if you're interested in figures, they total up to $1750 for each one, each week. They find they can live on it.

Indeed, it's a far cry from the (approximately) forty dollars they got when they were working in minstrel shows and "tab" shows of the poorer grade. Now these burnt-cork coons are tycoons of blackface comedy.

Not that there's much that can be said against minstrel shows. They were the theatrical staff-of-life for many great performers, including a fellow named Jolson—yes, Al Jolson. "Gorry, yes," said Pat, "minstrel-show training never did anyone any harm and it sure entertained a whale of a lot of people!"

Pat, who plays the part of *Molasses* on the air, is in private life Pat Padgett, the younger of the two. Pick, or *January,* is Pick Malone, christened Andrew Pickens Malone.

They aren't spectacular looking, each being light-weight and small in stature. Pick is dark-haired and swarthy and Pat is sandy-haired and fair. They never quarrel with anyone and are called radio's happiest pair. Their accents are all tangled up with the deep South and their dialect as Negro comics isn't vastly different from their everyday chatter. They're both intensely superstitious, relying on much finger-crossing and

Illustration by O. G. Storch

Be Seated!

and January, those burnt-cork funsters!

"Everything I does jes' turns out wrong!" laments *January*. "I'se a Jonah!" "Jonah done come out all right," says *Molasses*.

They sit around all afternoon discussing gags and situations. Then, at radio time, get into costume and apply the burnt cork.

spitting on the crossed fingers to guard against bad luck.

"It certainly is too bad about the old-time minstrel shows," said Pick, sadly, "though sometimes I do get the notion that a good one might do business today through the South. I understand there's an outfit run by the little old Guy Brothers, which still does a moderate business down there.

"Some of the old timers who're left make you feel badly. Take Bert Swor, who lives over near me in Flushing, he was a crackerjack end man in his day. He used to make nine hundred dollars a week, when he was cracking the bones, but he tells me that he lost most of his savings in the crash."

"Yeah," put in Pat, "look at *McIntyre & Heath*. They're eighty years old now and fidgety because they're not working. Do you know that, even today, they remember the jokes they used to use?"

"You said it, Willie!" (They call each other "Willie," for no obvious reason.) "They remember them so well that they twit us about some of ours. Heath says they used them when they started fifty years ago!"

Was Mr. Heath referring to the one they use about Jonah?

Pick, as *January*, says to Pat: "Everything I does turns out wrong. I'se a Jonah!"

Pat answers and says: "Nebber mind, *January*. Jes remember Jonah done come out all right!"

Mr. Heath *was* referring to that Jonah story.

And speaking of minstrel shows, are you old enough to remember that day in spring, when, through the classroom windows, came the *oompah* of a bass horn, augmented by the groanings and squealings of kindred brass instruments, picked for their carrying powers? (*Continued on page 96*)

How *Lum and Abner* have influenced the characters of their creators, Chester Lauck and Norris Goff

Meet your favorites—Chester Lauck (*left*) and Norris Goff, (*Lum and Abner*) of Pine Ridge and Hollywood.

Pine Ridge Goes Hollywood

BY LESLIE EATON

"As long as anyone wants to hear about *Lum and Abner* and their doings," Chester Lauck (*left*) and Norris Goff agree, "we won't get very far away!" So they take their vacations at home.

"As a man thinks, so he is." If that is not an "old Ed'ards" saying, it ought to be! For their way of thinking has created not only *Lum and Abner* and all the folks at Pine Ridge, but it quite definitely has influenced and developed the personalities of Chester Lauck and Norris Goff, authors and interpreters of these familiar skits.

It is not only that these characters have become so familiar and dear to their creators that they sometimes are inclined to forget they are merely fictional, but they have identified themselves so completely with their respective rôles that sometimes they are not sure where Lauck leaves off and *Lum* begins, or how much of Goff goes into his characterization of *Abner*. Day in and day out, they live and think and talk and act *Lum and Abner* and their friends, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the line between actor and rôle becomes less and less distinct.

Not that Goff is slow of wit or Lauck absorbed in small affairs, by any means. They remain two personable young men, quite different in appearance and dress from the overalled farmers they portray. They are keen and witty and highly imaginative, and their clever impersonations have brought them success beyond the dreams of anyone in Pine Ridge, but their wider travels and broader contacts have developed and strengthened their fundamental ideals, not altered them. And they retain a simplicity of outlook, an honesty of mind that is typical of the small-town people they love. And gradually, almost without realizing it themselves, the once mythical Pine Ridge has shaped their character, and its imaginary inhabitants have directed and

Lauck is *Cedric Weehunt* and *Grandpappy Spears*, as well as *Lum*. Goff is *Dick Huddleston* and *Squire Skimp*, in addition to being *Abner*. And the rôles they have played so long have become very, very real to them.

After the day's work is done, the Laucks and the Goffs enjoy carefree hours. Mrs. Lauck (seated) and Mrs. Goff cry "Swing it!"

controlled their very dreams and ambitions.

"We weren't either of us born on a farm," Lauck explained, "but we've talked about them so much that we'd like nothing better than to own one."

"I'd like to have a nice horse farm," Goff concurred.

It was this desire for broader pastures, for a more open life than was possible in a Chicago apartment, that brought these two to California. Perhaps you wouldn't think of Hollywood as offering anything in the way of rural life. You might think, hearing that *Lum and Abner* were broadcasting from the movie city, that they had "gone Hollywood," whatever that implies, and were separating themselves widely from the dear traditions of Pine Ridge, Arkansas.

But bear in mind that the boys had to be governed in their choice of location by their work. And Hollywood offered them not only sunshine and the out-of-door life they longed for, but ideal facilities for their broadcasting. Nowadays their broadcast for the East and Middle West is four-thirty in the afternoon and for the Pacific Coast, at eight-fifteen. That means that their work can be concentrated between four and eight-thirty o'clock. They have an office near the *NBC* studios and, between shows, work on their script for the following day, with the assistance of their pretty secretary, Velma McCall. (Velma incidentally, recently was given a few lines to read—the first voice not Lauck's or Goff's to be heard on that program.) The rest of the day and evening is their own, giving them plenty of opportunity to enjoy their new homes, play golf and otherwise take advantage of the warm climate.

Within two weeks of coming to Hollywood, the boys had found homes and established their families in them. Chester Lauck (who is *Cedric Weehunt* and *Grandpappy Spears* as well as *Lum*), rented a lovely place in Beverly Hills, where he now lives with his wife and two little girls.

Norris Goff (who is *Dick Huddleston* and *Squire Skimp*, in addition to *Abner*), found a ranch outside Hollywood, which is a long step nearer his ideals than the apartment which was home before.

"We feel as if we'd been let out of a cage!" Lauck laughed.

And who wouldn't, with swimming pools, tennis courts, citrus groves and what not, in one's own backyard!

"Don't think we didn't like Chicago," he went on quickly. "We loved it—I'd like to be there right now. I miss the *Cubs*, for just one thing! And I miss Lake Delavan—we both have boats, you know, and we haven't found a good place for them here—they are small speed boats, not suitable for the ocean, of course. (*Continued on page 90*)

The Easy Aces brandishes their popular program.

Goodman Ace writes, directs, acts and produces Easy Aces.

Easy Going

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

JUST because they live the simple life in the heart of sophisticated New York City and broadcast a home-folks kind of program, don't think that Jane and Goodman Ace —*Easy Aces* to you—are immune from the rumor mongers.

Nope, those old davvil gossip hounds have plenty to say about the *Easy Aces*. Things like this:

That they're jealous of all the big dough ($6,500 weekly for radio broadcasts, plus $75,000 per motion picture) that their old pal, Jack Benny, is making.

That they are going to change their type of show—do something entirely different.

That they are going to change their names—find a monniker other than *Easy Aces* which they took when contract bridge was in its heyday.

That their radio show is slipping.

That Goodman and Jane have their eyes on Hollywood, *à la* Burns and Allen, Fred Allen, Milton Berle, etc., and a Beverly Hills mansion and swimming pool.

That Jane is being groomed to make her début as a stage comedienne.

That—oh, my goodness, why go on? There are plenty more lusty rumors floating up and down Radio Row about the *Easy Aces*, just as there always is idle tattle about anybody consistently and pleasantly successful. The only bit of gossip that never has dared to raise its head is anent the private life of Goodman and Jane. Nobody even has hinted that the *Easy Aces* are anything but a very happily married couple.

Which they are, very much so. "Took me long enough to persuade her that I was the right fellow," Goodman will say. "Guess it will take a sight longer to break us up!"

People who know them insist that Goodman and Jane are two of the swellest people who live in New York. That they know what life is all about, and therein lies the secret of their success on the radio.

With the idea of gleaning some facts about this swell couple and giving Goodman a chance to deny or confirm Radio Row's rumors, we caught up with the *Easy Aces* about an hour before their broadcast from an *NBC* studio in Rockefeller Center one fine spring evening. We sat on the edge of one of those uncomfortable modernistic chairs and listened to Goodman, Jane and two other cast members go through rehearsal paces, preparatory to the regular Tuesday broadcast.

They all sat around a square, four-legged table, which looked much like and was the size of your bridge table at

Let rumor rave and gossips gabble, the *Easy Aces* continue with

People who know them say they are a swell couple.

An easy ace to look upon is blonde Jane Ace.

Easy Aces

home. It had, however, unlike your little nifty, a microphone buried in its center, into which the *Easy Aces* talk. Another portable microphone stands at Goodman's right shoulder, but that is for emergency use only. Anything you say thus has a double chance to go out over the ether waves. (Imagine having your remarks to your partner at bridge thus made available to the world!)

Goodman, hat tilted rakishly on the back of his head like a character out of the play, *Gentlemen of the Press* (he was for twelve years a go-getting reporter and drama critic on the Kansas City *Journal-Post*), lounged rather than sat in his chair and concentrated on the script, interrupting from time to time with instructions. Jane, looking very pert and cute in a new spring suit, her blonde hair prettily curled, sat primly erect and also concentrated. We sneaked a look at her manuscript and saw it was penciled along the margin with words such as: *"Laugh!" "Sneeze!" "Be vivacious!"* etc., about which we will tell you more later.

On this particular evening, the *Easy Aces* were broadcasting one of their series of adventures with a movie director. You remember, don't you, the big shot Hollywood megaphonist, with the foreign accent, who was conducting a search for talent, and Jane's determination to be the winner of his contest? Well, this was the evening she was choosing her movie-star name—in case she won.

Rehearsal of it was a simple, easy, matter-of-fact matter. Everybody spoke his piece as if it were second nature, with Goodman doing a minimum of directing He's the big boss. There's no advertising agency producer present. Goodman writes all the scripts, hires the actors (even Jane and himself), directs, produces and clocks it off on the air, all in addition to acting, himself.

He also is his own publicity director (what publicity he will permit) and his own business manager, but more of that later. Let's get on with these rumors.

"Why," said Goodman, taking a few minutes off to talk, "why should I be jealous of Jack Benny? That's ridiculous! He's one of the finest fellows in the world and one of my best friends. Jane and I just saw him and his wife, Mary Livingstone, last night. We had a swell time.

"Nor am I the least bit envious of his great success. Frankly, no, and I'll tell you why. Jack is at the top. He's one of the very best, or *the* best, in radio today and he knows it better than anyone else. Where do you go when you hit the top of the trail? There's only one way to go—that's down! Unless you stay on top. It is Benny's problem today to stay at that peak. He will, I am sure, because he's a master showman, (*Continued on page 88*)

their popular *NBC* show and follow the even tenor of their life

FOR WOMEN ONLY!

BY JACK HANLEY

Carleton Young *(Bill Mears of Trouble House)* and its author.

CBS' Heinz Magazine of the Air breaks some traditions and so delights its listeners

IT'S primarily what is known to radio as a "woman appeal" show, the *Heinz Magazine of the Air,* but I got in, anyway. Standing behind the glass panel of the control-room, the subdued babble of feminine voices sounded, as guest artists answered questions while waiting to face the mike. Outside, in the studio, plump, rosy-cheeked, white-haired B. A. Rolfe stood before his orchestra, as peeps and trills from strings and brasses announced tuning up. A tall man, with iron-gray hair, looked over his script, suggesting a Shakespearian actor waiting his cue—Bill Adams, the announcer; at the editor's mike sat Delmar Edmonson, a round-faced, sandy-haired, scholarly type of man, his arms folded quietly on the table before him. Dorothy Lowell and Ann Elstner were laughing together near one of the six mikes, their scripts for *Trouble House* in their hands, and it came with something of a surprise that on this women's program they were the only women within my line of vision in the studio at the moment.

Mrs. William Harkness, that day's guest celebrity, was showing the scratches on her arm from the baby Giant Panda which she had brought back to America, when the aimless bustle out in the studio seemed to crystallize and there was a moment of tension. Then the Rolfe baton swept downwards, and the show was on the air.

As the musical signature sounded, I waited for a coy and unctuous female voice to begin a commercial spiel, giving some recipe as though it were a deeply confidential state secret upon which hung the fate of nations. Instead, Bill Adams' friendly, dignified voice sounded. True, he talked about the sponsor's product, but it managed to sound so appetizing that my mouth watered—which (*Continued on page 62*)

Natalie Hall and Delmar Edmondson on the *CBS* show.

Albert Payson Terhune *(right)* and Edmondson.

Only 22 BUT "ON THE SHELF"

BECAUSE OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

PAUL EXPLAINS WHY PALMOLIVE CORRECTS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . That's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Paul of Fifth Ave

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

IT creeps up on you without warning . . . this heart-breaking "Middle-Age" Skin!

You may have a soft, smooth complexion today. Yet next month, or even next week, you may look in your mirror and find your skin dry, lifeless, coarse-looking.

So right now is the time to watch out . . . to take this simple precaution advised by beauty experts.

Use Palmolive Soap regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse. Its gentle, protective lather helps prevent your skin from becoming dry, old-looking; keeps your complexion soft, smooth, *young!*

Does the soap you are now using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive Soap is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients . . . soothing Olive and Palm oils.

That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

FREE! DIONNE QUIN CUT-OUT BOOK FOR CHILDREN!

Beautifully colored cut-outs of the Quins, with dresses, coats —63 in all. A lovely picture of the Quins on cover . . . ideal for framing! Send 3 Palmolive Soap bands to Palmolive, Dept. M-151, Jersey City, N. J. (Offer expires July 15, 1937.)

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

If . . . YOU'RE YOUNG
. . . YOU'RE SMART—you'll want to wear
GLAZO'S *"Misty" Tints*

SOUGHT-AFTER girls . . . gay young moderns who never let themselves or their escorts down in the matter of smartness...are climaxing their chic with Glazo's "Misty" nail polish shades.

Where else can you find colors so excitingly lovely?...the perfect accent to that ravishing new frock...the ultimate in fingertip flattery! Beguiling as their names are Glazo's subtle, misty, smoky hues—Shell and Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red.

And Glazo, as good as it is beautiful, possesses all the virtues that smart young things demand...satin-smoothness on the nail...stern prejudices against peeling or fading...the rare ability to stay smooth-flowing, usable to the last drop in that economical 20¢ bottle, or in the new and larger 25¢ size.

For a new kind of Social Security—the knowledge of your own loveliness—choose Glazo in clear shades or the sophisticated new "Misty" tints.

GLAZO *The Smart Manicure*

They're fashion's latest and loveliest Nail Polish Shades

OLD ROSE *A subtle, smoky rose. Utterly feminine and flattering. Lovely with fashion's new "off-colors," with pastels...No chipping...No peeling.*

THISTLE *A new misty beige-rose. Perfect with sun-tanned or pale skin. Excellent for wear with gray, beige, green, brown...No chipping...No peeling.*

RUSSET *A misty red with subtle brown undertone. Becoming to almost every type of skin. Enchanting with light or dark colors...No chipping...No peeling.*

Coast-to-Coast PROGRAM GUIDE

THE regular programs on the four coast-to-coast networks are here listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company Red Network is indicated by *NBC-Red;* the National Broadcasting Company Blue Network is indicated by *NBC-Blue;* the Columbia Broadcasting System by *CBS* and Mutual Broadcasting System by *MBS.*

All stations included in the above networks are listed below. Find your local station on the list and tune in on the network specified.

ALL TIME RECORDED IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME. This means that for Eastern Standard and Central Daylight Time, you must subtract one hour. For Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time, subtract two hours. For Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time, subtract three hours. And for Pacific Standard Time, subtract four hours. For example: *11:00* A. M. EDST becomes *10:00* A. M. *EST and CDST; 9:00* A. M. *MDST and CST; 8:00* A. M. *PDST and MST; 7:00* A. M. *PST.*

If, at a particular time, no network program is listed, that is because there is no regular program for that time, or because the preceding program continues into that period.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—RED NETWORK

WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
WNAC	Boston, Mass.
WBEN	Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio
KOA	Denver, Colo.
WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
WIRE	Indianapolis, Ind.
WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
KFI	Los Angeles, Cal.
KSTP	Minneapolis—St. Paul, Minn.
WEAF	New York, N. Y.
WOW	Omaha, Neb
KYW	Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa
WCSH	Portland, Me.
KGW	Portland, Ore.
WJAR	Providence, R. I.
WRVA	Richmond, Va.
KSD	St. Louis, Mo
KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
KPO	San Francisco, Cal
WGY	Schenectady N. Y.
KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
KHQ	Spokane, Wash
WRC	Washington, D. C.
WDEL	Wilmington, Del.
WTAG	Worcester, Mass.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—BLUE NETWORK

WABY	Albany, N. Y.
WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
WBZ	Boston, Mass.
WICC	Bridgeport, Conn.
WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y.
WMT	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
WENR	Chicago, Ill.
WLS	Chicago, Ill.
WCKY	Cincinnati, Ohio
WGAR	Cleveland, Ohio
KVOD	Denver, Colo.
KSO	Des Moines, Iowa
WXYZ	Detroit, Mich.
WLEU	Erie, Pa.
WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
KECA	Los Angeles, Cal.
WTCN	Minneapolis, Minn.
WICC	New Haven, Conn.
WJZ	New York, N. Y
KLO	Ogden, Utah
KOIL	Omaha, Neb.-Council Bluffs, Ia
WFIL	Philadelphia, Pa
KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
KEX	Portland, Ore.
WEAN	Providence, R. I.
WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
KFSD	San Diego, Cal.
KGO	San Francisco, Cal.
KJR	Seattle, Wash.
KGA	Spokane, Wash.
WBZA	Springfield, Mass.
WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
WSPD	Toledo, Ohio
WMAL	Washington, D C

NBC-SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS

(May be on either RED or BLUE networks)

WSAN	Allentown, Pa.
KGNC	Amarillo, Tex.
WWNC	Asheville, N. C.
WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
KERN	Bakersfield, Cal.
KGHL	Billings, Mont.
WAPI	Birmingham, Ala
KFYR	Bismarck, N. D.
KGIR	Butte, Mont.
WCSC	Charleston, S. C.
WSOC	Charlotte, N. C.
WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
WFLA	Clearwater, Fla.
WIS	Columbia, S. C.
WCOL	Columbus, Ohio
WFAA	Dallas, Tex
WEBC	Duluth, Minn.
WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
WDAY	Fargo, N D
WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WBAP	Ft. Worth, Tex.
KMJ	Fresno, Cal.
WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
WFBC	Greenville, S. C.
KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
KPRC	Houston, Tex
WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
WJTN	Jamestown, N. Y.
KARK	Little Rock, Ark.
WAVE	Louisville, Ky
WIBA	Madison, Wis
WFEA	Manchester, N. H.
WMC	Memphis, Tenn
WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
WTMJ	Milwaukee Wis
CFCF	Montreal, Canada
WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB	New Orleans, La.
WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
KGHF	Pueblo, Colo.
WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
KFBK	Sacramento, Cal.
WSUN	St. Petersburg, Fla.
WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
KTBS	Shreveport, La.
KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.
KGBX	Springfield, Mo.
KWG	Stockton, Cal
WEBC	Superior, Wis.
WFLA	Tampa, Fla.
WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.
CRCT	Toronto, Canada
KVOO	Tulsa, Okla
KANS	Wichita, Kans.
WORK	York, Pa.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

WADC	Akron, Ohio
WOKO	Albany, N. Y.
WGST	Atlanta, Ga
WPG	Atlantic City, N. J
KNOW	Austin, Tex.
WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
WLBZ	Bangor, Me
WBRC	Birmingham, Ala
WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y
WEEI	Boston, Mass.
WGR	Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBW	Buffalo, N. Y.
WCHS	Charleston, W. Va
WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn.
WBBM	Chicago, Ill.
WKRC	Cincinnati, Ohio
WHK	Cleveland, Ohio
KVOR	Colorado Springs, Col.
WBNS	Columbus, Ohio
KRLD	Dallas, Tex.
WOC	Davenport, Iowa
WHIO	Dayton, Ohio
WJR	Detroit, Mich.
KRNT	Des Moines, Iowa
KLZ	Denver, Colo
WKBB	Dubuque, Iowa
WDNC	Durham, N. C.
WESG	Elma-Ithaca, N. Y.
WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va.
WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.
WGL	Fort Wayne, Ind
WBIG	Greensboro, N. C.
KFBB	Great Falls, Mont.
WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.
WDRC	Hartford, Conn
KTRH	Houston, Tex.
WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
WMBR	Jacksonville, Fla.
KMBC	Kansas City, Mo.
WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn.
WKBH	La Crosse, Wis.
KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.
KNX	Los Angeles, Cal.
WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
WMAZ	Macon, Ga.
WFAE	Manchester, N. H.
WREC	Memphis, Tenn.
WCOC	Meridian, Miss.
WQAM	Miami, Fla.
WALA	Mobile, Ala.
WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.
WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
KGVO	Missoula, Mont.
WSFA	Montgomery, Ala
CKAC	Montreal, Canada
WLAC	Nashville, Tenn
WWL	New Orleans, La
WABC	New York, N. Y.
KOMA	Oklahoma City, Okla.
WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
WPAR	Parkersburg, W. Va.
WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.
WMBD	Peoria, Ill
WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.
WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa
KOIN	Portland, Ore
WPRO	Providence, R. I.
KOH	Reno, Nev
WMBG	Richmond, Va.
WDBJ	Roanoke, Va..
WHEC	Rochester, N. Y.
KMOX	St. Louis, Mo
WCCO	St. Paul, Minn.
KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah
KTSA	San Antonio, Tex.
KSFO	San Francisco, Cal
WTOC	Savannah, Ga
WGBI	Scranton, Pa.
KOL	Seattle, Wash.
KWKH	Shreveport, La.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa
WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
KFPY	Spokane, Wash.
WMAS	Springfield, Mass.
WFBL	Syracuse, N Y.
KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
WDAE	Tampa, Fla.
WSPD	Toledo, Ohio
WIBW	Topeka, Kans.
CFRB	Toronto, Canada
KTUL	Tulsa, Okla.
WIBX	Utica, N. Y.
WACO	Waco, Tex.
WJSV	Washington, D. C.
WJNO	W. Palm Beach, Fla
WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
KFH	Wichita, Kans
WSJS	Winston-Salem, N. C
KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex.
WORC	Worcester, Mass
WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

KADA	Ada, Okla.
KVSO	Ardmore, Okla
WRDO	Augusta, Me.
KPMC	Bakersfield, Cal.
WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
WLBZ	Bangor, Me
WAAB	Boston, Mass.
WICC	Bridgeport, Conn.
WMT	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
WGN	Chicago, Ill
WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio
WGAR	Cleveland, Ohio
WRR	Dallas, Tex.
KFEL	Denver, Colo.
KSO	Des Moines, Iowa
KXO	El Centro, Cal
KASA	Elk City, Okla.
KCRC	Enid, Okla.
WSAR	Fall River, Mass
KTAT	Ft. Worth, Texas.
KFKA	Greeley, Colo.
WTHT	Hartford, Conn.
WHB	Kansas City, Mo.
WLNH	Laconia, N. H.
KFOR	Lincoln, Neb
KHJ	Los Angeles, Cal
WLLH	Lowell, Mass.
WFEA	Manchester, N. H
KDON	Monterey, Cal.
KBIX	Muskogee, Okla
WSM	Nashville, Tenn
WOR	Newark, N. J.
WNBH	New Bedford, Mass
KTOK	Oklahoma City, Okla
KOIL	Omaha, Neb
WFIL	Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa
WBBZ	Ponca City, Okla.
WEAN	Providence, R. I.
WRVA	Richmond, Va.
KFXM	San Bernardino, Cal
KGB	San Diego, Cal.
KFRC	San Francisco, Cal.
KVOE	Santa Ana, Cal
KDB	Santa Barbara, Cal.
KGFF	Shawnee, Okla.
WSPR	Springfield, Mass.
KWK	St. Louis, Mo.
KGDM	Stockton, Cal.
WOL	Washington, D. C.
WBRY	Waterbury, Conn.
CKLW	Windsor-Detroit, Mich.

Sundays

JUNE 6—13—20—27

MORNING

8:00

NBC-Red: GOLDTHWAITE ENSEMBLE—organ and soloist

NBC-Blue: MELODY HOUR—Josef Honti's orchestra

8:30

NBC-Red: CHILDREN'S CONCERT—Josef Stopak's orchestra, Paul Wing, narrator

NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES—Ruth Pepple, pianist; mixed quartet

9:00

NBC-Red: HAROLD NAGEL'S RHUMBA ORCHESTRA

NBC-Blue: WHITE RABBIT LINE—Milton J. Cross

CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT AUNT SUSAN'S—children's program, Artells Dickson

9:30

NBC-Red: CONCERT ENSEMBLE—Harry Gilbert, organist

9:55

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00

NBC-Red: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BIBLE

NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES

CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

10:30

NBC-Red: MUSIC AND AMERICAN YOUTH

NBC-Blue: WALBERG BROWN STRING ENSEMBLE

CBS: ROMANY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch's orchestra

11:00

NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: ORGAN MOODS

MBS: REVIEWING STAND—world problems

11:05

NBC-Red: WARD AND MUZZY—piano duo

NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSEN—contralto

11:15

NBC-Red: PEERLESS TRIO—songs

NBC-Blue: HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON—author and lecturer

11:30

NBC-Red: BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE—dramatization

NBC-Blue: VARIETY PROGRAM

CBS: MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY

11:45

NBC-Red: Henry Busse's orchestra

Gustave Haenschen

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: THE HOUR GLASS—Jerry Brannon, Paul Gersman

NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—male quartet

MBS: CADLE TABERNACLE CHOIR—music, talk

12:30

NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers

NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—soloists

CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN

MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

1:00

NBC-Red: DOROTHY DRESLIN, soprano; FRED HUFSMITH, tenor

CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

MBS: NEW POETRY HOUR—A. M. Sullivan

1:30

NBC-Red: DREAMS OF LONG AGO—Ethel Parks Richardson

NBC-Blue: OUR NEIGHBORS—Jerry Belcher, interviewer

CBS: POETIC STRINGS

1:45

CBS: HISTORY BEHIND THE HEADLINES—Bob Trout, commentator

2:00

NBC-Red: VARIETY PROGRAM

NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Frank Black's symphony orchestra, Milton J. Cross

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:15

MBS: KEY MEN—quartet

2:30

NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT MYSTERIES

CBS: LIVING DRAMAS OF THE BIBLE—dramatizations

MBS: THE RIGHT JOB

2:45

MBS: GREAT MUSIC OF THE CHURCH

3:00

NBC-Blue: SUNDAY DRIVERS—Fields and Hall, Florence Adair

CBS: EVERYBODY'S MUSIC Howard Barlow, symphony orchestra

MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

3:15

MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

3:30

NBC-Red: WIDOW'S SONS—sketch

NBC-Blue: INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST FROM LONDON

3:45

NBC-Blue: CHUCHU MARTINEZ—tenor

4:00

NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELODIES—Gale Page, Charles Sears, Shield's orchestra

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL VESPERS

4:30

NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization

NBC-Blue: SENATOR FISHFACE AND PROFESSOR FIGGSBOTTLE—Jerry Sears' orchestra

MBS: OLD TIME SPELLING BEE

5:00

NBC-Red: RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY—Josef Koestner's orchestra

NBC-Blue: VARIETY PROGRAM

CBS: SUNDAY AFTERNOON PARTY

5:30

NBC-Red: SMILING ED McCONNELL—songs, Clark's orchestra

CBS: GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA

MBS: FORUM HOUR

EVENING

6:00

NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR

NBC-Blue: ANTOBAL'S CUBANS

CBS: JOE PENNER—Gene Austin, Grier's orchestra

MBS: 1937 RADIO SHOW—Ray Knight, Johnson's orchestra

6:30

NBC-Red: A TALE OF TODAY—sketch

NBC-Blue: GOLDEN GATE PARK BAND CONCERT

CBS: RUBINOFF—Fred Keating, Walter Cassell, guests

MBS: FUN IN SWINGTIME—Tim and Irene, Del Sharbutt, Berigan's orchestra

7:00

NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker, Phil Harris' orchestra

NBC-Blue: HELEN TRAUBEL—soprano

CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP—dramatizations

MBS: STAN LOMAX—sports commentator

7:30

NBC-Red: FIRESIDE RECITALS—Helen Marshall, soprano; Sigurd Nilssen, basso

NBC-Blue: BAKERS BROADCAST—Robert Ripley, Ozzie Nelson's orchestra, Shirley Lloyd, vocalist

CBS: PHIL BAKER—Oscar Bradley's orchestra

MBS: SYMPHONIC STRINGS—orchestra

Milton Berle

7:45

NBC-Red: FITCH JINGLE PROGRAM—Morin Sisters, Ranch Boys

8:00

NBC-Red: CHASE AND SANBORN PROGRAM — Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Werner Janssen's orchestra

NBC-Blue: GENERAL MOTORS "PROM" CONCERT

CBS: 1937 TWIN STARS—Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, Rogers' orchestra

MBS: JAZZ NOCTURNE—Helene Daniels, Connie Miles, Brusiloff's orchestra

8:30

CBS: EDDIE CANTOR—Bobby Breen, Deanna Durbin, Jimmy Wallington, Renard's orchestra

MBS: MELODIES FROM THE SKIES

9:00

NBC-Red: MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Rachel Carlay, Bert Lahr, Pierre Le Kreeun, Lyman's orchestra

NBC-Blue: RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE—Shep Fields' orchestra, Frank Parker, Bob Hope, Honeychile

CBS: FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR

MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30

NBC-Red: AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, Jean Dickenson, Haenschen's orchestra

NBC-Blue: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell, news commentator

9:45

NBC-Blue: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE

MBS: DANCE ORCHESTRA

10:00

NBC-Red: SUNDAY NIGHT PARTY—James Melton, Donald Dickson, Dolan's orchestra

NBC-Blue: CALIFORNIA CONCERT

CBS: GILLETTE COMMUNITY SING—Milton Berle, Wendell Hall, Jones and Hare, Sannella's orchestra

MBS: SURPRISE PARTY—Kay Keyser's orchestra and guests

10:30

CBS: MAUREEN O'CONNOR AND THE SINGING STRINGS

10:45

CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN—news commentator

11:00

NBC-Red: HARVEY HAYS—poetry reading

NBC-Blue: JUDY AND THE BUNCH—vocal quartet

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

MBS: DANCE MUSIC

11:10

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: ORCHESTRA

Don Ameche

Mondays

JUNE 7—14—21—28

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO — talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist

8:45
NBC-Blue: FOUR MARTINEZ BROTHERS—songs and music

9:00
NBC-Red: THE STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS—news commentator
CBS: MORNING MOODS

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert; HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: CANOODLERS
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30
NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS
NBC-Blue: HELEN JANE BEHLKE—contralto
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: FOUR STAR FROLIC—musical varieties

12:45
NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—soprano
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: FIVE STAR REVUE—Morton Bowe, Meri Bell, Bill Johnstone, Sinatra's orchestra
MBS: LUNCHEON DANCE MUSIC

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY sketch

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Charles Sears, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES

2:00
NBC-Red: EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA — Ralph Ginsburgh

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

2:30
NBC-Red: CAROL WEYMANN—soprano
NBC-Blue: HOUR OF MEMORIES—U. S. Navy Band
CBS: MONTANA SLIM

2:45
NBC-Red: JOHNNY O'BRIEN'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: COLONEL JACK MAJOR'S VARIETY SHOW
MBS: PAULINE ALPERT—pianist, and orchestra

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Anne Hard, Alma Kitchell
CBS: POP CONCERT—Howard Barlow

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his Hillbillies

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
CBS: CHICAGO VARIETY HOUR
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Leo Freudberg's orchestra

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS—orchestra
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone

5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet
MBS: STORY TELLERS HOUSE

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: JACKIE HELLER—tenor
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: OLD TRAVELER'S TALES—stories
NBC-Blue: U. S. ARMY BAND
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone

6:15
NBC-Red: JOHN GURNEY—basso
CBS: FOUR STARS—quartette
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:35
NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—trio
NBC-Blue: CLARK DENNIS—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs
MBS: CHILDREN'S ALBUM—Story Book Lady

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: TICTOC REVIEW—Barry McKinley, Barrett's orchestra
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra

7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch

7:30
NBC-Red: MIDGE WILLIAMS—songs
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: HOLLACE SHAW — songs

7:45
NBC-Red: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
NBC-Blue: JOHN HERRICK—baritone
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00
NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN—Dick Foran, Noble's orchestra
CBS: ALEMITE HALF HOUR—Horace Heidt's Brigadiers
MBS: ROMANCE IN RHYTHM—Evelyn Case, Jack Arthur

8:30
NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Wallenstein's orchestra, guests
CBS: PICK AND PAT—comedy and music

9:00
NBC-Red: FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY—comedy sketch, Marian and Jim Jordan, Weems' orchestra
NBC-Blue: GOOD TIME SOCIETY—all-Negro revue
CBS: LUX RADIO THEATRE—dramatizations

9:30
NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM—Phil Spitalny and his girls
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

10:00
NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Vivian Della Chiesa, Black's orchestra
NBC-Blue: STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—Richard Himber's orchestra, Stuart Allen
CBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: ELDER LIGHTFOOT SOLOMON MICHAUX — and congregation

10:30
NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR MODERNS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speaker

10:45
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S PAGEANT OF MELODY

11:00
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC

Horace Heidt

Phil Spitalny

Gracie Allen

Tuesdays

JUNE 1—8—15—22—29

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE children's program
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: LEIBERT ENSEMBLE—Island Serenaders

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO — talk and music

8:45
NBC-Blue: RHYTHM RASCALS

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis
CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan mail dramatizations

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS—news commentator
CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: QUALITY TWINS—East and Dumke

11:30
NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: ELEANOR HOWE'S HOMEMAKERS EXCHANGE
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: HOLLYWOOD SUNSHINE GIRLS—trio

12:30
NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
NBC-Blue: ANNETTE KING—contralto
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45
NBC-Red: JULES LANDE'S ST. REGIS CONCERT ENSEMBLE
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: SYLVIA CLARK—monologist
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS
MBS: DICK STABILE'S ORCHESTRA

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TUNE TWISTERS
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR — Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: THE MERRYMAKERS
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

2:00
NBC-Red: DR. JOSEPH E. MADDY'S BAND LESSONS
CBS: TELL US YOUR STORY—dramatization
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsburgh

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

2:30
NBC-Red: IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD — Claudine Macdonald, Levey's orchestra
NBS-Blue: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

2:45
NBC-Red: COLLEGIANS
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: U. S. MARINE BAND
CBS: BILL WRIGHT, VICE-PRESIDENT
MBS: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL—story of the song
MBS: ORCHESTRA

Ben Bernie

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: HAVE YOU HEARD?—dramatization

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: YOUR HEALTH
CBS: SING AND SWING—Kelsey's orchestra

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra
CBS: HOWARD BARLOW'S CONCERT ORCHESTRA
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Elinor Sherry, Freudberg's orchestra

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: NELLIE REVELL INTERVIEWS
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs

5:15
NBC-Red: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch
CBS: SCIENCE SERVICE SERIES—Watson Davis

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: ST. LOUIS SYNCOPATORS

Martha Raye

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: RANCHEROS—trio
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS
NBC-Blue: MEREDITH WILLSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: MUSICAL AMERICANA—orchestra

6:15
NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—harmony trio

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:35
NBC-Red: TOM THOMAS—baritone
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: ENOCH LIGHT'S ORCHESTRA

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: DORIS SCOTT—songs

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: TASTYEAST JESTERS
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30
NBC-Red: HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOOM—author, lecturer
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch

Johnny Green

CBS: ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—The Town Crier

7:45
NBC-Red: PIANO DUO—Fray and Braggiotti
NBC-Blue: FLORENCE GEORGE—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

8:00
NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA — Charles Martin, Phil Duey
NBC-Blue: HUSBANDS AND WIVES—Sedley Brown, Allie Lowe Miles
CBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL—Lucy Laughlin, Jerry Mann
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE — Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: EDGAR GUEST In "IT CAN BE DONE"—Masters' orchestra
CBS: AL JOLSON SHOW—Martha Raye, Parkyakarkus, Young's orchestra
MBS: EDDIE DUCHIN'S ORCHESTRA

9:00
NBC-Red: VOX POP—Parks Johnson, Wallace Butterworth
NBC-Blue: BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS
CBS: WATCH THE FUN GO BY—Al Pearce, Nick Lucas, Marsh's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:30
NBC-Red: PACKARD HOUR—
NBC-Blue: SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG—Frank Munn, Lois Bennett, Arden's orchestra
CBS: JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE—Goodman's band

10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: HARPSICHORD ENSEMBLE
CBS: YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND—sketch
MBS: HOBBY LOBBY

10:45
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: PICCADILLY MUSIC HALL
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: NIGHT SKIES AND BEYOND

Wednesdays

JUNE 2—9—16—23—30

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs
8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS
8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
8:45
NBC-Blue: FOUR MARTINEZ BROTHERS—songs and music
9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR

Portland Hoffa

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
9:45
NBC-Red: ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS—news commentator
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY
9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch
10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert; HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald
10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator
11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
11:45
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch
12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: HOMESPUN—William Hiram Foulkes
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
12:30
NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS
NBC-Blue: HELEN JANE BEHLKE—contralto
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: FOUR STAR FROLIC—musical varieties
12:45
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
1:00
NBC-Red: RANCHEROS—trio
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: FIVE STAR REVUE—Morton Bowe, Meri Bell, Bill Johnstone, Sinatra's orchestra
MBS: LUNCHEON DANCE MUSIC
1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL

André Kostelanetz

CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE RECTOR—food talk
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE
1:45
NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch
2:00
NBC-Red: SAVITT SERENADE
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsburgh
2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
2:30
NBC-Red: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE
NBC-Blue: AIRBREAKS—variety, music
CBS: MONTANA SLIM
2:45
NBC-Red: MUSIC OF THE MOMENT—Lee Gordon's orchestra
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: BILL LEWIS—baritone, and organ
3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: DO YOU WANT TO WRITE?—Margaret Widemer, and dramatizations
CBS: MANHATTAN MATINEE
MBS: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA
3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
NBC-Blue: CONTINENTAL VARIETIES—Stopak's orchestra
3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: INK SPOTS—Negro male quartet
CBS: POETIC STRINGS
4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS ASS'N
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his Hillbillies
4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra
CBS: RUSSELL DORR—Goldman's orchestra
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM
4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: ACADEMY OF MEDICINE
5:00
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS—orchestra
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: ELSIE THOMPSON—organist
5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch
CBS: FOUR STARS—quartet
5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: MEET THE ORCHESTRA
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program
MBS: ORCHESTRA

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: OUR AMERICAN SCHOOLS

Jessica Dragonette

NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Sair Lee
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs
6:15
NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
6:35
NBC-Red: CAPPY BARRA—and his swing harmonicas
NBC-Blue: FLORENCE GEORGE
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
6:45
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: SINGING WAITERS
7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch
7:30
NBC-Red: MEET THE ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: TIME FOR BUDDY CLARK
7:45
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: MARIO COZZI, baritone; CHRISTINE JOHNSON, soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
8:00
NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: BROADWAY MERRY-GO-ROUND—Beatrice Lillie, Rickey's orchestra
CBS: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—drama with music, Voorhees' orchestra
MBS: MUSICAL MARDI GRAS
8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: SECOND HUSBAND—Helen Menken
CBS: LAUGH WITH KEN MURRAY—Oswald, Shirley Ross, Gluskin's band.
9:00
NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Van Steeden's orchestra
NBC-Blue: STRING SYMPHONY—Frank Black's orchestra
CBS: CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS—Lily Pons, Kostelanetz' orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
9:30
CBS: PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE—Jessica Dragonette, Goodman's orchestra
MBS: ED FITZGERALD & CO.
10:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HIT PARADE AND SWEEPSTAKES—guests
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime dramatizations, Phillips Lord
MBS: ORCHESTRA
10:15
NBC-Blue: CAROL WEYMANN—soprano
10:30
NBC-Blue: NBC MINSTREL SHOW—Gene Arnold, Short's orchestra
CBS: BABE RUTH'S RADIO PROGRAM
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
10:45
NBC-Red: JIMMY KEMPER—song stories
11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: EMIL COLEMAN'S ORCHESTRA
CBS: BUNNY BERIGAN'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Thursdays

JUNE 3—10—17—24

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: LEIBERT ENSEMBLE—Island Serenaders

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO — talk and music
CBS: GREENFIELD VILLAGE CHAPEL

8:45
NBC-Blue: RHYTHM RASCALS

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT—variety program

9:25
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:30
CBS:GREENFIELD VILLAGE CHAPEL

9:45
NBC-Red ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS—news commentator
CBS: SONG STYLISTS—male quartet

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: QUALITY TWINS—East and Dumke

11:30
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: MERRYMAKERS
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch
MBS: BIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR AND ORGAN

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Lowell C. Hall, commentator
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

12:30
NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
NBC-Blue: GALE PAGE—soprano
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45
NBC-Red: JULES LANDE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: MARGUERITE PADULA—songs
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: JACK BERCH AND HIS BOYS

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: GLENN DARWIN—baritone
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY sketch

Major Edward Bowes

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE RECTOR—food talk

1:45
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

2:00
NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: TELL US YOUR STORY—dramatizations
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

2:30
NBC-Blue: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

2:45
NBC-Red: MEN OF THE WEST—quartet
NBC-Blue: PIANO RECITAL
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: NBC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY
CBS: BILL WRIGHT, VICE-PRESIDENT

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: LA FORGE-BERUMEN ORCHESTRA

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: DO YOU REMEMBER?—old favorite melodies

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE CABALLEROS

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his Hillbillies

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson
CBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Pauline Alpert, Sid Gary, Willard Amison

Kate Smith

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: ARCHER GIBSON—organist
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch

5:15
NBC-Red: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
NBC-Blue: YOUNG HICKORY—sketch
CBS: ALL HANDS ON DECK

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: JACKIE HELLER—tenor
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: NORSEMEN QUARTET
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs

6:15
NBC-Red: ALICE REMSEN, contralto; GEORGE GRIFFEN, baritone
CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone
MBS: PIANO RECITAL

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

6:35
NBC-Blue: CHUCHU MARTINEZ—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: SPRING RHYTHM

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: CYCLING THE KILOCYCLES—Sinatra's orchestra
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch

7:30
NBC-Red: HELEN TRAUBEL—songs
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—The Town Crier

7:45
NBC-Red: MILLSTONES AND MILESTONES—Eugen Boissevain, commentator
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—quartet
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator

Rudy Vallee

8:00
NBC-Red: RUDY VALLEE'S VARIETIES—guests
NBC-Blue: ROY SHIELD'S ENCORE MUSIC—Clark Dennis, Robert Gately, Gale Page
CBS: KATE SMITH'S BAND WAGON—Miller's orchestra
MBS: MUSIC AND YOU—symphony program

8:30
NBC-Blue: POP CONCERT—Boston symphony orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

9:00
NBC-Red: MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR

9:15
MBS: TALK ABOUT BOOKS

9:30
NBC-Blue: NBC SPELLING BEE—Paul Wing
MBS: MUSIC FOR TODAY

10:00
NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL — Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Dorsey's orchestra
CBS: YOUR TRUE ADVENTURES—Floyd Gibbons
MBS: WITCH'S TALE—Alonzo Deen Cole, Marie O'Flynn

10:30
NBC-Blue: NBC JAMBOREE
CBS: MARCH OF TIME—dramatizations
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S MUSICAL REVUE

11:00
NBC-Red: JOHN B. KENNEDY—news commentator
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Fridays

JUNE 4—11—18—25

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS

8:30
NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist

8:45
NBC-Blue: DANDIES OF YESTERDAY—quartet

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS—news commentator
CBS: NOVELTEERS

Hal Kemp

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: TIM HEALY—news commentator
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: MODERN CINDERELLA—sketch

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez

11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch

11:45
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: U. S. MARINE BAND
CBS: THE GUMPS—sketch

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30
NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch

12:45
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor

Frances Langford

CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: FIVE STAR REVUE—Morton Bowe, Meri Bell, Bill Johnstone, Sinatra's orchestra
MBS: LUNCHEON MUSIC

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
MBS: BIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: DINING WITH GEORGE RECTOR—food talk
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

2:00
NBC-Red: SHOW TIME MATINEE
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

2:30
NBC-Red: CONCERT MINIATURES
NBC-Blue: DOROTHY DRESLIN—soprano
CBS: MONTANA SLIM

2:45
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: LEO FREUDBERG'S ORCHESTRA

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: RADIO GUILD—dramatization
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL
MBS: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: THREE CONSOLES

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

4:00
NBC-Red: TEA TIME AT MORRELL'S—Gale Page, Charles Sears, Don McNeill, orchestra
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—

Ireene Wicker

Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra
CBS: FRIDAY MELODY REVIEW
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—and his Hillbillies

4:30
NBC-Red: FOLLOW THE MOON—Elsie Hitz, Nick Dawson
CBS: AMONG OUR SOUVENIRS
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
NBC-Blue: TOP HATTERS—orchestra

5:00
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: SALVATION ARMY STAFF BAND

5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—musical plays
CBS: ETON BOYS—male quartet

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:45
NBC-Red: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—children's sketch
NBC-Blue: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone

6:15
NBC-Red: BARRY McKINLEY—baritone
CBS: FOUR STARS—quartet
MBS: PIANO RECITAL

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: HAROLD TURNER—pianist

6:35
NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
NBC-Blue: CLARK DENNIS—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: SINGING STRINGS
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: TIME FOR BUDDY CLARK

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—songs
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra

7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
CBS: MA AND PA—sketch
MBS: NOVELETTE

7:30
NBC-Red: CABALLEROS—quartet
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: HOLLACE SHAW—songs

7:45
NBC-Red: BUG-HOUSE RHYTHM
NBC-Blue: JEAN DICKENSON—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00
NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Lucille Manners, Bourdon's orchestra
NBC-Blue: IRENE RICH
CBS: BROADWAY VARIETIES—Oscar Shaw, Carmela Ponselle, Elizabeth Lennox, Arden's orchestra

8:15
NBC-Blue: SINGIN' SAM—The Barbasol Man

8:30
NBC-Blue: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
CBS: HAL KEMP'S DANCE BAND—Kay Thompson, Rhythm Singers

8:45
MBS: CHARIOTEERS

9:00
NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, Mary Eastman, Lyman's orchestra
NBC-Blue: HARLEM—Armstrong's orchestra, Eddie Green
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL Jerry Cooper, Frances Langford, Anne Jamison, Igor Gorin, Paige's orchestra

9:30
NBC-Red: TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: CORONET ON THE AIR—Deems Taylor, Armbruster's orchestra
MBS: ALFRED WALLENSTEIN'S SINFONIETTA

10:00
NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—dramatization, Les Tremayne, Barbara Luddy
NBC-Blue: JACK PEARL—Cliff Hall, Morton Bowe, Dorsey's orchestra
CBS: PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: DORIS HARE
CBS: BABE RUTH'S RADIO PROGRAM

10:45
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: ELZA SCHALLERT REVIEWS—movie previews

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Saturdays

JUNE 5—12—19—26

MORNING

8:00

NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program

NBC-Blue: THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD TODAY—Dr Alfred Grant Walton

8:15

NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES

NBC-Blue: LEIBERT ENSEMBLE—Island Serenaders

8:30

NBC-Red: CHEERIO—talk and music

8:45

NBC-Blue: RHYTHM RASCALS

9:00

NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall

Joe Cook

NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—Don McNeill, Helen Jane Behlke, Clark Dennis

CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist

9:15

CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

9:30

CBS: MELLOW MOMENTS

9:55

NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00

NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—male quartet

NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singhi Breen, Peter de Rose

10:15

NBC-Red: THE VASS FAMILY—children's harmony

NBC-Blue: RAISING YOUR PARENTS—juvenile forum, Milton J. Cross

CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

10:30

NBC-Red: MANHATTERS—Arthur Lang, orchestra

CBS: LET'S PRETEND—children's program

MBS: ED FITZGERALD & CO.—variety show, Freudberg's orchestra, Elinor Sherry

10:45

NBC-Blue: BILL KRENZ' ORCHESTRA

11:00

NBC-Red: OUR AMERICAN SCHOOLS—Dr. Frances Hale

NBC-Blue: MADGE MARLEY [illegible]

CBS: CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC PROGRAM

11:15

NBC-Red: HOME TOWN—[illegible]

NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—[illegible]

11:30

NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF

NBC-Blue: MAGIC OF SPEECH — Vida Ravenscroft Sutton

MBS: U. S. ARMY BAND

11:45

NBC-Red: FITCH ROMANCES—Gene Arnold and the Ranch Boys

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: CHASINS MUSIC SERIES—Abram Chasins, pianist, commentator

NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH—Anne Sarachon Hooley

CBS: THE CAPTIVATORS

12:15

NBC-Blue: STOUT-HEARTED MEN—quartet

CBS: ORIENTALE

MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

12:30

NBC-Red: REX BATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

Gladys Swarthout

CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA

1:00

NBC-Red: WHITNEY ENSEMBLE

NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—children's program

CBS: JACK SHANNON—tenor

1:15

CBS: JACK AND VERA—songs and patter

MBS: STEVE SEVERN'S PET CLUB

1:30

NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR

CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:00

NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO

CBS: TELL US YOUR STORY—dramatizations

MBS: SYLVIA CIDE, RAOUL NADEAU—songs

2:15

CBS: DICTATORS—orchestra

2:30

NBC-Red: GOLDEN MELODIES—orchestra, vocalists

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

2:45

CBS: TOURS IN TONE

MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

3:00

NBC-Red: WALTER LOGAN'S MUSICALE

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: DOWN BY HERMAN'S

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

3:30

NBC-Red: WEEK-END REVUE—varieties, Levy's orchestra

3:45

CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone

4:00

NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—Annette King, Jack Baker, Kogen's orchestra

MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:15

CBS: THE DICTATORS

4:30

CBS: DANCEPATORS

5:00

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA

CBS: EDDIE DUCHIN'S ORCHESTRA

MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

5:30

NBC-Red: KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN — varieties, Bruce Kamman, Elinor Harriot, Marian and Jim Jordan

> **NOTE:**
>
> As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by the broadcasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.

NBC-Blue: BERT BLOCK'S ORCHESTRA

CBS: VOCALS BY VERRILL

MBS: DANCE ORCHESTRA

5:45

CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

6:00

NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA—Jan Savitt

NBC-Blue: VAGABONDS

CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL

6:30

NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

MBS: ENOCH LIGHT'S ORCHESTRA

6:35

NBC-Red: ALMA KITCHELL—contralto

CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45

NBC-Red: RELIGION IN THE NEWS—Walter W. Van Kirk

CBS: BEN FELD'S ORCHESTRA

7:00

NBC-Red: MARTINEZ BROTHERS—quartet

NBC-Blue: MESSAGE OF ISRAEL—guests and music

CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB—Bunny Berigan and guests

MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:15

NBC-Red: HAMPTON INSTITUTE SINGERS

CBS: TITO GUIZAR—songs

MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30

NBC-Blue: UNCLE JIM'S QUESTION BEE—Jim McWilliams

CBS: UNIVERSAL RHYTHM—Rex Chandler's orchestra, Richard Bonelli, Alec Templeton, Landt Trio

7:45

NBC-Red: THE ABC OF NBC—behind the broadcasting scenes

MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:00

CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ—Arthur Godfrey

MBS: BENAY VENUTA'S PROGRAM—Willard Amison, Sid Gary, Brusiloff's orchestra

8:30

NBC-Blue: MEREDITH WILLSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin, Phil Duey

9:00

NBC-Red: SNOW VILLAGE SKETCHES—Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly

NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Joe Kelly

CBS: NASH PRESENTS—Grace Moore, Lopez' orchestra

MBS: HAWAIIAN SERENADES

9:30

NBC-Red: SHELL SHOW—Joe Cook, Watson's orchestra

CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE—Mary Eastman, Bill Perry, Haenschen's orchestra

MBS: OLD-TIME MELODRAMAS

10:00

CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE AND SWEEPSTAKES

MBS: FEDERAL THEATRE NEGRO CHOIR

10:15

MBS: HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS—George Fischer

10:30

MBS: SATURDAY SERENADE—orchestra, guests

10:45

CBS: DESIGN IN HARMONY—quartet

11:00

NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC

NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC

CBS: BUNNY BERIGAN'S ORCHESTRA

MBS: DANCE MUSIC

THIS *Freshening Up*

DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN —IT INVIGORATES!

• The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."

Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using creams! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."

Send for* SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 9RS-CG, Clinton, Conn., Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

HOT WEATHER HINT!

Serve Delicious, Nourishing Franco-American Spaghetti

Ready in a jiffy...costs less than 3¢ a portion

YOU can make your kitchen-work much easier this summer. Several times a week give your family delicious Franco-American Spaghetti. They'll love it! It's simply packed with nourishment—good for children and grown-ups, too, and it is the greatest little work-saver you ever saw. All you need to do is just heat it, and it's ready to eat.

Sometimes serve Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish. It makes a complete meal with perhaps a fresh green salad, milk, and a fruit dessert. Other times, use Franco-American Spaghetti to make your left-over meats into savory, delicious meals.

Please do not confuse Franco-American Spaghetti with ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American is entirely different. That marvelous cheddar cheese and tomato sauce, with its eleven delicious ingredients, makes Franco-American what it is—a tasty, delicious dish, with a flavor all its own.

Franco-American is a real help to the budget, too. A can usually costs ten cents, so Franco-American costs less than 3 cents a portion. Why not give yourself a break this summer, and give your family a treat, too?

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 67
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(*Continued from page 13*)

that I've collected quite a large number of recipes for them, from which I've chosen two or three that I think would be most popular with the majority of people.

One is pictured here, but I'm afraid the photograph will not do it justice, since it's a substantial, tasty salad rather than one of those "pretty" ones that strive primarily for effective appearance. Now, mind you, I'm not criticising the type of salads that are a delight to the eye as well as to the palate. Many of them I think are swell. Just to prove that I mean that, I'm going to give you a couple of those, too. But there *are* certain salads that should be served in a large bowl—all mixed up, shall we say, and they're as delicious as any you could find. Such salads are the popular French Salad Bowl, which consists of greens with a simple French Dressing and a suggestion of garlic, if you like it; Chiffonade Salad, which contains hard cooked eggs and minced beets, as well as various greens; and the Mélange Salad, which I'm offering you in this month's recipe leaflet.

Mélange, you know, actually means *mixture.* But also, you realize, there are mixtures *and* mixtures; some good, some terrible. In mixing various ingredients for salads, not only taste but texture deserves your consideration. Something crisp, for instance, with something smooth. The desired crispness—apart from the lettuce, romaine and the like, which must always be crisp, of course—can be supplied by diced celery, thinly sliced radishes or even raw cauliflower buds shaved paper thin. One hostess I know added tiny cubes of fried bread to her mixed salad, just before serving. These little bread squares were cooked in deep fat to the palest golden color and they really were delicious and effective.

But to get back to our own *Mélange.* This one combines pineapple, crisp raw cabbage and other interesting items. The card not only gives you these in the correct proportions but also a recipe for the Cooked Salad Dressing which supplies the final note of perfection. Try them both—and think of me enjoying this same salad thoroughly and often!

Here's another salad suggestion that I think you'll like, too. This one has distinct eye-appeal—so much so, in fact, that it can serve as a garnish for a cold meat platter, as well as a salad.

GREEN PEPPER SLICES

Wash two or three green peppers. Remove thin slice from stem end, hollow out and scrape. Fill each pepper solidly with a mixture of mashed liverwurst, mayonnaise and diced celery. Chill thoroughly. Cut filled peppers into thick crosswise slices. If using as a salad, place each slice on a lettuce leaf, top with mayonnaise and sprinkle with paprika. If using as a garnish, place a slice of hard-cooked egg on top of each pepper slice, then a slice of stuffed olive on the egg. A still more attractive color combination can be achieved by placing the peppers on thin slices of tomato, then garnishing them as above. They also can be served more easily if prepared in this fashion.

A creamy Main Course Mousse provides a filling salad that you're sure to like. This type of salad recipe is a valuable one to have on hand for many reasons. You can serve one of these molded salads as a main course luncheon dish, a Sunday supper salad, or a buffet supper masterpiece; you can make them up a day or two in advance when you have a busy week-end ahead of you. Best of all, perhaps, they adapt themselves to various forms of service. Made up in small molds, they provide convenient individual servings. Made up in ring molds, they present an infinite number of possibilities. For instance, you can fill the center with crisp Julienne potatoes or potato chips. You can place a bowl in the hollow center of the ring, containing the salad dressing that goes with the salad. Or place little "egg tomatoes" there in a nest of lettuce leaves. Oh, there are any number of things you can do with a ring mold, but let me urge you not to put anything in that space which will run out and all over the platter as soon as a wedge is removed from the outside ring! Bear that in mind always, and avoid one pitfall.

Another pitfall, with many people, seems to be the difficulty they have in getting the mold into the center of the platter—where it belongs, of course. To do this successfully, you should place the platter over the mold instead of trying to shake the mold out on to the platter. Another little idea that you'll find helpful is to place a lace paper doily over the molded salad before turning it out. The salad will stick to the doily, the doily, however, will not stick to the platter and can be moved about with the greatest ease.

The particular Mousse I am giving you can be made with chicken, veal, lamb or pork. I prefer chicken, because it is so light and tempting on a hot day.

Speaking of hot days brings up the thought of ice cream, of which I am inordinately fond. Especially Chocolate Ice Cream! During the winter, when I'm in town, I buy it at the most convenient restaurant of a well-known chain which specializes in frozen goods, baked goods and candy. In the summer, however, we make our own in the mechanical refrigerator, up at camp—trays and trays of it. Knowing how popular ice creams are with my guests—as well as myself—I've been experimenting until finally I've found a recipe that *is* ice cream. Not mousse, mind you, but real ice cream, smooth, rich, creamy, chocolate-y . . . but why go on? Try it out for yourself and see if you don't agree with me that it's about the most perfect mechanical refrigerator ice cream you've ever tried. Tell your friends who have a mechanical refrigerator to send in for a copy, too. They'll thank *you* and you'll thank *me* for the suggestion!

Let's see now; we have a salad and its

(*Continued on page 66*)

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her"

"I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken —one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances, use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

"I LOVE YOUR LIPS!"

Exciting, Alluring...

of course men thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips! Men despise a "painted look". Tangee *isn't paint*...it's the *only* lipstick with the Tangee Color Change Principle. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to warm blush-rose, emphasizes your charm...Use Tangee Rouge for lovely color in cheeks.

USE TANGEE LIPSTICK every night before you go to bed. Its special cream base soothes and softens lips, gives them a beauty treatment while you sleep. Tangee won't rub off on bed linen. Awake with fresh alluring lips. Try Tangee, the 24-Hour way to loveliness. 39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Miracle Make-Up Set.

PAINTED TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

"MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please send "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (Use ink. Canada 15¢.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ MM77

WHAT THEY LISTEN TO-AND WHY

Anna Morgan, Oakland, Cal. ***(School Teacher.)*** "My especial favorite is *First Nighter*. These original plays are clean and have been made famous by their presentation and the most unusual, pleasing voice, the voice of smiles . . . that of the inimitable Don Ameche. I never miss a broadcast."

Mary Kathryn Brown, Miami, Fla. ***(Stenographer.)*** "My choice for radio honors is *One Man's Family*. It is, to my mind, the one perfect half hour of entertainment."

"Pickles" Hynes, New Rochelle, N. Y. "Feel lousy? Got the blues? Contemplating suicide? Here's a tonic to snap you out of it and it won't cost a cent. Catch 'California's Brightest Sunbeam,' Judy Garland, on *Jack Oakie's College*. If that 'Sunbeam's' warbling doesn't do the trick, nothing will. It's better than all the medicine in the world."

Mrs. C. Johnson, Cadillac, Mich. "I should like to register my vote for *Girl Alone*. Why? It is a normal, real life story, expertly cast and cleverly written. It lacks the usual blood and thunder and incorporates some of the best humor offered radio listeners."

Helen C. Schneider, Creighton, Neb. ***(Cashier.)*** "Violets to Jessica Dragonette! Listening to her glorious voice is the biggest thrill I get out of radio. Whatever the program or whatever the song, she is the tops. May her lovely voice never be lost from the air waves!"

Jack Holden, York, England. ***(Baker.)*** "I like the thrilling *Thatcher Colt Mysteries*, because they are exciting to the last minute. I listen to *Magic Key of R.C.A*, *The World Is Yours* and *Have You Heard?*, because they are educational. For really smart comedy, *Amos 'n' Andy*, *Vic and Sade*, *Stoopnagle and Budd*. Although over 3,000 miles away, I receive your programs as clearly as our local ones, thanks to your efficient short wave stations."

Mrs. Dorothy Pinnick, East Gary, Ind. ***(Housewife.)*** "Whom do I like? Why—doggone—it's *Lum and Abner!* They're radio's greatest comedians. I like 'em so well that I'll take on all comers interested in a *Lum and Abner* Fan Club."

Ruth Rosenthal, Germantown, Phila., Pa. ***(Student.)*** "No radio program brings me as much delight as *Songs by Jerry Cooper*. Time never flies as fast as the fifteen minutes he is on. His deep baritone voice fills me with pleasure."

Thomas Biddy, Jacksonville, Fla. ***(Railroad Conductor.)*** "For music, Shep Fields and his *Rippling Rhythm* orchestra is tops with me. Next, I like Al Pearce and all his Gang."

Jane Lumley, Pittston, Pa. ***(Student.)*** "Even though I am a great radio fan, my favorite program is *The Packard Hour*, because of the marvelous voice of Conrad Thibault. His voice has always been an inspiration to me."

Bessie G. Nichols, Essex Junction, Vermont. ***(At Home.)*** "If I could listen to but one program a week, it would be to Jessica Dragonette's. She has ruled the networks so long, because of her talent, graciousness and sincerity. There will never be anyone who can replace her. Truly, she's a Queen of Radio."

Chaw Mank, Staunton, Ill. ***(Dance Band Leader.)*** "Dick Powell is the greatest MC of the air. We need this sparkling personality, the voice loved by millions, on the radio today. This sentiment is expressed by the Dick Powell Fan Club, of which I'm president, composed of over 1,000 members."

Luella Brown, Lapeer, Mich. ***(Nurse.)*** "I never fail to listen to any program which has Milton Cross as announcer, because he has a voice unequaled. His descriptions are so real that I can visualize each act. My favorite program is the Sunday morning Children's Hour, which Mr.

Cross originated."

Mrs. K. Popovic, Buffalo, N. Y. ***(Housewife.)*** "I enjoy Rudy Vallee's *Variety Hour*. Mr. Vallee sings as easily as he talks, without strain or violent effort. His cast of guest stars is always entertaining, too."

Eddie Pirrung, St. Paul, Minn. "I enjoy many programs, but most of all Eddie Cantor's, because of the charming young singer, Bobby Breen. He is my favorite star and I sincerely hope he makes good. This is meant right from my heart."

Mildred Buck, Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y., and Mary Munger, Pittsfield, Mass. "As presidents of two of Lanny's largest fan clubs, we'd like to voice the joint opinion of our hundreds of members — that THE outstanding star of radio today is Lanny Ross. Can you name any other star with such a grand voice, charming personality and friendly manner, who has remained so consistently popular for eight radio years?"

A Hood River Spy, Hood River, Ore. "Here are my nominations for the four best orchestras: 1. Guy Lombardo; 2. Jan Garber; 3. Ted Fiorito; 4. Bernie Cummins."

Edna Schurmann, Bronx, N. Y. ***(Student.)*** "My radio favorites are the following: Nelson Eddy, because of his voice and personality. Jack Benny and Fred Allen, for their dry humor and wit. *The Lone Ranger* sketch, because of the thrilling and daring acts, and *Lux Radio Theatre*, because of the interesting plays."

E. Wagner, Los Angeles, Cal. ***(Secretary.)*** "My favorite radio entertainment is good organ music, with Irma Glen as my first choice. I like the *General Motors Concerts*, Jessica Dragonette, Frank Parker and Walter Winchell. Also enjoy *One Man's Family*. Why isn't there a limit to publicity on the Jack Bennys, Fred Allens, etc.? We are fed up with it."

Charles F. Simon, Omaha, Neb. ***(Flower Gardener.)*** "The stars most popular with me are Eddie Cantor, Jimmy Wallington and Deanna Durbin, who is a great singer for her age. Also Bob Burns of the *Kraft Music Hall*."

Have YOU registered your radio preferences? Just let your feelings be known in fifty words or less, and be sure to state your name, address and *occupation*. Address: QUERY EDITOR, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

• ***"Hi-ya, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this?...You can't change 'em?...Say, that's tough!"***

• ***"Mother, come quick! Look at this poor guy—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so hot it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"***

• ***"Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about prickly heat and sticky hot weather. And every time Mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"***

• ***"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—it's as soft as the kitty's ear! Not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps my skin so smooth." ...Smooth, healthy skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the rarest Italian talc...no orris-root...Don't forget baby's other toilet needs —Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil!***

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Don't be a Wash-out!

SAYS *Jane Heath*

Never again should you come out of the surf looking less than lovely! (LASHTINT LIQUID MASCARA is the secret of summer sirens!) There'll be no more streaky cheeks or pale, sun-bleached lashes —*this* mascara is *really water-proof!* It never cracks or flakes, and looks completely soft and natural. Comes in black, brown, blue or green. $1.

and then

The girl with an eye to conquest understands the allure of a subtle touch of eye shadow to give her eyes depth and color under a strong, white sun . . . or to put glimmering highlights on her eyelids at night. SHADETTE comes in ten subtle daytime shades to match your gay vacation clothes, and in gold and silver for evening. 75c.

and never forget

That the basic secret of all beautiful eyes is a frame of glorious curling lashes. Just slip your lashes into KURLASH, the handy little beauty necessity that curls them in only 30 seconds, without heat, cosmetics, or practice. $1.

OTHER KURLASH PRODUCTS ARE:

TWEEZETTE—the automatic tweezer for painlessly removing face hair

LASHPAC—a purse-size lipstick mascara with built-in brush

LASHTINT MASCARA—cased in metal compact with a patented sponge arrangement that assures perfect applications at all times

KURLENE—to promote luxurious lashes and brows

TWISSORS—the ingenious tweezers with scissor-handles

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: JANE HEATH, *Dept. D-7*
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3

Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

Eyes _____ *Hair* _____ *Complexion* _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Copyright 1937, The Kurlash Company, Inc.

Hollywood Invites

Leo Carrillo will give a Spanish fiesta in your honor at his famous ranch at Santa Monica.

Glenda Farrell, Warners star, also will play hostess at a grand party for you, given at her home.

This program comes to you through the courtesy of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE, *ladies and gentlemen, to tell you how this year you can enjoy the vacation to end all vacations, the thrill to top all thrills, a cross-country trip to visit, as a unique and privileged guest, the studios and the stars of screen and radioland!*

With that grandiloquent greeting off my chest, and before you tune in some other program with better music, let me get down to cases.

This really is your last chance to get in on something swell. RADIO STARS has been working for months getting everything ready, and all details are completed for a stunt that you'll agree is a truly grand idea.

We're going to start three special trains out of Chicago on July 11th, August 1st, and August 15th, each carrying about a hundred people, on the ideal vacation trip to the world's playground, Southern California. From Chicago and back, the trip takes two weeks—and the last trip will be made in eleven days, for those who have shorter vacations. All three trips will enjoy exciting stopovers, en route, at the parks, and even the short trip gives you the same length of stay in movie and radioland.

And, of course, when you get there, the party will really get going.

By that time you'll all be well acquainted (*look in your printed booklet for the name of that pretty girl in Lower 6*) and you'll discover that this is a houseparty with care left behind!

Rolling into Hollywood, the first event is a trip to New Universal Studios for lunch and to see movies in the making, a privilege very few visitors can arrange. And here's a tip—be sure to see *Top of the Town* before you come, so that you'll know what to ask about, and who to look for, when you arrive at Universal City. It's the year's biggest musical, and a wow from start to

You!

BY JACK SMALLEY

Don't miss this glorious vacation trip, to meet the Hollywood stars of screen and radio

finish. Gregory Ratoff, Hugh Herbert, Doris Nolan, George Murphy, The Three Sailors (and they are a scream!) are just a few of the entertainers in this Universal musical riot.

Then, of course, we have to have a party with lots of movie stars present, and to make it something really unusual, three grand stars have planned special parties at their homes. Leo Carrillo has arranged a Spanish fiesta, such as his famous California ancestors used to give for distinguished guests, complete with barbecue, singing, and merriment at his Santa Monica ranch. Glenda Farrell will be hostess at her home for the (*Continued on page 99*)

Back in his heart again!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO! This pure creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics — keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

NOW—Amazing new underarm creams!

Which . . . for you?

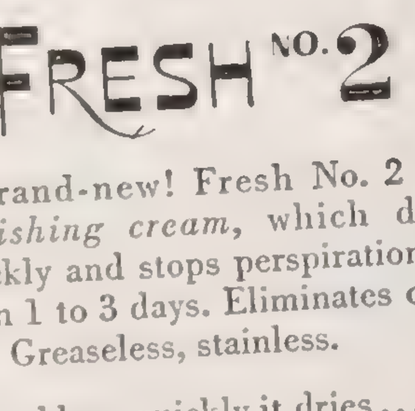
—this one stops odor

FRESH NO. 1

• Formerly known to a discriminating few as simply Fresh, this cream deodorant is big news wherever it is tried.

• For Fresh No. 1 has no medicinal smell—nothing to identify it as a deodorant. Yet it positively eliminates underarm odor.

• And Fresh No. 1 is antiseptic... safe after shaving. Not gummy, greasy. So easy to use. Travel-size tube, 10c at variety stores. Large tube, 50c at toiletries counters.



—this one stops perspiration, too!

FRESH NO. 2

• Brand-new! Fresh No. 2 is a *vanishing cream*, which dries quickly and stops perspiration for from 1 to 3 days. Eliminates odor, too. Greaseless, stainless.

• And how quickly it dries... how quickly you can go right on with your dressing! Once you've tried Fresh No. 2, you'll never use another non-perspirant. Travel-size jar, 10c at variety stores. Large tubes, 50c at toiletries counters.

THE PHARMA-CRAFT CORPORATION, INC.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

GLAMOUR IS HIS BUSINESS

(*Continued from page 11*)

Lovely Edythe Wright brings glamour to the air as featured vocalist with Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra, heard Fridays on the *Raleigh and Kool NBC* show.

Monday night *Radio Theatre*, it was with the hope that this master showman of glamour could inject it into radio. And that's exactly what he has accomplished. And not by chance, either. DeMille has been a student of glamour and showmanship since his days at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He entered the Academy only after being turned down, because of his youth, when he tried to enlist for service in the Spanish-American War.

Cecil comes from a theatrical family. His father was Henry Churchill DeMille, teacher and playwright, who wrote many plays in association with the late David Belasco. His mother was Mathilde Beatrice Samuel, who gave birth to Cecil on August 12th, 1881, at Ashfield, Massachusetts. His brother William is one of the better known names of the stage and screen.

After the father's death, Mrs. DeMille turned her home at Echo Lake, New Jersey, into the Henry C. DeMille Memorial School for Girls. The income from this served to give Cecil preparatory training at the Pennsylvania Military Academy and to send his brother to Columbia University.

Cecil's wife is the former Constance Adams of Orange, New Jersey, whom he married while touring with Sothern and Marlowe.

After his graduation from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Cecil naturally turned to the stage. He did surprisingly well in playing leading parts in *The Prince Chap, Lord Chumley* and several other popular plays. Later, when stock companies became the rage, his mother formed the DeMille Play Company, which featured the old DeMille-Belasco plays, among others. The company flourished for nearly twenty years.

"I gave up acting," he explained to me, refusing a cigarette with a shake of his massive, bald head, "and became its manager, in association with my brother William, who by this time had written several stage successes, including *Strongheart* and *The Warrens of Virginia*. It was during this period that I wrote *The Stampede*, and also did *The Royal Mounted* in collaboration with my brother William. I also wrote *The Return of Peter Grimm*."

As I listened, I could not help but recall that this same Cecil DeMille has been responsible for the success of countless screen stars—Wallace Reid, Leatrice Joy, Milton Sills, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Gloria Swanson, Lila Lee and Conrad Nagel, to name a few. The same DeMille who always wears riding boots and breeches while directing a picture; the

same DeMille who glorified the bathtub in so many of his spectacles, and yet has no ornate bathtub in his own home; who still clings to the old directorial habit of using a megaphone; and who earnestly believes that any woman, no matter what she looks like, can appear beautiful if she learns to express beauty through her personality.

The conversation changed to the injection of glamour into radio.

"In bringing the gorgeous Marlene Dietrich to the microphone, for example, it entails giving an impression of her glamorous personality. Only speech can establish that vision. I say: *'A gorgeous palace in Berlin, and the most beautiful woman in it,'* and so on. I am greatly aided, however, in the case of such a well-known person as Marlene Dietrich, due to the fact that most of my listeners already are familiar with her appearance, and I merely bring up the photographic image in their minds.

"If we have Gary Cooper on the air, in a Western atmosphere, for instance, we may rather easily establish the Western atmosphere by means of sound effects, but Gary's characterization will depend largely on my word introduction. From that point on, Gary's genius and the audience's imagination will take care of the rest."

Marlene and Gary co-starred on one of DeMille's programs in a radio version of *Morocco*.

I made mention that several motion picture exhibitors thought that his Monday night broadcasts were harmful to the motion picture industry. In fact, ruining motion pictures.

"Ruining motion pictures? Why, it will mean the rejuvenating of the movies; the remaking of them! Fancy missing this great opportunity and the incalculable benefit of virtually taking the star, the whole company of players, into seven million homes; setting them down by the fireside of twenty-five million people. If that isn't gilt-edged publicity and advertising, then I don't know the game!"

And what did he have to say about studio audiences?

"I'm highly in favor of studio audiences. One of my associates in production felt that the radio audience should not be allowed to applaud or laugh during the action of the play. I disagreed. I thought laughter or applause by the audience present at a broadcast, increased the illusion of it as an actual play, for the listening-in audience.

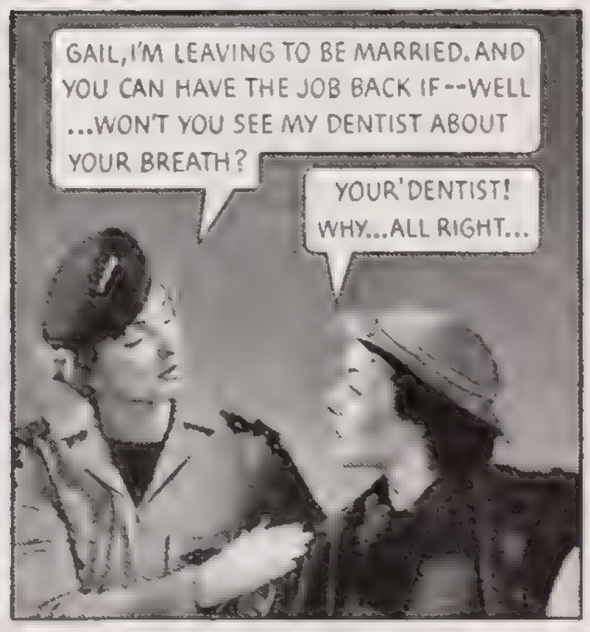
"We have been flattered, during the course of our radio production of plays, by letters asking: 'Are your people in costume?' That means that we had succeeded in creating the illusion for the audience.

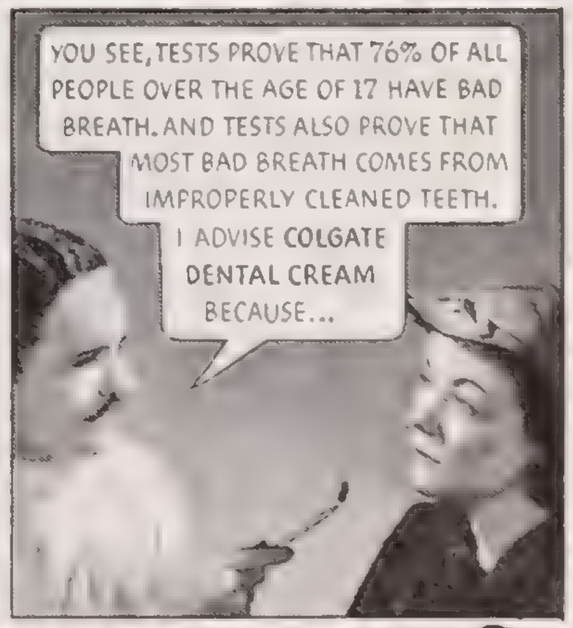
"In the production of plays on the radio, two schools of method have sprung up. One believes that the listening radio audience should be given no inkling of the presence of an audience in the studio. They fear that the thread of illusion might be broken by laughter and applause in the studio. I am an advocate of the very opposite. I believe that nothing stimulates the player more than a flesh-and-blood studio audience. It gives him a constant check on whether or not he is going over. Plays were written to be presented before audiences. This gives the desirable feeling of 'theatre,' to which every player immediately responds and reacts. And again, when the unseen audience hears the studio audience laughing and applauding, they, too, become infected with the true glamour of the theatre. We all know that it is not reality, but we all respond to the glamorous reality of the theatre and the proper mood is engendered and sustained. The answer is, that be it stage, screen or radio, it is all theatre. And the essence of good theatre is glamour. The only difference is the convention of presentation. One on the boards, another on the screen and the third on the air."

DeMille believes in hours of rehearsal until the program is letter-perfect. On broadcasting days on the Coast, his day begins at eight and he stops his direction at four. He requests and considers advice on important details from all around him, from the star of his production or one of the studio page boys. He makes it a rule never to call down a person in public. He has an ironic sense of humor; doesn't mind a good joke on himself; and has the habit of running his hand over his bald head as if he were running his fingers through a bushy head of hair.

He has four children, Cecelia Hoyt (Mrs. Francis Edgar Calvin), Katherine Lester, John Blount and Richard; besides two grandchildren, Peter and Cecelia Lester. Has the record for one of the longest and happiest marriages in Hollywood, being married to the same woman for almost thirty-five years. So don't believe all the alarming things you hear about Hollywood marriages. Cecil De Mille has glamour in his home as well as in his theatre!

STRANDED UNTIL HER DENTIST TOLD HER WHY...





COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

FOR WOMEN ONLY!

(*Continued from page 42*)

was a pity, because I hadn't had lunch yet! Instead of the crooner you might expect, Reed Kennedy approached the mike and delivered a song in the thoroughly masculine baritone that I defy anyone to dislike. The orchestra played insinuatingly —a new style for B. A. Rolfe, whose "brass band" style on former programs is utterly foreign to the present "sweet" arrangements. Delmar Edmondson spoke briefly, in rounded pleasant accents, and there was a momentary bustle in the control room as the guest speaker hurried out to face him across the mike. The interview, I thought, will probably drip a little. But it didn't. I might have liked to hear Gretta Palmer, the interviewer, a bit less and Mrs. Harkness, the guest, a bit more, but what there was was interesting.

Trouble House, Elaine Carrington's serial play, went on, and though I hadn't been following it, I found it amusing and well played. More music, a song and another blurb that managed to be inoffensive . . . Well, by this time, you get the idea: I liked it!

Your reporter's recognition of a well-balanced, tasteful program was, truthfully, a bit late. All over the United States and Canada two hundred and fifty-two radio editors in the recent Scripps-Howard poll voted the *Magazine of The Air* first place among women's programs, and this after only five months on the air. No other program ever ranked among the leaders in less than a year's airing. Naturally, everybody on the show feels pretty good about it, particularly Delmar Edmonson, who presides as "editor" of this radio magazine. And it *is* just what its name signifies, sending over the air the same blend of fact and entertainment that the women's better magazines try to achieve in print.

"It seemed funny to me," Edmondson said later, "when I first started. That is, until I saw the sort of show we were putting together. I guess most men feel a bit dubious about anything that's supposed to be primarily for women. But the idea of the *Magazine Of The Air* is to present an interesting, well-balanced show."

"You mean you don't think a 'women's show' differs essentially from a general program?" I offered.

"That's exactly what I do mean. Naturally, a talk about—say—pipes, or fishing and hunting, or finance would hardly fit on a women's show. But things like that are specialized masculine subjects; all men wouldn't be interested in them, either. And I'll bet there would be some women who would find such topics interesting, just as I'd like to know how many men have tried some of the recipes Bill Adams gives on the program."

I wondered if *he* had.

"Well, no," Del grinned. "I don't fool around in a kitchen much. But I'll bet I could. But to get back to the show—I think the distinction between masculine and feminine interests is much too sharply drawn. Men, almost invariably, are editors of women's magazines. And the old saw tells us that a doctor doesn't have to have pneumonia to treat a case. There's another one, of course, that says to ride horseback, you first have to know more than the horse! Well—I don't claim to know more than my audience, but I think that the things I find generally interesting will interest most other people, and the things I dislike on the air most women seem to dislike, too."

"How about women's intuition?" I prodded.

"I don't think it would be safe to build a radio show by women's intuition," Edmondson grinned. "And—this may get me in Dutch—but that's something else I believe is overrated. I'm not claiming men and women are alike—and thank heaven they're not! But I think men, perhaps, are as intuitive as women; the difference lies in that women, being more emotional than men, are more prone to *act* intuitively than men. I've never seen much proof that a woman's 'hunches' were any more infallible than a man's. But your average man will reject a purely intuitive idea often —and maybe he shouldn't—whereas most women are satisfied to act on nothing more than a 'feeling' about something."

In spite of these observations, Delmar Edmondson doesn't make any claim of being an authority on women. There's nothing in his varied background that suggests the expert on femininity. There is, however, plenty that would indicate a feeling for the dramatic and the topical.

That, perhaps, is why he manages to talk interestingly about such widely different subjects as symphony concerts and wrestling matches. And though he gets a certain amount of "mash" notes in the mail, his voice, clear in diction without being affected, suggests nothing of the Great Lover; on the contrary, it's a voice that most men enjoy, which would seem to prove his point that women do not like the suave unction of those announcers who deliberately strive for "women appeal."

His home is in Hollywood, though he was born in Marion, Ohio, right across from the house of the late President Harding. Several years later he studied at Notre Dame University, where Charles Butterworth, Walter O'Keefe and Ralph Dumke were among those present. There were, of course, quite a few other boys, but these are some who later made their mark in radio, along with Del.

He took his master's degree at Notre Dame, and his master's thesis, which was on *The One-Act Play,* was later published by the Drama League. His first newspaper job was on the Harding-owned Marion *Star,* and Edmondson worked on various papers through the Middle West, ending up on the Los Angeles *Examiner.* Journalism and theatre shared his interest: on several papers he served as drama critic, and in California he lectured on dramaturgy at the University of Southern California. Later he taught journalism for several years at Glendale, California, disproving the old maxim that: "Those who can, *do*; those who can't, teach!" Del

had done plenty, and he was now teaching.

Around this time Marco and his brother, Rube Wolfe, were doing a newspaper program on *KNX*, and Edmondson went on as news commentator. A *Game and Gossip* program followed. Then he was called upon to do a six-or-seven-minute commentary on a program about the local theatre, and the reaction was so favorable that he began writing his own program and appeared as a sustaining artist on *KFI*. This won a local sponsor and a little later Del was on the *CBS* network—sustaining again, doing commentary. Then came a spot doing master of ceremonies on the *California Melodies* program, as well as general commentary—and back to a fifteen-minute sustaining program again.

"By this time," says Del Edmondson, "I decided that there wasn't very much money in sustaining shows, and I came to New York—signed for the *Heinz Magazine* show—and here I am."

Sometimes an over-full program keeps Edmondson down to little more than announcements and introductions of guest speakers. And sometimes he is able to speak at more length, or read a bit of poetry. I asked about the guest speakers.

"We've had quite a few celebrities on the show," he says. "Some of the biggest names are the most nervous at the mike. Lillian Gish was nervous as a kitten, and when she heard that the re-broadcast was going to California she asked if she should talk louder! One absent-minded professor forgot all about the re-broadcast and when it went on he was already on a train to his home in Scarsdale! That was a hectic moment! But John Reed King, Columbia's announcer, went on in his place and gave a perfect imitation of the learned professor. Theodore Dreiser's talk was edited considerably, and the last paragraph, which was something of a political tirade, was edited out completely. At the end of his talk he said: 'And now you are justified in asking me what I *do* believe in!' That was supposed to be the last line of his talk. He stood up, glowered at the mike and just as the interviewer was about to say: 'Thank you, Mr. Dreiser,' he leaned forward and roared: *'Reality!'* into the mike.

"One author of humor pestered me, before the broadcast, to be sure and mention his books. I said that I was mentioning one, but he wanted me to plug another one that was just about to come out. Then, when it became necessary to cut a few seconds from the script, he howled to the heavens and unconditionally refused to cut a single word. And I must admit I somehow forgot to mention either book!

"And another author, well-known for his adventure stories, spoke in such a thick Oxford accent that he was almost unintelligible. At rehearsals everything went well, aside from the accent. But at the actual broadcast he got the sheets of his script mixed up in some way, and *read his entire speech backwards,* starting at *page 3* and working through to *page 1.* And nobody noticed the difference!

"We've had any number of big 'names' as guest speakers on the show—Fannie Hurst, Amelia Earhart, Emily Post, Lawrence Stallings, Faith Baldwin, Sidney Lenz, Princess Kropotkin, Walter Hampden, and many others. And the bigger the man—or woman—the less difficulty there seems to be."

Bob Feller (right) of the Cleveland Indians, who appeared on Joe Cook's Saturday night *Shell Show*.

"Aren't many of the guest speakers chosen particularly for their appeal to the ladies?" I asked.

"Of course they are. After all, I don't say the show isn't designed to please the ladies—it is. When Miss Ethel Cotton, for example, speaks on suitable subjects for conversation with your husband over the breakfast table, that's obviously for women. Or when Maury Paul, who writes under the name of *Cholly Knickerbocker,* tells the audience about ex-Queen Victoria of Spain never using make-up, that, too, is slanted directly at a feminine audience. My point is that plenty of men might be interested in what is said. And that few men would take issue with the way it is presented."

I think he's got something there! And as long as the *Magazine Of The Air* can take top honors in its class, there's little room for argument.

"For heaven's sake," Del finished, "don't be setting me up as an authority on women, now! All I'm doing is trying to edit a radio magazine of the air as well as I can."

"You do have certain convictions about women, though."

"Naturally — what man hasn't? But they're not particularly original. Women are supposed to be able to fool a man, any time they want to, whereas no man, presumably, can get away with anything like fooling a woman. Yet newspapers are full of stories disproving that. Women are famous for being able to add two and two and get a tremendous sum; for being able to make a major repair with only a hairpin, after some man has worn out himself and a full kit of tools."

"And don't you think they do?"

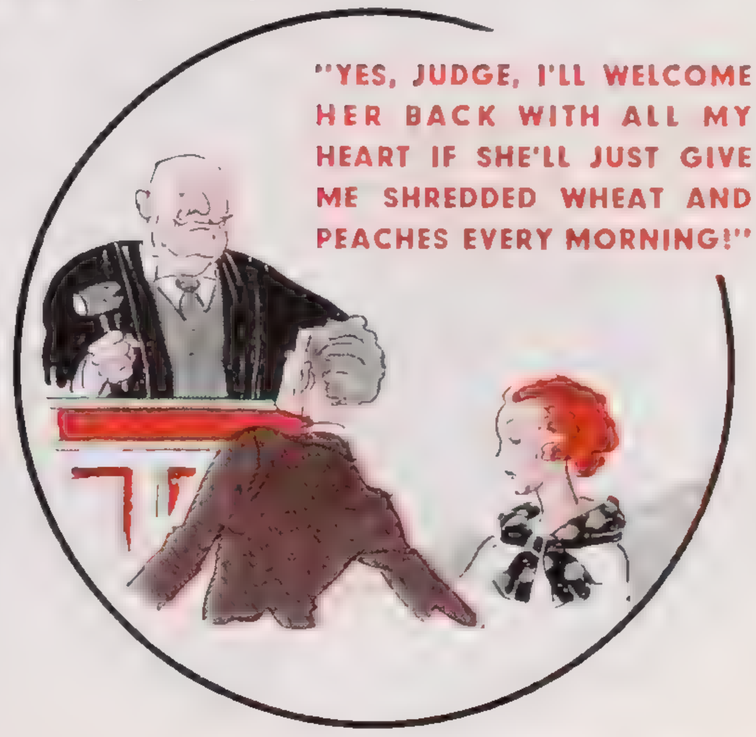
"That's the baffling part of it," he grinned. "Just often enough—they *do!* And maybe one reason why men are not supposed to be able to fool women is because women are inclined to be more suspicious —and perhaps that's why they find out things oftener than we males. But those are just generalizations."

I asked Del Edmondson if he were a little cynical about women.

"Me?" he gasped. "I should say not! I like women!"

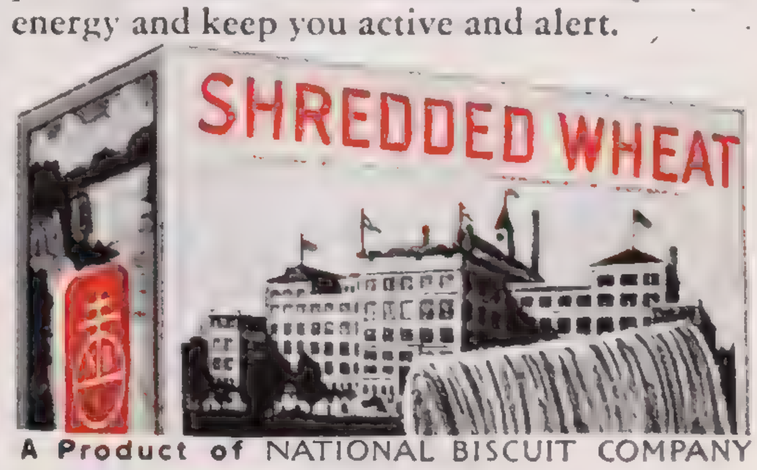
And, after all . . . who doesn't?

It's the main show on millions of breakfast tables—crisp, delicious Shredded Wheat—swimming in wholesome milk—sprinkled with sugar. Try it!



The season's perfect match—Shredded Wheat and peaches—order this grand flavor combination from your grocer today!

Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat. You get all the vital food essentials that nature put into wheat—the essentials that help build energy and keep you active and alert.



A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The Seal of Perfect Baking

Bakers of Ritz, Uneeda Biscuit and other famous varieties

More Than a Billion Shredded Wheat Biscuits Sold Every Year

—then what's to keep my skin SAFE from germs ?

"What's the big idea, Mommy? You're not going to take a day off from rubbing me with Mennen Antiseptic Oil, are you? Not if *I* can help it! *Germs* don't take any days off, do they? They keep getting on my skin *all* the time. That's why the nurse over at the hospital told you to rub me with Mennen Antiseptic Oil *every single day*. Doctor says it kills germs . . . and leaves a film of protection all over the skin. He says *every* baby needs this protection and *I'm* certainly no exception! Oh, you *were* going to give me my Mennen Antiseptic Oil rub anyhow? Why didn't you say so—hurry up, I need it—NOW! I want to sleep in peace *and* safety."

Nine-tenths of all the hospitals important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies every day. Your baby deserves it, too

MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL

Most hospitals rub their babies with it daily

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(*Continued from page 8*)

just redress, after she was said to have been there, when in fact she was not there.

To the individual who thinks at all, this must be a subject above man-made statutes and laws. It certainly goes deeper than man-made legislation. It is instinctive and basic that the individual should have the right to say whether or not his or her photograph is to appear in the Press of the country.

Of course, those new photographically-inclined magazines, *Life* and *Look*, wouldn't especially like such legislation, but it is quite obvious that, regardless of the timidity that most of our legislators exhibit in restrictions of this kind, *it must come eventually!*

It certainly takes no great mind to see that this sort of thing cannot continue indefinitely in a country that *guarantees* life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to *every* individual. Surely there can be little justice or fairness, when it is given to the few, with their cameras and presses, to make monkeys out of the rest of us by seeking to show us in unguarded moments of rest and leisure.

It is to protect the woman in the case, if no one else, that there must come to an end the unrestrained and libertine practice of collecting and printing the photographs of famous actresses, taken during various periods of their lives, printing them for the salacious enjoyment and morbid curiosity of those who crave that sort of thing, to the embarrassment and unhappiness of these women. Surely they deserve that protection!

The commercial photographer demands that *his* permission be obtained before the photographs taken *by* him may be reprinted or recopied. Surely it is not asking too much that the photographic victim, himself or herself, be accorded the right of censorship, especially if the photograph be out of the dead past and perhaps embarrassing. After all, there is no one among us—editor, reporter, cameraman—but that has features of his life best left unsaid, unprinted and *deeply* buried.

✦

Another morsel of injustice that comes to my attention and a true story at that: It is five o'clock in the morning. *The young and delicate wife of an adoring husband definitely has a bad appendicitis case. A doctor, at the only hospital in the district to which these young people have recently moved, informs the husband that she must be operated upon immediately, and that she is too ill to be moved to another hospital. Yet the hospital demands $250 cash* before the operation can take place!

Entreaties, persuasive pleas, tearful supplications are all in vain, while the young lady writhes in agony and the husband scurries about in the early dawn, trying to find someone in this Westchester County section of New York State (where he is practically a total stranger) who will cash his check. By the time he has done so, the appendix has burst and peritonitis has set in.

Is it any wonder then, that this young man becomes rabid at the thought of contributing to hospitals? Fortunately, all hospitals are not as heartless as this particular institution must be. It is almost unbelievable that such things can and do happen about us in everyday life. It should make us wonder if man is very far advanced in civilization, culture and refinement, after all!

✦

Music publishers, and other authorities on the things people like to sing, insist that songs be simple and not tricky—claiming that the music mentality of the average person is no better than that of an eleven-year-old child and that people sometimes have to hear songs thirty times in order to learn them.

Yet, on my occasional visits to the Paramount Theatre in New York, where audiences still sing with the lantern slides and the organ, I find them singing a song such as *De Lovely* from *Red, Hot and Blue,* singing it with gusto, precision and perfect diction—and yet Cole Porter has *never* written a trickier song!

Not so long ago I heard them singing a song from a picture yet to be released. The fact that the audience was singing this particular song so perfectly could indicate only one thing—that it must have been learned by listening to radio broadcasts of it. The song was *Swing High, Swing Low*. Even I (and I dial in pretty often), had never heard the song over the air. But the audience had!

On the other hand, it is true that an occasional *unnatural* change in a song, or an added four measures (making a song 36 measures instead of 32), does seem to upset the average audience in what might be called perfect meter. Therefore, we might conclude that audiences master *tricky* songs but shun *unnatural* ones.

✦

In their magazine advertisement of the picture *Waikiki Wedding,* Paramount has featured the cavernous mouth of Martha Raye. Almost every time I see Miss Raye's name or her face, I cannot help but realize—perhaps a bit sadly—that this is one time where Old Man Vallee (The "Old Man Vallee" will tickle Judge Bushel!) slipped up. Yet, I think the reasons for my failure to have made her a part of our company were quite natural and obvious. During the summer of 1934 we were playing at the Pavillon Royal at Valley Stream, Long Island, and our second trumpet player, our "hot-man" so-called, was one Mickey Bloom, now with Hal Kemp and his band.

Now Mickey and Martha were "that way" about each other and Martha was working at a Manhattan Beach night club, not far from where we were playing. On Sunday evenings she used to come to the Pavillon Royal to wait for Mickey to finish, and inasmuch as our Sunday night audiences were pretty small at 1:30 in the morning, it was not uncommon for her to come up on the stand, at Mickey's and my invitation, and do three or four songs.

I always had characterized her performance as that of a "coon-shouter." We had a pretty crazy band that summer, at least one of the craziest, with the Mad

Monk—in other words, Mr. Riley of *Round-and-Round* fame, the man who could stand a pail of water thrown over his head while playing his trombone, with the greatest of urbanity. It was nothing for him to receive a specially-made marshmallow pie smack in the face and give nothing but a horse-laugh in answer. Therefore, when he and Martha got together with the boys, in a festive mood, I generally sat at a table and let them have their way. Although I knew Martha had a great sense of humor and comedy (the unusual quality of being very attractive physically, yet able to assume some of the funniest of facial and acrobatic poses), it never occurred to me to keep her permanently with us as a comedienne. Even after seeing her in *Calling All Stars*—where she practically stole the show with her drunk-bit, so effectively used in *Waikiki Wedding*—even then it failed to suggest to me that this girl would be a great bet for pictures. However, no one is more happy than I at her well-deserved success in pictures. An outstanding star already, the tremendous success of *Waikiki Wedding* throughout the country is, at least in my humble opinion, due in great part to her work and appearance in it.

Peculiarities in pronunciation: Those who say quite for qui-et *(evidently the desire to make one syllable where two movements of the jaws are really necessary). Likewise* pome *for* po-em. *And for the same reason and classification:* Morris *becomes* Morse.

Night clubs—according to *Variety*, the theatrical weekly—may be: *1.* Hang-out *(Kit Kat Club)* 2. Real show *(Cotton Club)* *3.* Show-off *(El Morocco)* *4.* Food-and-show *(Hollywood Restaurant)* *5.* Extravaganza *(French Casino).*

Worshippers and admirers of Mr. Arturo Toscanini may be roughly divided into three classes. *1.* Those who are thrilled because of his interpretations, artistry and conducting, but who do not understand why they are thrilled. *2.* Those who are thrilled and have a perfect understanding of his tremendous command of style, interpretive ability, tempo, rhythm, metronomic beat and ability to instill into his men the feelings of his own heart, mind and spine. *3.* Those who affect an admiration for him because it is the vogue, the thing to do—to keep up with the Joneses!

I believe I may put myself in the second class. To be sure, on Thursdays, I conduct only some twenty-five to thirty men, but with years of so doing, I have come to have a tremendous respect for those who not only conduct ninety or more men but who are able to read the score they are conducting or, as in the unique case of Mr. Toscanini, to have memorized every note of a ninety-piece-score (an almost incredible feat, originally necessitated by the weak eyesight of the maestro). I must confess that, to my shame, I fell asleep at the only Toscanini concert which it was my privilege to attend. I may be excused because of the fact that I was working eighteen hours a day and attended his concert while doing six shows at the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre. And the music of this particular symphony was so soporific that it lulled me into unconsciousness. This,

New Non-Greasy Cream Vanishes Instantly and Checks Perspiration!

NOW, at last, there is a cream deodorant that is absolutely non-greasy. And checks perspiration immediately!

Just apply Odorono Ice with your finger tips, night or morning. In no time, it is *completely absorbed*, leaving no grease to make your underarm or your clothes messy.

A single application keeps your underarm odorless and perfectly *dry* for 1 to 3 days! And Odorono Ice leaves no odor of its own to betray you to other people. Its own clean, fresh odor of pure alcohol disappears at once.

Odorono Ice is made on a totally new principle. Its light, melting texture is entirely different—refreshing and cooling on your skin. And unlike ordinary creams, it frees you not only from odor, but from all dampness.

This means you need never again worry about ruining your lovely frocks. You'll save on both clothes and cleaner's bills.

Odorono Ice is so easy and pleasant to use, so dainty and so wonderfully effective that 80 per cent of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Buy a jar tomorrow. 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

***ODO-RO-NO ICE**
NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7-E-7*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

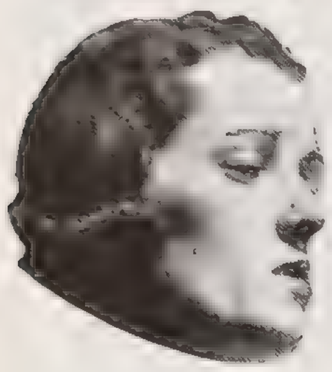
I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

HER DRY "DEAD SKIN" Lost Him



Don't Let Dry, Dull, Dead Skin Make You A Wall Flower

Here's the Amazing Beauty Cream That's Thrilling Entire America

At last a way has been found to help nature restore soft, smooth, younger looking skin and fight tragic lines . . . Meet romance half way! Give your skin these thrilling new beauty benefits. Let these precious ingredients now work for you.

Try This Guaranteed 3 DAY TEST

That Is Showing Thousands of Women How To Combat Dry, Rough Skin, Blackheads, Premature Lines — Wrinkles

The most advanced beauty development to aid nature. Thousands praise it! Beauty specialists are writing about it! The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM, releases precious ingredients to specially combat Dryness, Roughness, Wrinkly Skin, Shiny Nose, Pimples, Blackheads and Enlarged Pores. Like nature's own oils, helps keep the skin soft, supple—more youthful looking. TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM melts and dissolves the dry, scaly, dead skin cells. Cleanses, Lubricates, Smooths and helps uncover new, live, fresh skin. By stimulating the underskin, arousing oil glands, freeing clogged pores the cause of blackheads, shiny nose, dryness and premature wrinkling is combatted in nature's own way. That's why TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM is succeeding in the most stubborn cases

Make This Guaranteed Test

Use TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM to cleanse with and also as a night cream for three days. It must make your skin softer, smoother, look younger and satisfy completely, or your money will be refunded.

Ask for TAYTON'S TRIPLE-WHIP CREAM in 10c and 25c sizes at 10c stores, or larger 50c and $1.00 sizes at drug and department stores. If your dealer can not supply you with TAYTON beauty preparations do not accept an imitation, but insist he order for you from his wholesaler.

New Youthful Glamour Make-up

Look more youthful—ravishing. Glamorize your complexion. New, exciting colors. Lips appear stained, moist, shimmering. Cheeks blush as if tinted by nature. New ingredient doubly indelible. Ask for

TAYTON'S DOUBLE INDELIBLE LIPSTICK
TAYTON'S DOUBLE INDELIBLE ROUGE
TAYTON'S SILK-SIFTED POWDER

AT DRUG, DEP'T AND 10c STORES

TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

of course, in the eyes of the extreme Toscanini worshippers, will undoubtedly make me a musical pariah. However, I do have a truly great admiration for the man's tremendous ability, genius and interpretation.

I do believe, however, that there is some justification for the criticism directed at Mr. Toscanini by Mr. Doron Antrim, editor of *Metronome*, the musical monthly. Mr. Antrim finds him rather an inconsistent individual, inconsistent in the matter of playing a farewell concert and saying *"au revoir"* once and for all to these shores and sailing to Europe, supposedly never to come back, only suddenly to accept an *NBC* contract at $10,000 a concert (or broadcast) for a period of fifty-two weeks.

While I believe that one has the right to change his mind, it should be somewhat embarrassing to Mr. Toscanini, because of the fact that he permitted his managers to make so much hysterical ado about his last concert at Carnegie Hall. Most of us remember the long lines of people who took their places in line some forty-eight hours before the concert, sitting outside on camp chairs, with lunches wrapped up in papers. We remember, too, the concert, itself, with the rude photographer, who came as near to being lynched as a photographer ever will be, by those rabid enthusiasts who knew Mr. Toscanini's aversion to being photographed (because the flashlights hurt his eyes). We recall the farewell dinner, after the concert, with tears, goodbyes, handshakings and the continued *motif* that this was the last time—that he never again would set foot on these shores.

Had the about-face not been quite so abrupt, it would not have been quite so difficult to accept, but all of a sudden—*BOOM*—back again, not for one concert (to satisfy those who couldn't get in at the final concert), but for a series extending over fifty-two weeks at $10,000 per!

Many felt that all of this much ado and hoorah about the gentleman was overdone in the first place—people, of course, who failed to understand the uniqueness of his gifts—gifts so unique that it would be necessary to examine perhaps one hundred million men before we should find another with all the gifts that we find in this very sensitive, comparatively diminutive, yet tremendously vital and dynamic individual.

I give credence to Mr. Antrim's criticism that many of the men who have played under him here in New York, presumably in the Philharmonic, could have been employed, instead of unemployed since his farewell concert, had he not returned to Italy and Europe—also that in his National Broadcasting concerts, he will not use these men who have labored so faithfully to establish him at previous American concerts. While his departure may have worked a hardship upon those who served with him in his early days of New York triumph, his departure, itself, was indeed his privilege and the men he will use during his *NBC* concerts may be the men who are on the *NBC* payroll and who must be used as a part of *NBC* policy and terms of contract—but his sudden about-face, after his tremendous, maudlin, tearful farewell is much less easily explained, if there is need for an explanation.

Well, let's have a little musical-nonsense spot. We asked for a definition of jazz, and not very many of you responded. Perhaps you would rather talk about another word that I'm sure many of you use often and with complete assurance in the using —namely the word crooner.

Of course you know what a crooner is —or do you? Don't give me the dictionary definition that says crooning is a low moaning sound as produced by a cow, but give me a real, workable, interesting analysis of the word.

Maybe something about its origin. At least distinguish, let's say, between a crooner and an operatic singer. Why is one a crooner and the other an operatic singer? Don't give me the definitions that several people, in all seriousness, have offered. And they were supposed to be quite intelligent and sane at that!

Such definitions as these:

1. A fellow with wavy hair.

2. One who sings behind a microphone.

Or even more absurd than that: **3. One who sings with his eyes closed.**

By your answers I shall know you. How about it?

ADIOS!

KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(*Continued from page 54*)

salad dressing accompaniment, a main course dish and a dessert—all particularly well adapted to hot weather catering. But there are still other foods that deserve mention in such an article as this is intended to be. Vegetables and beverages, in particular, must not be overlooked.

Of course, the summer presents an infinite choice of greens and vegetables at economical prices. Doubtless of all of these, the most popular and seasonal vegetable is corn and I heartily join the throng singing its praises. I'll go even farther and give you my favorite recipe calling for these golden kernels. It's called *Cheese Corn Soufflé* and is made with fresh corn, grated from the cob—or whole kernel canned corn, if the other is not available. I like to prepare this dish in little individual baking cups. One of these can then be placed on the same dish with your salad and cold meat, to make an appetizing, attractive one-plate meal. That recipe, too, will have to go into the leaflet, because I really won't have any space left to give it to you here, with all the things I still have to tell you about summer meals.

I just mentioned beverages, you'll recall. The one I like best of all in hot weather is iced coffee. I have my own way of preparing this, too. In the first place I scrupulously observe all the rules for making *good* coffee—whether hot or cold! *Good* coffee, you know, can be made only by using accurate measurements, both of the water and the coffee. Extra strength can be acquired by using more coffee or a stronger blend. But, please, oh please, don't imagine for a moment that you can achieve greater strength in your brew by

long boiling, prolonged percolating, or a second "pouring through the grounds" in a drip pot—without affecting the quality disastrously! My present sponsors, the *A & P Company*, list seven requirements for *Better Coffee:* A blend to suit your taste; fresh coffee kept in a tightly closed container; the correct grind for the method of coffee-making that you use in your own home; accurate measurements; avoiding the boiling point; watching the time, so that too long brewing (whatever the method) will not give your beverage a harsh, bitter flavor; a clean, well-scoured coffee pot. Hot or cold, these are the rules.

In making iced coffee, pour the hot coffee directly over the ice cubes or coarsely chopped ice. In order not to dilute the coffee, it's an excellent idea to make up a tray of coffee ice cubes and use these! These fancy ice cubes are a cute idea for many drinks, by the way. They can be colored, made of fruit juices, or of ginger ale, and are very grand, indeed, for using up the syrup often left over from canned fruits. Canned tomato juice cubes in canned tomato juice will keep it cold longer without diluting it, too.

And here I am, almost to the end of the space allotted me, and I don't seem to have discussed half the things I intended to. Haven't even mentioned shortcakes, for instance, and I dearly love those! Of course I just use the regular biscuit dough, with a little sugar added. Sometimes I cut the dough into rather large biscuits, placing two together, one on top of t'other, to bake—in a *very* hot oven, don't forget! Sometimes, especially if there are six or more persons for the meal, I make the single large shortcake, splitting it after it has cooked. I always use mashed and sweetened berries between the layers and on top of the cake. Then I top those with slightly sweetened whipped cream and garnish this "skyscraper" with some of the most attractive looking whole berries, reserved from the original supply for that very purpose. It's a picture! I also like all sorts of gelatin desserts in summer; made with quick-setting gelatin into which I fold stiffly beaten egg whites and fresh berries, as it starts to thicken. Particularly good with blueberries, which I sweeten, mash through a fine sieve and add in pulp form. Lemon-flavored jelly is best for this one, I've found.

Don't forget cheese in summer, either. Why, a well planned Cheese Tray is one of the nicest "quick snack" suggestions I can think of, accompanied by one of the salty crisp crackers of which your grocer carries such a large and interesting stock. While cream cheese with home made jam provides a dessert or luncheon idea that deserves everyone's consideration.

Well, friends, it's time to "sign off." You'll find the recipes I've been telling you about in the leaflet—the coupon which brings them to you at the bottom of this page. By sending in promptly for your copy, I can promise you clear directions telling you how to prepare *Mélange Salad, Cooked Salad Dressing, Main Course Mousse, Cheese Corn Soufflé* and that perfect *Chocolate Ice Cream* I was cheering over. I, too, will have the time to prepare the very same dishes in the very same manner, perhaps at the very same moment that you'll be fixing them!

Yes, in my mind's eye, as I write this, I can see my guests up at Placid, gathered around the big table, which on lovely summer evenings is set up out in the open. Probably we will have had a picnic during the day, at the end of the trail which crosses my island. There is an open grate there, on which to prepare corn and make a pot of coffee to go with the refreshments that we've brought along with us. But "now the day is over," so we are back at the camp again, tired, happy and, oh boy, how hungry, for these self-same foods I've been talking about!

Think of me up there, won't you, when you no longer meet me here? Remember the little talks we have had together (through the pages of this magazine) when you try some of the many recipes I have given you. And, of course, do continue to tune in on my present program and on my new one later on, so that I can say as always, from the bottom of my heart: *"Thanks for listenin'."*

Kate Smith,
Radio Stars Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me—absolutely free—recipes for your favorite summer dishes.

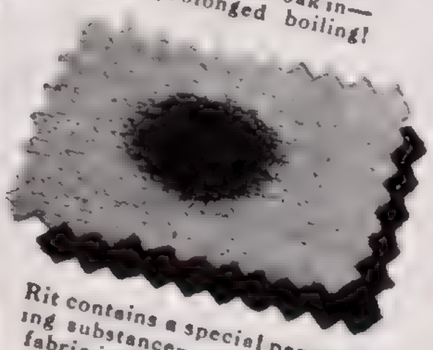
Name .....

Street .....

City .....State.....

NEVER SAY 'DYE' SAY RIT!

Actual photo of a single drop of ordinary dye on dry material—takes time to soak in—requires prolonged boiling!



Rit contains a special penetrating substance—soaks into the fabric instantly! Rit is the only household dye with this feature.

THERE'S a new discovery in Rit that makes ordinary dyes old-fashioned—gives you the loveliest colors in the quickest, surest way! Rit penetrates every thread and fibre without harsh boiling—gives you glowing "professional" results every time. Endorsed by millions of women. Sold everywhere.

RIT TINTS & DYES

Break off as much as you need! Rit is in water form for your convenience. Dissolves instantly

Use WHITE RIT Color Remover *first*—harmless as boiling water—takes out old color so you can dye dark things lighter. Really whitens white goods.

SKINNY THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 20 LBS. WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST

Posed by professional model

BUT BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

IF you're skinny, gawky, lacking in that feminine allure of glamorous curves which attracts the other sex like a magnet, here's glorious news! Thousands of girls who'd never been able to add an ounce have put on 10 to 20 pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh *in a few weeks*—gained naturally clear skin, new pep and charm—with these new pleasant-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is imported English ale yeast. By a new process this special yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets. And these little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of men and women, boys and girls, to gain long-wished-for pounds—new pep and popularity—in just a few weeks!

Try them without risking a cent

If you, too, need these vital food elements get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See natural beauty come to your skin. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new pep, new charm.

If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly. So start today and watch wonderful change. Only be sure you get the original Ironized Yeast tablets. Don't accept any substitute.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 37 Atlanta, Ga.

COMFORT FIRST IN PLAY CLOTHES

(*Continued from page 15*)

of height. Remember, Gladys Swarthout employs the same trick for evening, too, although she is inches taller than Lily. Lily, by the way, appears taller than she is, due, I am sure, to her very erect carriage through shoulders and back. And in evening clothes she looks inches taller because she wears gowns which reveal a wide expanse of bare shoulders and neck—like the charming summer evening dress pictured. More about it later.

Lily's face is a long oval, rather than round, as you probably have noticed. And her eyes are large and dark, changing with her moods—which are quite changeable, indeed, since she isn't what you'd call a static gal!

Our interview probably would have been considerably less hectic if it had taken place at Lily's country home in Silvermine, Connecticut. Instead, it was all mixed up with the hurly-burly of the photographic studio. I would yell a question at Mlle., as she hurried in and out of her dressing-room with changes of costume for each camera sitting. She would stop to argue the pose with the photographer, then turn a smiling face to me, answering the question. Someone would hold up the next costume to be tried on and Lily would shake her head, saying: *"Non!* Positively I will not wear that. Why? Look at the neck—it's too short. The sleeves, they are too long. And the trimming. . . !" She trailed off with some French expression of complete disgust. Turning to me, she said: "I cannot bear trimmings of any kind—the what you call 'garniture.'"

She really doesn't like frills on her clothes, yet with typical Gallic inconsistency, she loves hats all tricked up with the most elaborate of feathers, flowers and veils. It was a cool day and she wore a trim black wool suit, very plain, with a collarless jacket, the sole trimming of which were three S-shaped buttons of suede. Her accessories were of the severest—a tailored, saddle-stitched calf bag, suede pull-on gloves to match the cinnamon brown of the jacket's buttons, and open-toed pumps. Yet, on top of it all, was an utterly crazy little hat of shiny black straw bedecked with an enormous bunch of flowers and a small veil. It probably sounds quite silly, actually it was perfect on Lily. She knows just how far she can go on the giddy touches without looking too fussy.

A little later, when she was posing in a dramatic and very becoming pale green organdy dress, she insisted that she must sit in a chair with her face turned full toward the camera The dress had her favorite off-the-shoulder neckline and low cut bodice and the skirt was cut very full gathered into a green, jeweled belt. She knew she looked decorative in it, but the photographer wanted her head turned slightly. She fixed him with a stern eye and said stubbornly: "I know my angles." And she would not change the pose.

The thing that amused me most about this incident, however, was the fact that the pose had hardly been snapped when in walked Andre Kostelanetz. Lily turned upon him the most dazzling and beguiling of smiles, asking him, in French, if he thought the dress looked well. And wasn't she right upon insisting that this view of her face (tilting it up with her hand) was best.

He gave her the most indulgent of looks, agreed solemnly that she was right and departed. From that point on Mlle. P. was as mild as a kitten and there were no more arguments about "angles."

Of her play clothes, Lily has volumes to say. In California she has a house which literally is built about her swimming pool. She spends every spare moment there, swimming. And because she enjoys this sport so much, she chooses a practical, one-piece type of bathing suit, which has a short overskirt attached and a "bras" top feature. Her favorite suit is pictured. It's made of white satin and woven elastic—it has a deep sun-back cut, but is high in front, with straps of the material. She has repeated this style in other fabrics, one a waffle-weave wool knit in a soft pastel shade. This has the halter type top. Occasionally she wears a halter bras and shorts arrangement in wool knit—the shorts are navy blue and the halter bras in white with blue trim, an uplift line achieved by means of a bow directly in the front.

While on the subject of swim suits, I want to remind you that the July Shopping Bulletin has full descriptions and prices of two excellent styles made by a nationally known swim suit manufacturer. Both of these are pets of screen and radio stars this season. You can buy these in your own stores at moderate prices and, therefore, you will want all this information about them.

You'll find that practically all of this season's suits feature the built-in bras detail, whether they are made of an elastic and fabric combination, of wool knit, or of rubber. Incidentally, this year's crop of rubber suits is more durable and more generally suited to all types of figures than ever before. They come in all sorts of attractive color combinations and some of the cleverest imitations of fabric weaves I've seen.

Lily's favorite sports costume is a slacks suit, such as you see her wearing this month. She likes these suits to be strictly man-tailored and even has her woolen ones made by a well-known tailor, so that they will have that trimness of cut. For cooler days, she wears a tweed jacket with contrasting slacks. Some of her suits combine brown with gray or beige, blue with white, and brown with white. For hot weather the linen suit, pictured, is a favorite. This particular suit is made of a crush-resisting linen, woven to resemble herringbone tweed. As contrast for the all

Radio's newest attraction—Babe Ruth—revealed in a characteristic story in RADIO STARS for August, out July first.

white of the suit, Lily wears a blue and white checked gingham shirt, and on her feet she puts beach shoes with cork soles and fishnet tops.

I asked her why she liked slacks better than the more feminine and colorful sports dresses. She told me that she walks a lot and finds them more comfortable and much more practical. Also, like many stars who have been exposed to the Hollywood studio life for part of every year, she finds them the only wearable outfit for traveling back and forth between home and studio.

Like Gladys Swarthout, Lily uses the well-known New York designer, Valentina, for her clothes. And, also like Gladys, she frequently has one of Valentina's models copied in several different fabrics. And there's a valuable tip for all of you from these famous screen and radio stars—they do not hesitate to have a repeat performance for a style that they know is becoming.

That's the way to gain real individuality in dress. And you girls who are home-sewers, have the advantage over those who aren't, because you can duplicate, again and again, any dress, coat or suit that you find particularly becoming to you. And there's no time more ideal for smart copying than in the summer, when inexpensive cottons, silks and rayons bloom in all manner of colors and designs, so that one good pattern may be infinitely varied. It's an economical idea, which gives you a chance to be a "type."

And, before leaving Lily, be sure to study that charming summer evening gown she's wearing. It's the sort of thing all of you can copy for yourselves. The fabric is a gaily printed seersucker, which doesn't require ironing after it's laundered. And, for that reason, it's a gem for vacation traveling and week-end partying. It can't wrinkle and it can be kept fresh.

Lily's dress is made with a very full skirt, banded at the hem with solid color bands to match the predominant color in the print. The bodice is fitted with large puff sleeves and a very low front cut. The only trimming Lily permits with this is that clip at the V-neckline and a nosegay of flowers in her hair. It's as cool as a summer ice and as satisfactory.

Cottons, like seersucker, piqué, linen, gingham and many others, are an inexpensive yet colorful answer to the groaning budget. For day or evening, they adapt themselves to your needs with a minimum of cost and a maximum of service.

Don't forget to fill out the coupon below for bathing suit shopping information as well as other items of interest to your summer vacation plans.

Elizabeth Ellis,
Radio Stars Magazine,
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Sevilo Cream

Blended with Pure Imported Olive Oil

25c Complete

VS

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

(*Continued from page 29*)

lap an engagement with Harry Richman at his popular Chicago night club, *Chez Paree.* After five weeks there, Bergen went out to Hollywood for four weeks, returning for another nine weeks' engagement at *Chez Paree.*

It was while he was appearing there that Rudy Vallee first saw Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, and, astute showman that he is, he filed away in his mental archives the astounding idea of putting a ventriloquist on the air.

Then came the *Rainbow Room* engagement, and, entertaining in New York's smartest, gayest spot, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy became, for the select few, a sensation.

"Put Charlie McCarthy first," interjected Charlie. "I am the important member of this team."

"Look out," Bergen warned him, "or that smart top hat of yours won't fit!"

"Well," Charlie hedged in his engaging manner, "well, of course, Mr. Bergen—perhaps my hair needs a little brushing," he added, as a happy thought.

"Perhaps you need a bath, too," Bergen said, looking at him critically.

Charlie gave him a dirty look!

"We played for private parties," Bergen went on. "All the society folk—we kidded them—they loved it."

Elsa Maxwell, famed entrepreneur of society entertainment, was impressed with the sparkling comedy of the Bergen act. Herself a guest star on the Vallee program, she reminded Rudy of the idea which already had suggested itself to him. Seriously he considered the possibility of a ventriloquist act on the air.

Some of his associates and sponsors were doubtful, but Rudy was convinced. And, on last December 17th, Edgar and Charlie made their radio début on his program.

Said Rudy: "People have said to me: 'Why put a ventriloquist on a radio program?'" And, with true Yankee psychology, he answered the question with another. "The answer," said Rudy, simply, "is—why not?"

And so radio listeners got a new thrill. It was not only a new thing in radio fare, it was new comedy, from the first bright introductory greeting to the gay quip. No stale, stereotyped gags or situations to disenchant the listener. One and all, we moved closer to our microphones on those succeeding Thursday nights, waiting expectantly for Charlie McCarthy's delicious drawl and his sly, knowing humor. Listening with irresistible chuckles as he crossed swords of shining wit with Edgar Bergen. Sighing regretfully when the last word was spoken.

"At first," says Bergen, "the sponsors on the Vallee show were skeptical. After that first show, they asked me if I had material enough for a second!" He chuckled.

Naturally, Mr. Bergen had. And again the sponsors inquired if he could do a third. He could—and did. And where, they asked, did he get his material? He wrote it himself. Well! And so the duo continued to appear on the Vallee hour.

Edgar Bergen writes all his scripts himself. And, usually, at the last possible moment! Till he went on the air, he never used a script in actual performance. Never read his lines. His preferred method is to memorize a situation and then ad lib the lines.

"I often surprise Mr. Bergen, too!" Charlie reminded us, with a chuckle of malicious mirth.

"Oh, yes—yes, you do!" Bergen agreed.

"You really should learn to read, though," Charlie commented drily, reminding Bergen of how he had stumbled through a script at one of his rehearsals. "There'd be no stopping us, then!"

It's not so easy, though, you can see, watching Bergen, as he looks into Charlie's eyes when he is speaking, to turn from Charlie to the script and instantly find the proper place. But the smoothness of his broadcasts proves that nothing can stop him.

Once a writer sent in an unsolicited script, and called to inquire if Bergen would buy it. Tactfully, Bergen pointed out that the situations were old, familiar routines and the gags staled by usage.

"Well," the disgruntled writer countered, "there's nothing new under the sun!"

But radio showman Vallee refuted that contention when he put ventriloquist Bergen and his dummy on the air. Here, indeed, was something new—something never before considered possible for radio entertainment. And listeners to Bergen and Charlie would rise with one voice to protest that there really is something new under the sun, every moment that that unique team is talking!

"Life never has been so thrilling as it is right now," says Edgar Bergen, and his deep-set blue eyes glow and dimples show in his cheeks. And Charlie bows!

In addition to the radio program, Edgar and Charlie filled a night club engagement in Chicago during the winter months. In April they opened at the *Sert Room* at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. On April twenty-ninth, when Vallee was London-bound for Coronation festivities, the two were a delectable dual master of ceremonies for the Vallee show. And on May ninth they began a new radio series—Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy—with a cast which includes Don Ameche and Nelson Eddy (after August eighth), with Werner Janssen's orchestra and guest stars. It's the Sunday night *Chase and Sanborn* hour, broadcast from Hollywood.

In Hollywood, Edgar and Charlie will make a movie for Samuel Goldwyn. It will not be just a spot, or an act, but an integral part of the *Goldwyn Follies.* Many other movie companies, that once gave them a cold shoulder, now are bidding for their services..

"Well—if I have time—I may take them up," says Bergen, and laughs with boyish delight at the idea of being able to pick

and choose what he wants to do.

Lyman, too, he relates, with amusement in which there is no malice, sometimes sits in at a broadcast and weeps because he missed out on this topnotch sensation.

"He asked me if I would sign with him again," says Bergen. "But I told him I didn't think I could. I don't think it would work out . . ."

"We have about all we can do, right now," interpolates Charlie with a dry chuckle.

It was a bit over seventeen years ago that this bright career really started, when the younger Bergen boy sent a hard-earned quarter for a book on *Magic, Hypnotism and Ventriloquism.* At first, magic and hypnotism interested the boy most. It was fun, doing tricks for schoolmates, trying to hypnotize them, trying it out on clerks in stores where he worked through summer vacations.

He found he could hypnotize successfully. And, absorbed in this strange gift, supplementted by his studies in psychology at Northwestern University, Bergen conceived the idea of helping unfortunate inmates of insane asylums. "Much could be done by hypnotic treatment, I thought, to improve their condition," he says seriously. But entertainment engagements prevented his trying out his theory.

"I never got into an insane asylum, either as practitioner or patient!" he laughed.

We suggested that making people laugh in these more or less grim days was a hypnotic treatment that probably kept many more of us out of insane asylums.

"There's something in that, too," he agreed. "It's good to laugh."

But he discovered that he could "throw his voice" and began to study ventriloquism seriously, practicing on his friends and neighbors, dreaming of a stage career. Edgar's father, a godly man of Swedish birth, who wanted his boy to be a minister, frowned upon the idea. And his older brother, an accountant, thought that Edgar was frivoling his life away.

"I guess now," Bergen chuckles, "he marvels at it—as I do! But, of course, no really intelligent youth," he maintains however, "would seriously think of taking up ventriloquism as a profession. And I'm no exception! It just doesn't seem bright, when you think of it!"

But Bergen's father died when he was sixteen, and the boy discovered that he could make a living with his newsboy, Charlie—so he started out on the Chautauqua circuits.

"I wasn't very good," he says, "but most of those people never had seen anything, so it was all right! Some of them were superstitious — thought it black magic, I guess. Usually the first three or four rows of seats were empty — they were afraid to get too close!"

When he was first starting out, he ventured one day backstage at a vaudeville house to speak to *The Great Lester,* after a performance. Lester was a Polish ventriloquist, once internationally famous. The story of *The Great Gabbo,* which was made into a movie, was supposed to be based on Lester's own story. But Bergen contends it is fiction.

"He was a very fine man," Bergen says. "Very generous. He gave away all he had in the world. He was most kind to me that day. I told him I was trying to be a ventriloquist. He asked me to talk for him, and, when I did, he assured me that I would do well. He made some helpful suggestions on the use of my voice, suggested a type of act for me, gave me some gags—and encouraged me tremendously.

"Ever since—if any boy comes backstage to talk with me, looking for help, as I went to Lester, I try to do all I can for him, in return for what Lester did for me. I never forget it."

Did he, we wondered, have many grim experiences? Or was life fairly smooth, as he went from Chautauqua to vaudeville to cruises south or abroad?

"Well," he grinned, "some people might have thought it grim, playing in barn-like threatres in the Middle West—draughty shacks that seated only two or three hundred—where you had to dress in the boiler room, or in some barn fifty yards from the stage . . .

"Sometimes I would drive miles to a theatre, sitting on my trunk in the back of a pung, with the temperature ten degrees below zero. Then, at six a. m., I would get up, break the ice in my water pitcher for a bath, haul my trunk to the station—and what a station! I'd make a fire, myself, in the station stove, to keep from freezing. Then, when the train came in, I'd get my trunk on a wheelbarrow and run along the track, pound on the door to wake the baggageman, and heave my trunk up to him.

"Once the train went too far up the track. The engineer yelled at me to come

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Dark glasses ease Rubinoff's eyes as he rehearses his *CBS* program.

on up. I couldn't—the snow was too deep. I yelled at him: *'The heck with you—you back up!'* We compromised, half way.

"But I didn't mind it," Bergen grinned. "I was doing what I wanted to do—and having a swell time!"

He's always having a swell time, you gather. His eyes sparkle. He walks with a gay swing. But he doesn't get time to go around a lot. He likes a quiet time, with congenial friends. He doesn't like night clubs. They are too noisy!

Home is where his hat is, more or less. Some day, he thinks, he'd like to own some land in Arizona. He likes the climate there. He thinks the Hollywood climate miserable.

"But I don't want a home now," he says. "I don't know where I'll be for any length of time. Of course, there is the family home in Chicago, where my mother and brother are . . . I own a couple of lots near Chicago," he went on, "and they've already cost me more in taxes than I paid for them!"

He likes sports — likes to swim, ride, play tennis. Not golf. "Golf tightens your muscles," he says. Bergen's muscles move in apparently effortless coördination. At times you feel that he hasn't a bone in his body, so supple and relaxed he seems. And you realize that this is necessary to the flawless perfection of his—and Charlie's—voices. He never is tense, self-conscious, as he speaks to you.

He talks freely about his experiences, interrupting himself with: "Of course, I hate to talk about myself, but—" and laughs gaily.

A man who can laugh at himself, with genuine mirth, is rare, but Bergen does it. There's nothing hard or cynical in his reaction to life. It's a grand adventure, and never more thrilling than now. He doesn't worry about the future, any more than Charlie does. Today is the time to live, to laugh. And tomorrow is another day. He has put some money into annuities and government bonds—but, whatever comes, he and Charlie will get a laugh out of it.

"I can always get a laugh out of Bergen!" says Charlie McCarthy. *"Ha! Ha! Ha!"*

"That will do, young man," says Bergen sternly, tucking Charlie away in his suitcase. As he closes the bag, he gives a little rap on the side of it.

"Cut that out," says Charlie, from within, "and let me get my beauty sleep!"

And the interview with radio's brightest act is over.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(*Continued from page 17*)

Inquiries occasionally come about Tony Wons, who has disappeared from the networks this season. Tony took a good slice of radio money with him when he vanished. He lives in ease at a lake home in Wisconsin during the summer. In the fall, he comes into Chicago to see what radio has to offer. If there is nothing, Tony probably sighs luxuriously and spends the winter in ease, too.

Robert Armbruster, orchestra leader for Gladys Swarthout, occasionally gets out the old player-piano rolls he used to make. That was back in his days as a concert pianist, eking out a small living with the fees he got for making popular music rolls. He wishes he could play that well now. He challenges anyone else to play that well, too!

"After I finished a roll," he said, "I used to get in extra effects by cutting a few more notes into the paper with my pen knife. Some of the playing in those rolls is impossible!"

The success of Tommy Dorsey's orchestra has a little story of struggle against discouragement behind it. A little more than a year ago, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey were getting along very well with *Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra,* riding to popularity on the first waves of swing music. Then the brothers decided to part. Jimmy kept the orchestra and Tommy was to organize a new one of his own.

A couple of days after the rupture, Tommy learned that *Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra,* now led by Jimmy, had been awarded the Bing Crosby program, one of the richest plums of the season. Tommy was trying to get a new orchestra in shape and, at first, it was not very good. All through his wrestling with the new band, he heard his old one running along smoothly and successfully.

The tide finally has turned. Jimmy's orchestra, still an excellent one, has been overshadowed by the amusing banter of Bing Crosby and Bob Burns. Tommy's swing music has risen to prominence on Jack Pearl's comedy show and this summer he is to be the featured artist in a program of his own.

Friday evening's recently arrived program with Louis Armstrong's orchestra will help settle one of radio's lively arguments. The wild colored swing bands always have had their followers but sponsors have shied away from hiring them for commercial programs. The theory was that music as crazy as theirs would have only a small following.

The colored bands have gone on being very successful in night clubs and on phonograph records—with radio snubbing them as far as its high-salaried spots are concerned. This new program, with Louis Armstrong, is the first all-colored swing and comedy show on the networks.

The studio, during their show, is a picturesque place. The program's producers were afraid that the musicians, used to

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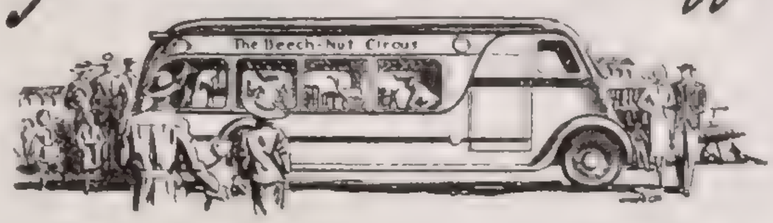

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QUEST
FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS

playing in the uproar and turmoil of a night club, might feel subdued in the solemn atmosphere of a radio studio. Tables were moved into one end, and members of both cast and studio audience sit there to applaud, yell and generally stir things up. The studio show begins a half hour before it goes on the air. Most of the hot licks these boys give are not written in the music. They are just improvised as the band gets hot. It takes a half hour really to heat them up, so they come in early to "noodle around," which is the swing man's way of saying playing just for the fun of it.

John Nesbitt, the commentator whose chatty anecdotes recently have been promoted to a nationwide network, has an amusing story about his own entrance into this business of entertaining people. His father had an office in a theatrical building, and eight-year-old John was waiting for him in the corridor one afternoon.

"Hey, kid," a man bawled at him, "go up into the costume room and get your stuff."

John had no notion of what the man was talking about but he dutifully scampered in the direction indicated. There some other children were being dressed for a rehearsal of Maeterlinck's play, *The Blue Bird*. John was costumed, along with the rest, and rehearsed all afternoon.

He returned home to dispel his parents' anxiety about their missing offspring. After some explaining and pleading, he was allowed to return next day and played in the production, a semi-professional affair, for a whole week. His fee, the first money he earned as entertainer, was $6.00.

Oddly enough, the *Sal Hepatica-Ipana* executive in charge of Fred Allen's program is named Allen, too—Joe Allen. He and Peter Van Steeden have a weekly conference about the music to be played. Joe takes a great deal of pride in his judgment of popular music. As any orchestra leader would, Peter used to accept a sponsor's judgment with misgivings. Mr. Allen recently silenced all that.

When the *Hit Parade* started its guessing contest, on which were to be next week's popular songs, Mr. Allen started competing. For three weeks he submitted his guesses and, sure enough, the third week he was among the winners of a carton of *Lucky Strike* cigarettes.

"Well, Peter, you know—" is sufficient to settle any argument now on what the music for next week's Fred Allen show will be.

After nearly ten years in America, Lily Pons still is ill-at-ease in English, much preferring to speak in her native French. It's not that Lily is stupid about the language. During her early years in America she had small need for learning the language. Foreign opera stars learn nearly every major European language, but not English. There are no important operas written in English.

For several years, most of Miss Pons' activities in America were with the Metropolitan Opera. Until recently, when a new policy of admitting American singers has been followed, very little English was heard backstage at the Metropolitan. Not until she branched out into radio and movies did Miss Pons have use for English.

Her broadcasts always are visited by a whole crowd of musical people—old friends of the star. After the program, Miss Pons' dressing-room always becomes a miniature mob scene, as they all rush back with greetings and congratulations. The conversation there runs almost entirely in French. Even Andre Kostelanetz, the orchestra leader, speaks French when he addresses his singing star.

You think of these New York radio studios as palatial affairs, the last word in modern equipment. But one of the Columbia network theatre-studios in New York (right on Broadway, too) can't be reached by telephone during a broadcast. The only phone in the place is located backstage. If it rang during a program, the ring would get into the microphone and be heard from coast to coast.

To make sure the phone doesn't ring, they take the receiver off the hook as soon as the studio goes on the air.

One of Babe Ruth's recent baseball chats for the Columbia network brought up an odd thought. Babe once was baseball's most persistent holdout when contract time came around each spring. Yet there he was, that night, lightly dismissing the holdout of Ruffing, a New York Yankee pitcher.

"They'll get along without him," Babe casually remarked.

I was wondering what would have happened if the Babe had heard any such radio remark about himself in his own holdout days. Can you imagine how a huge, burly man would look, ferociously tearing a radio set apart with his bare hands?

If Wallace Beery ever gets around to working on radio again, he'll have no difficulty about finding plays. As a matter of fact, he has a bulky envelope of them ready for his next crack at the microphone.

When Beery substituted for Al Jolson on the Shell Chateau *program, two seasons ago, his success in a number of one-act plays convinced him that this was a good branch of show business for him. He stepped into the literary market and purchased radio rights to a dozen playlets that he thought would make suitable vehicles for him, paying a good sum of his own money for the rights.*

But from that day to this, movie work and picture producers' objections have kept Wallace off the air. Without ever having written a play, he has accumulated more plays in his trunk than an unsuccessful playwright.

A crowd of radio press agents (they usually nurse a healthy but secret hatred of the people they help make famous, you know) were talking about which were the most *Elegant* programs on the air. The way they mentioned *Elegant*, you could be sure it was spelled with a capital *E*.

Most of the votes went to Mary Pickford for her house party series of two seasons ago, where everyone was greeted effusively and gushed over. There was one pair who insistently held out for *NBC's* new singer, Hildegarde.

"That girl," their explanation ran, "grew up in Milwaukee, went abroad for a couple of years and came back with an accent she must have picked up in some mythical kingdom like Graustark. I never heard anything to match it. She's the top girl in *Elegance!*"

A great change comes over these press agents in their off hours. They spend their working hours building glamorous atmosphere and legend about the stars. Once the work is done, they get together and abuse the same people for the rest of the evening!

With all the disturbance going on in large studio audiences, it seems miraculous at times that the program itself is not drowned out. *NBC's* largest studio, for instance, is big enough to seat nearly 1,500 persons and big enough so that persons in the back can see very little and hear almost none of the dialogue. During any broadcast, a few of them get up and try to sneak around to a better spot. The usher tiptoes over to them.

"I just want to take one good look," the restless one says. "Then I'll go back."

The usher has a problem. He must be quiet himself and keep the other man quiet, too. The surprising thing is that the ushers usually are able to explain in whispers and pantomime and keep everyone in their proper seats. At the end of a program an usher often is upbraided furiously by someone who asked for a free ticket and failed to arrive early enough to get a good seat.

They have loud speakers in the studios, so that persons in the rear may hear, but occasionally the engineer forgets to turn them on. Often they cannot be turned on loud enough, anyway, because the sound from the speakers would get back into the microphone and blur the effect.

The mode of the double-named Simone Simon must have made life much easier for Carol Carol, the young writer who puts together the informal dialog for Bing Crosby and his guest artists. Carol used to arrive at the studio every once in a while with a story of some foolish or unpleasant incident his name had caused. It almost upset his marriage a couple of years ago, while Carol still was writing in New York.

Carol was taking out a marriage license in Brooklyn and the clerk asked: "Last name?"

"Carol."

"First name?"

"Carol."

The clerk asked again and Carol repeated again: "Carol."

Brooklyn license clerks have no time to waste on nervous grooms and still less for wise guys. This one was about to order poor Carol right out of the office. Friends managed to calm things.

"That's his name," they replied. "Carol Carol. He doesn't like it, either."

He can like it now, though. It's right in the mode. So is Thomas Thomas, the radio baritone who has been trying for years to mask his affliction by billing himself as Tom Thomas. He's the singer who won a place in the Metropolitan this year, through *NBC's Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air.*

—By ARTHUR MASON

Coming—an exclusive story on Helen Menken, star of the new *NBC* serial, *Second Husband.*
RADIO STARS for August
out July first

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This odorless powder is made scientifically for toilets. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Then flush, and the job is done. Stains and spots vanish. The porcelain glistens. Odors go. Germs are killed. The hidden trap that no other method can reach is safe and sanitary. Sani-Flush cannot harm plumbing.

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It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks **FREE** . . . each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

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10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

WEST COAST CHATTER

Just to keep you posted on the doings of radio's celebrities at work in Hollywood

WHEN Burns and Allen moved over to the *NBC* studios, Jack Benny's welcoming gift to Gracie was a box of 39 brand new pencils—one to chew on each broadcast. "It steadies my nerves," Gracie explained to bystanders, after thanking Jack for the gift. "And drives me *crazy!*" said George, tearing his hair. Fifteen minutes later Jack presented George with a similar box, with a note: *"Overcome your nerves. Chew two each broadcast."*

Gracie Allen's attire always looks like the last gasp from the fashion front. She may be caught in the same suit or dress twice, but the hat, perched at a jaunty angle over one of the Allen brows, is always different. Our spy finally inquired the other day how she ever found time, let alone money, to buy all those chapeaux. "Oh, I'm not so dumb," said Gracie, dissolving into giggles. "This is the only hat I own to my name. I just pin a different flock of flowers on the front every day and feel as new-hatted as I look!"

Walda Winchell, Walter's thirteen-year-old daughter, came with Mack Gordon to a recent Jack Benny rehearsal to watch the goings-on. In the middle of a line, Jack spotted the little girl, sitting towards the back of the auditorium. *"Hah!"* he *hahed*, pointing a menacing finger at her, and leering savagely. "Here to get dirt for your old man, eh?"

Lum and Abner and Don Ameche got together the other day and decided to try a bit of deep-sea fishing, since none of them ever had attempted that sport before. With the boos of their friends and family ringing in their ears, the three hired a boat at Santa Monica, to the tune of fifteen dollars for the day, and set sail. The pay-off to this fish story is that they caught enough fish to repay the owner of the boat, with plenty left over to send special delivery to the biggest sneerers.

Ray Noble was talking to George Burns about the program and offered to use a decided English accent if George thought it would be better. "Better?" exclaimed George. "Why, I can't understand half of what you say now." "My word," said Ray, "this is mild. Sometimes I talk so British I cawn't understand myself." Ray's taken out his first citizenship papers and says that, as soon as he's sure-enough American, he's going in exclusively for the U. S. slanguage.

It's wedding bells, sure enough, for Natalie Cantor and Joe Metzger, who have been contemplating marriage for lo, these nine years. Natalie's given up her job in the *CBS* mimeographing department, and Papa Cantor's setting Joe up in business.

Edna Cantor, the co-ed daughter, didn't prove to be a chip off the old block, recently. Scheduled to be on John Held, Jr.'s broadcast from the University of Southern California, Edna's teeth chattered at such an alarming rate when she faced the mike, that Charley Chase's daughter had to be rushed on the air in her place.

When Amelia Earhart appeared on Bing Crosby's program recently, she created quite a furor. Everyone in the audience was clamoring for her autograph before and after the broadcast. Miss Earhart gave as many as she had time for and was very cool, calm and collected about it all. But when Bob Burns came up to shake hands with her and wish her goodbye, the gal who girdles globes became suddenly shy. "I was just wondering, Mr. Burns," she said, "if you would give me your autograph?" Bob blinked his eyes with incredulity and drawled: "Well, can you beat that! I was jest workin' up enough nerve to ask you for one!"

John Barrymore still has charm, even if Elaine Barrie doesn't think so. When the actor and his profile guest-starred on a recent Bing Crosby program, a pretty high-school girl pushed her way through the crowd, after the broadcast, and insisted on shaking hands with John. Then she presented her mother, and the Barrymore brows went up in disbelief, "This charming girl your mother?" he inquired, "But my dear, what a delightful liar you are!"

Barbara Luddy had just "gone Hollywood" to the extent of purchasing a home in the San Fernando Valley, when the news came that the *First Nighter* would be broadcast from Chicago from now on. Barbara refused flatly to move—until she was offered exactly twice her present salary and a three-year contract to boot. Financier Luddy then turned around and sold the new house at a neat profit, the day before heading east with her mother, Mrs. Molly Luddy, and Petey, "just dog."

Marion Talley always looks neat and pretty at broadcasts, but a far cry from stunning. So the other evening, when she swished into the studio, all done up in a black lace gown and looking like a few million dollars, she had everyone in the place agog. The men looked as if they could stand it forever, but the women couldn't stand it for another minute. "Tell us where you got it, please, Marion," they begged. Marion looked very mysterious and shook her head, "I wish I could," she said sadly, "but it's an imported gown and my couturière would be furious if I breathed her name." But just before leaving, Marion turned back at the door and said: "It was imported from the Kansas corn-fields. My sister Florence whipped it up one evening, after milking the cows!"

CBS and *NBC* joining hands for thirty minutes, during the second annual *Radio Show* at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, was an event in itself. But the whole

show turned out to be something extra special. There were fine performances by Burns and Allen, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Don Ameche, Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, Ken Murray, Mary Martin, Johnny Green, Lum and Abner, Block and Sully and many other radio high-lighters. The show was emceed by Gary Breckner, Don Wilson and Walter Winchell.

Tops, however, for performances went to Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny. When Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy couldn't appear, due to picture re-takes, Jack and Eddie romped out in *Maytime* costumes, so as not to disappoint the audience. Jack was in a long rose-pink coat suit with hat to match, while Eddie was gowned in a delectable number of pale blue, which set off his dark beauty to perfection. His hoop-skirt, however, nearly broke one of Benny's legs as they swung into a dance!

Presentation of Maureen O'Connor, thirteen-year-old singer, as Queen of Radio for 1937, was another highlight. Picked by the radio editors as next year's Baby Star, they will look after her career in a group. Small Maureen was almost hidden on the stage by her escort of beauty winners from the Mid-Western universities. These good-looking gals were picked out by a jury composed of Al Jolson, Joe Penner, Eddie Cantor, George Burns, Jack Oakie and Milton Berle. The boys call themselves the "Comedians' Congress For Choosing Comely Co-Eds."

Eddie Cantor's Helen Troy is no newcomer to the airwaves. She used to be Sally of *Cecil and Sally*—remember? 20th Century-Fox are going to make a picture of Cecil and Sally, so the other day they called Helen over to make a test for the rôle. In a few days they sent her the message: "Sorry, you just don't look enough like *Sally*." Helen's wondering who's crazy.

When that *Wake Up and Live* program was broadcast recently, all the 20th Century-Fox Players were there in full regalia—among them Alice Faye, Walter Winchell and others. Just before the program Ben Bernie received a wire from the sponsor of the show: "Do you suppose that 20th Century-Fox would allow us to squeeze in a mention of the *American Can Company?*"

Little Ella Logan can do a few more things besides warble a torch-song. She can—and does—support some twenty-eight people, all of them relatives! Some are living here in Hollywood with her, but most of them are still back in Scotland. "Thanks be for the immigration laws," says Ella, "for oatmeal comes considerable higher a bushel here in the States!"

Just as the signal was given to indicate that the *Community Sing* program was over, the other day, a voice was heard from the back of the auditorium: "Hey, Milt!" Everyone turned to see Vince Barnett standing on his chair and madly waving to attract Milton Berle's attention. "I was just wondering," yelled Vince, "if I could get my passes back!"

Mary Livingstone has more relatives than you can shake a mike at. Though most of them are frequent visitors at the Benny home, Jack, it seems, doesn't get much opportunity to air his opinion of them. But he does at the broadcasts. There always are three or four of them sitting in the front row and the half-hour rehearsal before the show is interspersed with Jack's remarks to them. "So you think you're cute, because you're Mary's sister, huh?" or "Well, you may be Mary's aunt, but you're just an aunt to me," or "Mary's grandmother, eh? Can't see where she got her good looks!" And the loudest giggles come from the relatives.

When Tony Martin sings at the radio station, there are always plenty of pretty girls turned away, due to lack of tickets. But three hundred of them had their chance to hear Tony at the movie studio the other day—and received fifteen dollars for doing it. It was for a scene in Sing and Be Happy, *in which Tony and Leah Ray will be radio stars, and the gals were needed for atmosphere.*

It was "Water, water everywhere . . ." with Charlie Forsyth in the middle of it! *Alibi Ike* airing was over. The sound-effect man for the *Lux Theatre* was found up in his booth, plying a mop with all the vigor of a housekeeper, for Charlie had almost swamped himself while supplying background for Joe E.'s and Helen Chandler's love scene in a rowboat. Poor Charlie had to paddle all that time in a tub of water, with a flat stick, and engineer two hefty splashes when Joe and Helen got their ducking.

—By LOIS SVENSRUD.

Avoid Offending . . . —for undies

SOME GIRLS are always losing out on friendships—especially with men. Though attractive generally, they offend others in that one unforgivable way—through perspiration odor in underthings.

Popular girls never risk offending. Luxing underthings after each wearing whisks away every trace of perspiration odor.

Lux has none of the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps that may fade colors—wear things out. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.

wear PEDS, with or without stockings. With stockings they guard against heel and toe wear...prevent runs. Without stockings, PEDS banish that "naked" feeling when you slip your feet into bedroom slippers, house or sport shoes. PEDS cover the foot completely ...yet will not show above shoe top.

At hosiery counters of all 5c and 10c stores and department stores.

STANDARD Style for any shoe, mercerized lisle, 20c pair.
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Silk at slightly higher price. All stocking sizes. Get a pair today.

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Goodbye FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled face girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily — how her homely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen — how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft and beautiful.

It's a real experience that will bring hope to you too, reprinted word for word in our booklet "Good-bye Freckles."

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Box 11. Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
Name.....
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Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM

BEAUTY ADVICE

(*Continued from page* 6)

life easy! A laugh is their biggest exertion.

Next time you dine out, glance discreetly at your neighbor's bill of fare. Ten to one, if she is more than pleasingly plump, you will find her energetically pursuing cream soup and chicken à la king, right down to a fudge sundae with marshmallows and whipped cream! To the left of her you will find the "puff of wind will blow her right way" Miss, daintily picking her way through a lettuce and tomato salad with sliced oranges for dessert!

How much better both of those neighbors would be if they would exchange likes! And you can develop likes—there is no doubt about that. Gladys Swarthout *thinks* thin! She has cultivated a taste for simplicity. She says anyone who takes just a little trouble can learn how delicious broths, lamb, chicken and vegetables really are—not to mention the myriad combinations of fresh fruit salads.

And you—who really need to count calories and hold them down to the "merest nothing"—should open your eyes to the delicious crispness of fresh vegetables and the lusciousness of fruits.

There is a lovely Fifth Avenue beauty salon that is now featuring a "Matière Vivante" luncheon that I wish you could all have—if just once. You would never again scorn the vegetables after you have seen the fascinating possibilities they have! This luncheon is composed solely of raw vegetables and fruits, and until you see it and taste it you can't imagine how delightful and soul-satisfying a health luncheon can be! If you would like to have a "Matière Vivante" luncheon, I shall be glad to give you the name and address of the salon.

And you—who need to count calories and make them add higher and higher—would be interested in my weight-gaining bulletin. A check on the coupon at the end of this article—a self-addressed envelope—and it's yours!

Exercise, you know, is the great normalizer. It takes inches off the overweight and adds curves to the underweight. Of course, during the winter months you wanted to cling to your firesides, but now, with the spring and summer here, do bestir yourselves and make up for lost time. The outdoor games and sports serve a double purpose by giving you fresh air at the same time you exercise. The summer sun does present some special problems of its own, though—and here is where your beauty editor comes to your assistance.

I have for you, this month, a generous sample—absolutely free—of a grand protective lotion. Even on cloudy days the sun can give you bad burns, so use it lavishly at all times. This lotion is made of thirteen fine imported oils and it will soften and soothe your skin at the same time it protects. Use it on your face and all exposed parts of the body. In fact, this lotion is so delightful, you will probably want to use it all over. It is quick-drying and non-greasy and gives your skin a lovely, satiny feeling!

There is no substitute for comfort, especially during the holiday play season. I am thinking you will be wanting to keep a large supply of this grand lotion at hand! So, fill out the coupon and get acquainted with the free sample now!

Now that, with the aid of this lotion, you can "take" the outdoors and exercise, let's turn our attention again to Gladys Swarthout's beauty secrets! In addition to her famous voice and beauty, Gladys Swarthout is known as being one of the world's best-dressed women. Yet, study her pictures. Her clothes are in exquisite taste, it is true, but they are not startlingly different or exotic. It is her own posture, grace and dignity that glorify any costume she might wear! And, so it may be with you. Whether you wear a gingham pinafore or a frothy, filmy frock, you, too, will be well dressed if you wear your clothes with verve. How to acquire this dash? Well, that takes us right back to exercise and bodies.

Stand up. Now sit down again. How did you do it? Clumsily? Stiffly—with protesting and creaking muscles? Yet, countless times a day, you rise and seat yourself! And so you could go through the whole movement list. How much lovelier life, and you, would be if you would awake to the possibilities your own body possesses. Your body is always with you, so why not train it to do your bidding? Become posture-conscious. Not just while standing or walking, but twenty-four hour a day posture!

Gladys Swarthout's litheness comes from her riding, badminton, swimming, and exercises. You may develop this same litheness. You don't have to take the exact exercises Gladys Swarthout does, but you should select activities you enjoy, so that you will really "put yourself" into their execution. Walking is a grand form of exercise all may take. Walk briskly. Be conscious of yourself and your posture while you are walking. You don't actually have to hike across the country with a basket on your head—just imagine that basket is there and hold your head up as though it were. If this idea is a bit too prosaic for some imaginations, then I would suggest you follow the "floating ribs." This has been described as a walking exercise wherein you visualize your ribs floating up and out before you. Try it. You will be amazed at the way you straighten up and the jerkiness vanishes from your movements.

That a straight line is the shortest distance between two points is a geometrical fact. It also is beyond dispute that economy and simplicity of movement make up grace and charm. Eliminate the body twisting and wiggling and you have taken a long step forward in pursuit of the body beautiful.

Economy of movement may sound like a far cry from summertime daintiness and freshness, but I do feel that you will be interested in hearing about a new preparation that combines three grooming requisites all in one beautiful bottle! A combination eau de cologne, dusting powder and a mild deodorant, all in one.

Likewise—there is an economy of effort (as well as of purse) in a certain delight-

ful soapless shampoo I know. There is no doubt about it being a nuisance to spend hours over the shampoo on a glorious day. But what else are you to do? Well, write to me and find out about this time-and-energy-saving shampoo. A few drops of the shampoo, and you have a beautiful lather. Massage. Rinse the hair once. Dry. No bother about lemon or vinegar rinses, for there is no alkali to banish.

Now that you are becoming so posture and figure conscious, you will most likely note certain "spots" that need especial attention. Give it to them! There is one figure fault that many many of you have mourned over, and, now that short skirts are the style once again, and frivolous shoes are claiming their own, you are most anxious to do something about—large ankles!

Reducing ankles always has been a heart-breaking task, so I was delighted to come across a tested exercise that really gives results! A simple exercise, too. One that you can take while comfortably seated. One that you can surreptitiously practice in the movies, or while reading or at work, as well as at definitely "set aside" times. You simply cross your knees and, with the free foot, describe a circle. Repeat this exercise several times every day. It would be interesting to measure the ankles before beginning and then check your progress. Of course, you know, you don't get results overnight from exercises, but you do get results if you will stick to them!

You have reviewed the figure and posture and painless ways of acquiring perfection and grace. Someone has said: "Happiness lies not in doing what one likes but in liking what one has to do." I do hope that you, my readers, will take stock of yourselves and cultivate the habit of liking the things you should do. Then you will find the pot-of-gold at the end of the rainbow—"true beauty of form and spirit."

There is nothing like perfume to put you in tune with the time, the place, and the One. It's fun to change your perfume to complement your mood. The gay, spirited charm of Paris in the spring is the inspiration for a delectable new perfume foursome. In this line you will find a piquant, fresh, young scent especially adapted to sports togs. There is a delicate scent to strike a more subdued note for informal afternoon or business hours. And a romantic, languorous scent that is particularly appropriate for formal afternoon occasions or dining out. Then, to lend glamour and sophistication to your evening *décolletage*, there is a heavier, more exotic scent. Be sure to write for the name of this delightful perfume foursome. Your pin money can easily manage the set.

Mary Biddle, RADIO STARS,
149 Madison Avenue,
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Please send me the free sample of the protective lotion.

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P.S.—I would like the Weight-Gaining Suggestions.

Don't let your face become a desert!...prevent destructive "*skin-thirst*" with OUTDOOR GIRL face powder—contains Olive Oil for your protection

Sucked dry by relentless sun and wind! The parched Sahara sands show what happens when the vital moisture of nature is lost....

In this same way, nature's beauty-giving moisture is stolen from your skin. As early as 16, your face starts to dry — the charm of youth begins to fade.

Guard your precious complexion from dreaded "Skin-thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder. By a special *patented process* each fine flake carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.

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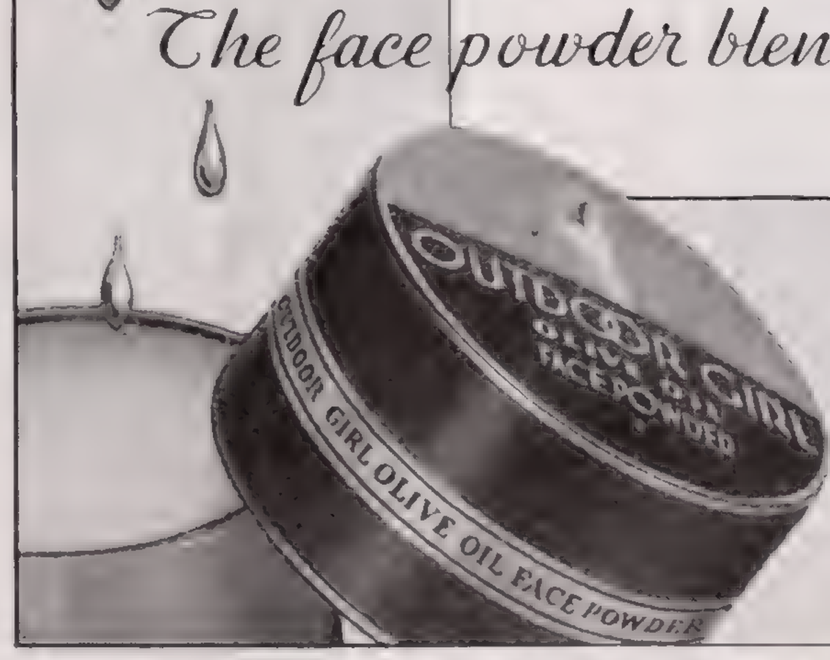

Six luscious shades of clinging loveliness, approved by beauty experts, at your nearest drug and department store, in the large size .. 50c

For perfect make-up color harmony use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at 10c stores.

Give yourself the Outdoor Girl Beauty Treatment today!

ALL *Set* TO GO PLACES

If you find it difficult to keep your hair just as you want it, use Superset – the easily applied fast-drying wave lotion fastidious women prefer. Nestle Superset sets your hair so you can go places ...keeps it soft and alluring – holds it in place in a lovely, natural way.

10c for the large bottle with comb-dip neck at all 10-cent stores.

Two formulas-regular (green) and the new No. 2 (transparent and fast-drying).

Superset is made by Nestle, who originated the permanent wave. It is non-greasy, does not become "tacky," and will not streak. It leaves no flaky deposit. The yellow-and-black Nestle label is your guarantee of hair loveliness.

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Nestle SUPERSET WAVING LOTION

HAIR KILLED FOREVER

KILLED PERMANENTLY

From face or body, with maximum speed, without harm to skin, by following simple directions. This electrolysis device is guaranteed to remove hair permanently or money refunded. Your home electric current not needed. Price $1.95, complete. Postpaid or C. O. D.

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Once you have known the glorious freedom and comfort of Holly-Pax, the modern method of sanitary protection, you'll never go through a period without it.

Worn internally, Holly-Pax is never felt, and never shows. No fussing with pins or belts. Holly-Pax is approved by the Bureau of Feminine Hygiene. Package of Four, 10c.

THE WIX COMPANY
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holly-Pax
AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES

NO WOMAN COULD STAND HIM

(*Continued from page 25*)

potential football material in the college, which at that time figured prominently in West Coast football news. But athletics did not call the young student as did music. He preferred lingering over his wind instruments, studying the theory of music. And when he horrified the Brothers of the school, by playing popular tunes on the chapel organ, his mother agreed with him that it was about time he quit school and gave himself in body to what he already had given himself in heart and soul—his music, an orchestra. In his junior year he left college. When he was sixteen he was making $102.60 a week. In eleven weeks he had saved, the items neatly noted in his account books, $850. For, allied with music in this boy is, also, matter-of-factness, a sound business head derived, no doubt, from his merchant forebears.

Tony keeps accounts of everything. His money, his moods, his emotions he conserves as he conserves his finances. His main ambition, now realized, was to establish a trust fund for his mother and stepfather, so that he can know, and now does know, that they are safe.

The saxophone, then, was the beginning. Now Tony plays the saxophone, the bassoon, flute, piccolo, clarinet, piano, with any woodwind instrument you can name thrown in for good measure. He never studied voice. He took only brief and sketchy lessons on the saxophone and piano. Music oozes from the pores of his skin. As we sat at luncheon in the Café de Paris on the 20th Century-Fox lot, he drummed rhythms on the tablecloth, sang a snatch of *Yankee Rose*—seemed to be less a man than a musical instrument, so finely strung, and, like some bird of song, melodies pour from him, spontaneously.

It was when Tony was nineteen that he knew, concretely, what he wanted to do, to be. He had become associated with Tom Gerrin's Orchestra, playing at the Bal Tabarin in San Francisco. The orchestra toured to Chicago. This was the first time that Tony ever had been out of his native state. More, it was *the first time he ever had gone to the theatre.* And when he saw his first musical comedy, he knew that his world was there, his life work, his career—somehow up there among dancing, color, song and, above all, the shimmer of dancing notes, of music.

It was then that he began managing or playing with the better orchestras, at the World's Fair in Chicago, later over the National Broadcasting Company's programs in San Francisco. In 1931 he was broadcasting over the *Lucky Strike* hour and began to sing an occasional song with his orchestra. One of the heads of the music department at M-G-M heard him and was so impressed with the thrill and timbre of that young male voice that he induced Tony to come to Hollywood.

Nothing came of this trip. But four years later, when he made a return trip, things happened very swiftly. Tony got an agent. He signed a six-months' contract with RKO. Somewhere in that interval, in 1934, it was, he tested for the part opposite Joan Crawford in *Sadie McKee*—but was counted out on the score of youth. Musicals were slackening while he was with RKO and no picture presented itself for him. And at the end of the six months he asked for and obtained a release. The release became effective March 10th, 1936. On March 11th he signed with 20th Century-Fox. What happened was this: On the morning of March 11th his agent called him. He told the boy to be ready to go on that night at the Trocadero, with a show that included Dixie Dunbar, "Fats" Waller and other well known professionals. Tony told me: "I was pretty scairt. Most of the singing I'd done had been in front of my orchestra, into whose arms and horns I could crawl if the eggs and cabbages came flying! I'd never sung alone. But there are times, you know, when you've got to *know* that you are good. If you can't know that of yourself, you're licked before you start. I knew I was good that night. I sang, among others, *You Hit the Spot.* Mr. Zanuck was at the Troc' that night and heard me. I must have been good," grinned Tony. "I must have 'hit the spot,' for I signed a contract then, and here I am!

"Speaking of knowing you are good, you've *got* to know that on the air! If you don't, it comes right through the mike. You've got to feel all heated up and alive or it 'shows.' In pictures, it's different. There are the face, the gestures, the scenery, other players, all kinds of distractions to help out. On the air there is only one thing—the voice. And unless you are all primed and full of spring and *alive,* you're sunk. The mike can scare a strong man to death, if he dwells on this. George Burns, when I was on the air with *Burns and Allen,* told me what to do if ever I flivved on the air. Missed a note, you know, forgot the words of a song, anything like that. He told me to stop dead, say to him: *'Well, George, you'll have to cut your dialogue tonight, I've got to begin all over again,'* and just go on from there. I've never done it yet—but I may—anyone might, at any time. And there's no cover-up when you fliv on the air. There it is, stark, irrevocable. All you can do is admit it and begin over again.

"Something awful is due to happen to me," said Tony, "sure as fate. For thus far nothing has. I've always been lucky. I've always had the breaks. I've always had everything I wanted, done everything I've wanted to do. There have been no stumbling blocks, thorns or briers on my path. I've never had a secret sorrow, heartache, been disillusioned, had to turn the other cheek. The saxophone incident, when I was eight, strikes the keynote of my whole life. I wanted a saxophone. I couldn't have one. No? What happens? A delinquent account 'pays' with a saxophone. That's the way it's been.

"The only time the breaks may have been said to work against me was when I made my first picture and was asked to do the 'mouthing,' in a sequence to match another fellow's singing. In other words,

he actually sang the song, made the recording, and I just stood there and made faces as though I were doing the singing. I didn't mind. I think it's funny! I've never tried to keep it dark. The chap was Dick Webster, who sings at the Biltmore Bowl with Jimmy Grier's orchestra. We've had many a laugh about it since. My favorite song is *When Did You Leave Heaven?* which I sang in *Sing, Baby, Sing*—next, always, to *Yankee Rose*, of course."

Tony is not in love. Tony never has been in love. Tony has gone out, had dates with Frances Langford (Frances, Jack Oakie, Fred Astaire and Fred Allen are his radio favorites, by the way—and he says that no one yet born can put over a song like Alice Faye), Dixie Dunbar, and exclusively, as everyone knows, with Alice Faye. Tony will not, he says, go out with two girls at one time. He will not submit to what other rising young stars submit—dates with two girls at one time, dates with this, that and the other girl, for the sake of publicity.

Tony will not, he said, talk about "my romance with Alice Faye." Why? Because *there isn't any romance.* There never has been any romance. And unless the lightning called Love strikes them now, there never will be any "romance."

"We're fine friends," Tony told me. "We always have been and we still are and we will continue to be, I hope. We have a lot in common, everything in common. I like Alice an awful lot and I think, I hope, that she likes me. But there *has never been one word about marriage between us.* Never."

Tony doesn't want to get married. He says no woman could stand him. He is moody. He likes to have his time to himself, do what he pleases with it. He likes to go out with the boys, play poker, go to the fights—things a woman wouldn't want to do. He doesn't want to marry for several years, if ever. He wants to work. He wants to sing. He'd like, best of all, he admitted, to travel with an orchestra of his own again. There is something about having an orchestra, traveling with it, meeting all kinds of new people, conquering new territories, that is in his blood. There must be something to it, the adventure of it, perhaps. For the nostalgia for an orchestra is in the hearts of all the boys who ever had one —Buddy Rogers, Fred MacMurray, Tony—

When I said: "But this marriage business—what will you do if you fall frantically, head over heels in love? *Really* in love? What then?"

"Then," grinned Tony, his white teeth flashing in the somehow Italianate darkness of his face, "then it wouldn't matter what I did or wanted to do or thought or theorized. When you fall frightfully in love, I'm sure, everything goes black. And you *lap dissolve* right into the front room of a Justice of the Peace and *pan* slowly into a *two-shot* of a silly-looking groom and a bewitching bride—and that's that!

"I'd have to find a girl," said Tony, "who would boss me, order me around, tell me to get out of bed in the morning, *or else*—I like strong-minded girls. I like independent girls. I like militant girls. The instant a girl says to me, when we're dining out: '*You* order for me, I want to eat what you want to eat,' I die! Or, if she asks me what I want to do, or begs me to tell *her* what to do—I'm through. The clinging vine type has no appeal for me, scares me to death. I'm glad I was born in this age. I could never have endured the women who fainted at sight of a mouse, had 'fainting spells,' were weak and waily. A mother-complex, I guess. My mother is a very strong-minded woman. She always was plenty firm with me. She told me what to do and how to do it and she meant what she said and I knew it. And liked it. I still like it. I still want a woman to tell me what to do. I'm used to that kind of a woman and I couldn't be content, or even in love with any other kind.

"Also, when or if I do marry (which same I certainly am not contemplating—the columnists have done my contemplating for me), I'd like to marry a Hollywood girl, a girl in pictures or radio. Know why? Because if a girl in this business falls in love with a fellow and marries him, it's because she loves him and for no other reason. Girls in this business don't have to marry. They can take care of themselves, have everything they want. That very independence of motive appeals to me, you see. For when they do fall in love, you can be sure it's love and nothing else but.

"Right now I have my house in Beverly Hills. I have a Filipino boy who takes care of me, cooks me the Chinese food I love, the potato pancakes which are my favorite vegetables! I even know what I want to eat, you see. By the time this story appears I'll be on the *Hollywood Hotel Hour* and that's something I *certainly* want.

"I was born knowing what I wanted, I guess. And I know that I've got it. I'm one hundred percent happy and there's no such thing as one hundred and one percent —is there?"

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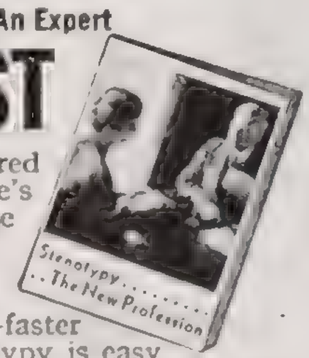

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NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

Compare the answers of your favorites

If you could ask your fan audience one question, what would it be?

Harry Von Zell: *"Do you feel that the announcer is a definite part of your favorite programs, or do you look upon him as a 'necesary evil'?"*

Frank Parker: "It wouldn't be a question. It would be a statement—'Thanks!'"

Virginia Verrill: **"Would you rather hear me sing ballads or rhythm songs—and why?"**

Lennie Hayton: *"What is there about my orchestra that you* don't *like? (I figure the good parts can be left alone.)"*

Jack Pearl: "Have you any suggestions to make which might help me prepare my program so that you would derive more enjoyment from it?"

Shep Fields: **"I can't help but want to know what each listener thinks of my little brain-child, *Rippling Rhythm.*"**

Joe Cook: *"It wouldn't be a question. I'd invite him out to dinner."*

Tom Howard: "Which type of comedy do you prefer—gags or situations?"

Abe Lyman: **"I would like to know the ten favorite songs of each listener."**

Willie Morris: *"What type of song do you like best?"*

Leo Reisman: "How do you do?"

Richard Himber: **"What do you think of me? (I'm only kidding, of course) but incidentally, is my program just what you want?"**

Ireene Wicker: *"What can I do that would most improve my program—for enjoyability, educationally and showmanship?"*

Meredith Willson: "Why do you stand for the countless imitations of the one and only superlative *Waring Glee Club?*"

Horace Heidt: **"How much happiness are we bringing you? Happiness should be the goal of all entertainment. Performers are governed by emotions—they sing and play from their hearts, and if they make people happy, that's what brings them happiness."**

Anne Seymour: *"What do I do on the air, in the way of mannerisms or tricks, that you don't like?"*

Del Casino: "Is my singing intimate?"

Jack Fulton: **"What types of songs do you like best to hear?"**

Meri Bell: *"Is there any change you think I could make to improve my present activities on the air?"*

Eddy Duchin: "What suggestions for the improvement of my band have you?"

Marion Talley: **"How am I doing? And do I inspire a love of music in you?"**

George Burns: *"How are the children?"*

Art Van Harvey: "What particular moods or characteristics do you like about my character—which ones don't you like?"

Joan Blaine: **"Do you like actresses best when they are simple and sincere and quite natural—or do you prefer them when they are simply glittering with glamour?"**

Milton Berle: *"How long will you continue to laugh at my gags?"*

Jack Oakie: "Do you think I'm getting fat, or is the light bad here?"

Loretta Lee: **"Have you ever bought any of the products sold by my sponsors because I was on their radio programs?"**

Phillips Lord: *"Which do you prefer—musical or dramatic programs—and why?"*

Curtis Arnall: "How do you like the commercials?"

Would you be willing to give up radio entirely for a screen or stage career?

Edgar Bergen: *"I am more interested in radio because there is so little stage work and so unreliable. As a ventriloquist, I am limited in pictures to being a specialty or to a short scene."*

Ed Wynn: "For personal reasons only, I prefer the stage to any other medium. I was on it exactly 30 years before I entered radio."

Phil Harris: **"No, because in my case I feel that radio is much more suited to my talents and gives one a much wider scope than the stage, or even the screen, can offer."**

Benay Venuta: *"No—as I feel there are so many fans who don't go to the movies but who do listen to the radio. Radio is the most important thing for any artist, and pictures next."*

Russ Morgan: "Radio will make me more famous than screen or stage. When

I become big enough, the screen and stage will come to me."

Kenny Baker: **"Absolutely not. The value of radio as an entertainment medium is greater than the stage and screen combined."**

Edgar Guest: *"Am in no sense of the word an actor. Lack the ability and the art. Too late now to learn a new profession."*

Adela Rogers St. Johns: "The first few weeks I would have given up radio and gone back entirely to newspaper and magazine work. But radio grows on you, and soon you can't imagine being without it."

Johnny Green: **"The only career for which I would be willing to give up radio entirely would be that of composing, on a respectably lucrative basis and in a spot where I could write the kind of music that I want to write."**

Bide Dudley: *"No. It's better to be heard but not seen."*

Ed Fitzgerald: "Give up radio? Sure, if Carole Lombard were in the same moom pitcher with me."

Elsie Hitz: **"No. I am too fond of radio work to give it up entirely. It would be perfect to be able to do a play and radio."**

Richard Crooks: *"No. Radio isn't entirely a business with me, but a means of reaching people, finding out what they want, and trying to give it to them."*

Allen Prescott: "It would depend on the circumstances, of course, but I don't think I'd ever give up radio, since my kind of work succeeds there better than anywhere else."

Ralph Kirbery: **"No, I feel that radio gave me my first opportunity to fulfill my hopes of a singing career and I would never, as long as I am able to sing, want to give it up."**

Helen Broderick: *"No. The combination makes for a terrific following—that is, if you are good."*

Roscoe Turner: **"Radio work is more like flying than anything else I have ever found. I like it—don't know whether I would have the same feeling about the screen and stage."**

Duke Ellington: *"I would not want to give up radio entirely, because it means a lot to me and my orchestra. I am not an individual performer, so personal appearances on screen or stage would mean little to me without a band behind me."*

Sedley Brown: "No. Radio is the best and most direct medium of expression there is, as far as I'm concerned. Regardless of what other fields of entertainment endeavor I might invade, I would always want to remain in radio."

Shirley Lloyd: **"It depends on the contract offered, but I would try to keep my radio contacts and make regular appearances over the air. Contacts made over the air are so much more intimate with your audience."**

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GERMS are unfriendly to the delicate skin. Just waiting for some crack in its surface to set up a blemish-infection. So use a beauty cream that is *germ-free* . . . Woodbury's Cold Cream!

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Use Woodbury's Cold Cream to keep your skin soft, young-looking, clear. Use Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder base, to hold make-up smoothly. Each of these lovely creams $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

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..SHE KEPT HER CHIN UP!

(*Continued from page 21*)

arrangements, to build up a personal way of putting over the current popular songs.

Because her parents wanted it, she started college, at U. C. L. A. At some small college, Shirley might have found what she wanted, for she is a natural student, but the vastness of this great institution discouraged her. She loathed the sorority-fraternity madness that dominated college life, was unutterably bored by the endless teas, and got nothing out of sitting in some vast auditorium, listening to the droning of a professor she could scarcely hear.

Six months of it was all she could bear. But she had worked with a college musician, who had helped her with arrangements, and she felt increasingly confident that she was getting somewhere with her singing. Putting school days definitely behind her, she concentrated on developing her own personality as a blues singer, realizing that originality would be her strongest card. Gradually the family was won over, urged her more and more to sing for guests.

It is a part of Shirley's credo to do her best always, under whatever circumstances, and she worked as hard for her family and friends as she would have for the coveted audition. Thus, when her chance came, she was ready.

Asked to sing at a Hollywood party, she stepped forward simply, very nonchalantly, and sang, refusing to let herself become nervous over the fact that Gus Arnheim and Sid Grauman were among the guests listening to her.

Arnheim, a popular West Coast orchestra leader, was so impressed that he gave her an audition and signed her to a nine-months' contract. She always had abhorred and foresworn night clubs, but singing in the best hotels with this famous orchestra was just the opportunity she had been hoping for. It ought, she thought, to give her the entrée to pictures that was still her goal.

And she was right. M-G-M scouts saw her when she was singing at a Beverly Hills hotel, signed her, and she felt she was, at last, definitely started on the right road.

But the peppy little fighter had the hardest battle of her young life on her hands—she had to play that most exhausting, most discouraging game—she had to sit on the sidelines and wait. For, once having recognized her talents and charm, the studio officials made the same mistake they have made with others, notably Nelson Eddy and Deanna Durbin. Having bound her to a contract, they proceeded to forget her.

When she had sat around for a year, appearing only occasionally in small parts, New York scouts saw a bit of hers, liked it and decided to put her on Loew's circuit. In spite of her greenness, she was a hit, and studio officials were so impressed, they wired for her immediate return. It seemed like Opportunity with a big *O*, at last, for they wanted her to play the leading rôle in *Broadway Melody*. Shirley returned with high hopes—only to find that they had changed their minds, converted it into a dancing picture and she was out!

Another year of idleness followed, and anyone less determined, less firm of purpose than Shirley, would have been ready to quit. But she had a good friend in Bernie Hyman, M-G-M producer, and he was determined she should have a chance. Through him, she secured a part in *The Devil Is a Sissy*. Shirley was delighted, so much so that when Paramount sought her out and offered her the leading rôle in *The Big Broadcast of 1937*, she turned it down. But they wouldn't take "no" for an answer, and, after reading the script and conferring with Hyman, the great decision was made, Shirley was released from her contract and cast her lot with Paramount.

It was a chance—and another challenge. And this time her ability was recognized and a part in *Hideaway Girl* followed immediately, and *Waikiki Wedding* next.

At the completion of this picture, she was told she could have a part on the *Campbell* program if she wanted it.

The tide has definitely turned. It will be a long time before Shirley knows idleness again. Right now, between pictures, she is able to give a lot of time to her radio work. On Thursday, for instance, she meets her co-workers to plan the next week's program. She chooses her songs, goes over arrangements with Gordon Jenkins, her arranger, and Lud Gluskin, the orchestra leader. She rehearses arduously on Tuesday and again on Wednesday with the cast and finds time to study at least two hours at home on Monday and Tuesday. When the new picture starts, she will have, somehow, to fit this schedule into the other. She plans to have two pianos, one on the lot and one in her dressing-room, and the rehearsing will have to be done at Paramount instead of the *CBS* studio. A heavy schedule, but she is young and healthy and she loves it!

"I am too newly arrived to relax for a moment," she said earnestly. "Radio, for instance, is a tricky business. You never know who is listening in, but you can always be sure someone important is. Someone whose opinion matters, now or later. Who will remember when you gave a bad performance or were on a poor show. One bad radio program, one careless performance, can ruin two careers!"

And so to her new career, Shirley gives the same care, the same concentration she has given the other. She has a charming stage presence and throws herself into her song, is as peppy and provocative when working before the mike as she is before the camera.

And I have no doubt that, when it comes to marriage, these same qualities will be exerted to make that relationship the success she wants it to be.

Meanwhile, she contrives to lead a normal home life with her mother and father and younger sister in their beautiful home in the Hollywood hills, with one of the city's loveliest views to add to their delight in life. She plays golf with her father, enjoys badminton, likes just being out of doors. She is sensible enough to be aware of the difficulties in attempting

to lead a natural, simple life under the stress and strain of pictures and radio work, but her family has been a tremendous help. When she comes home tired and inclined to be temperamental—or merely hot-tempered—they know just how to calm her down.

Can she, Shirley wonders, count on as much understanding and sympathy from a husband?

"I've always thought," she confessed, "that it would be much wiser for me to marry an older man, perhaps even a man who has been married before. I know I will take some handling! And two people having to learn how to adjust themselves to marriage would be an almost impossible situation in my circumstances. A man who had been married before would be able to foresee difficulties and to avoid them, would know how to manage a woman!

"And I have always thought it important for him to be in a similar line of work, in order to understand the demands on my time. It is the time element that presents the greatest difficulty—I might have to work one night and he the next, and he would have to be very patient to put up with a situation like that.

"I don't mean that I expect all the understanding and the giving to be on his side—I mean to do my part! Living at home, as I do, has taught me a lot, has helped me to keep my feet on the ground. Marriage is a very serious business and, when I marry, I am determined to do my best to make a go of it."

Shirley's best ought to be guaranty enough of happiness. And she has been lucky in finding a man who seems to measure up to her ideals, to fit beautifully the picture her imagination already had created.

After presenting his *CBS Amateur Hour*, Major Edward Bowes finds relaxation in a game of solitaire.

For the man who escorts her to broadcasts and rehearsals, who keeps her supplied with gardenias for the shows, is an older man. He is a musician, an ex-pilot, and he has his own well-established place in pictures, which gives them a common background, many similar tastes and interests and a firm basis for the rich companionship Shirley feels marriage should be. He is quiet, rather shy, but his adoration of Shirley is for all to read, and it seems safe to predict that the security, the breadth of understanding that the young actress needs, are hers for the asking. And that she will appreciate these qualities seems equally evident.

Shirley has moderate tastes. Although she dresses very smartly, she dresses simply, too. She drives a coupé of a well-known make and drives as efficiently as she does everything else. Her father handles her finances, but she is well aware of the value of money and careful in her spending. There are many dollar books on her library shelves, but they are classics, books of proven worth, and they are well read. With money sense, she has that larger sense of values that will give her a proper perspective in love as well as in business.

When she has enjoyed success for a while and been able to relax a bit, to let up on the terrific struggle she feels is still essential in order to hold and better her but recently achieved place in the limelight, she will want more time for travel, for study, for her home—and for the boy and girl that are a part of that particular dream.

And I feel that if anyone could make a go of marriage in the hectic movie-town atmosphere, Shirley is the one to do it. And just because she will make a business of it, will give herself to it as ardently as she gives herself to her work on the screen and on the air.

Whatever is worth having is worth fighting for—and when Shirley marries, you may be sure her marriage will come first and her gallant fighting qualities will make it a success.

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AFRAID OF HER LUCK

(Continued from page 31)

Dragonette fans would say.

"Of course Mother was delighted. She could enjoy the pleasure of my being chosen to be star without having the worry of all the other things. You see, I realized the job I had to do. I knew there would be much talk this way and that, some good, some bad. But I am happy to say that of all the stacks of fan mail which I have had since singing on *Cities Service,* only two letters have been unfriendly. And we all figure that both those notes were from the same person."

One of those notes was a valentine sent to Lucille. Although she says she does not worry about it, the comic valentine must have made a deep impression on her, for she went to great lengths to explain what it was and how it did not fit her at all. She still maintains the defensive attitude about herself. She has not yet learned to take such minor things on the chin, and let them roll off unnoticed. She still has the outlook of an ingénue.

Born in Newark, New Jersey, Lucille Manners has had but one thought before her—a singing career. Her mother was determined to make her daughter a singer. When Lucille was two years old, she was taught nursery songs, her mother accompanying her on the piano. That was before Lucille Manners came into being. Her name at that time was Marie McClinchy. Lucille was born with a singing voice, having inherited it from her mother and her grandfather. Although neither of them was a professional, they sang in church choirs, were soloists in charitable festivals. Lucille's grandfather sang with a German quartet. But he was over-modest about his voice. He would not sing even at home where his family would hear him. Lucille's mother was determined that her daughter should be a professional singer, that nothing in the world should stop her.

However, Lucille's singing was interrupted when she was three. Interrupted by pneumonia which almost cost her life. Only by tedious and unfailing care was she saved. During her convalescence her lungs were found to be weak. In order to strengthen them, it was necessary for her to blow into large tubes.

"That really was the beginning of my singing training," she laughs. "My lungs became unusually strong, which is a great help now when it is necessary to have perfect breath control. I believe that early strengthening of my lungs has helped me as much as any one thing since."

When Lucille was sixteen, she spent her summer vacation from school working to earn money for singing lessons. "I liked the idea of working, so much so that I did not return to high school for my senior year," she continues. "It was grand to be earning money, to be building a fund for future singing lessons. Of course, it was a shame that I didn't go back that last year, it did seem too bad not to finish high school when I had so little longer to attend," she adds a little wistfully.

The next few years were spent by Lucille either typing in an office or singing. Every moment away from the typewriter was devoted to music. Even lunch hours were taken in auditioning, later in fifteen-minute broadcasts. Fired from one office because they felt she spent too much time singing, Lucille was undaunted. She took other jobs, keeping them as long as they did not interfere with her beloved music. For five years, her life was spent in a tireless effort to become a professional.

During this time she became a member of the Opera Club of the Oranges, a semi-professional club of music lovers in New Jersey. Her first operatic rôle was as a member of the quartette in *Rigoletto.* It is a true saying that a busy person always has time to do one more thing. Lucille Manners, at this time, never refused to do anything which was connected with music. It is surprising that a slight, five-foot girl should have been able to withstand such a strain. Seldom did she allow herself more than five or six hours' sleep at night. It was as a member of the Opera Club that she met her teachers, Louis Dornez and his wife, Betsy Culp. They became interested in the tiny blonde with the huge voice. Mr. Dornez was singing for the National Broadcasting Company and he procured an audition for Lucille. Accepted, she was given a few guest spots, but there was not enough revenue for her to be able to give up her daily job of stenographer in Newark. Finally her teacher realized that the years of hard work with little rest were beginning to tell on the tiny person. He begged *NBC* to give his star pupil a sustaining program, which would mean a steady income. They agreed to do so. It was at this time that Marie McClinchy became Lucille Manners.

"I hated the thought of changing my name. But Mr. Dornez said that McClinchy would be too difficult to understand over the air, that I must have a simpler name. *NBC* was adamant about my having another name. Mr. Dornez had known a successful singer whose name was Manners, so he thought it would bring me good luck. I had taken his advice on everything up to then, so I said to him: 'If you say so, all right,' Then I was told that I could not be Marie Manners, that it was not euphonious, that I would be known henceforth as Lucille Manners. I was heartbroken. My grandmother's name had been Marie and I hated to give it up. But again, I bowed to Mr. Dornez' decision."

The next two years were a heaven on earth to Lucille Manners. She moved to New York City, bringing her mother and father with her. Mr. McClinchy had been in the hat business in Newark and now he transferred his job to New York, to make life easier for his only and adored daughter. Lucille had her own sustaining program over the *NBC* networks. She was guest star on several programs. She was on *Morning Parade,* a daily sustaining program. She became a featured singer on the Viennese program of Hugo Riesenfeld, the same man who now is in California working on motion picture scores. With guest appearances and sustaining

programs, Lucille was happy — but there was a little yearning, too. She kept wondering when she would make that jump to the place coveted by all radio artists—the sponsored program. One night, when she was making a guest appearance on the old *Bab-O* program, an executive of that same advertising agency which handles *Cities Service,* heard her sing *One Night of Love.* He and his wife were having dinner and both remarked on the beauty of the voice which was coming out of the loudspeaker. *NBC* was called on the telephone at once. "Who was that girl singing on the *Bab-O* program?" the executive asked. "Can you arrange five auditions immediately?"

"The next thing I knew," Lucille relates, "was that *NBC* called me for five consecutive auditions. I was not told the why and wherefore. With a full-piece orchestra I was put on five different sustaining programs and told I was singing over the air. It was the strangest thing I ever had heard of, but I was willing to do anything if there were a chance of a sponsor. This I could only guess. Everything was done with the utmost secrecy.

"A week, ten days passed, and I heard nothing from these auditions. In the meantime I was doing sustaining programs and more guest appearances. Finally, when I thought I could stand the suspense no longer, I was told that Jessica Dragonette of the *Cities Service* program was taking a vacation and I was to substitute during her absence. Walking on air? Of course I was! Even though I knew that it was only an extended guest appearance. Then again, the following spring, I was substitute for Jessica." Lucille sighed as she looked back at those days, thinking of the years and months of waiting for something big to come her way.

A Texan from 'way down thar, Dell Sharbutt, popular *CBS* announcer, clings to his old ten-gallon hat.

Last fall, Miss Manners was asked to be understudy to Helen Gleason in the current Broadway musical, *Frederika.* She was delighted with the thought of getting experience in stage work. Her ambition is to be an opera star and any opportunity which helps her on this road, Lucille grasps. However, when she was about to accept definitely the offer of stage work, she was given the important spot of replacing Jessica Dragonette on the air.

"It was too important a step in my career for me to refuse. In fact, I could hardly realize my good fortune—and to think that I am signed for three years—" She hesitated. "I am afraid to mention that, though! I keep telling myself it is for only one year, that the next two years are optional with the sponsor. In reality, my contract reads with options for the five years following the original three." That old contradiction again. In one breath she is confident that everything is perfect. In the next, she is afraid of her good luck.

So many times her career has been threatened, that she hesitates to plan for anything more than the next few weeks When she first started studying voice, she took lessons from a teacher for six months. She and her mother noticed that her voice gradually was becoming hoarse. She stopped lessons and practicing and waited—waited for her voice either to recover from mismanagement or to disappear completely. For seven months she was afraid to sing.

Again, two years ago, the doctors told her that she must have her tonsils removed. Fearful of what effect this might have on her voice, she postponed the operation until a year ago. After recovery, she found that her voice no longer was a contralto, she had become a soprano. But in those few weeks, when she was not sure whether her voice had changed or vanished, she suffered heartbreaking suspense.

Now that good fortune has come her way, Lucille Manners is afraid. She is fearful of Fate tricking her. Now a prima donna on the air, in reality she is a little girl who dares not trust her good luck.

The scene changes ~ so must your perfume

GARDENIA – true essence of the exquisite flower, heart-throbbing as a summer breeze... enchanting from dawn 'til dusk.

No. 3 PERFUME – the mysterious lure of the Orient . . . tempting, seductive as the caressing spell of a romantic mood.

The *right* perfume for each magic moment -- you need these two glorious fragances as much as correct clothes to grace every occasion. Park & Tilford Gardenia and No. 3 belong in your life. Get them at leading druggists and dept. stores... 25c

A smart tuckaway size for 10c in the ten-cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD Perfumes

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

FAOEN

Saves Time—Jiffy-Seal is the marvelous new invention for sealing jams and jellies of every kind. No wax to melt. No tin tops to boil. Just moisten, press on, and it's done!
Saves Money—25 Jiffy-Seals for 10c! Use all your odd-shaped glasses or jars! No new glasses to buy! No tin covers needed!
Saves Preserves—Millions find Jiffy-Seals give absolute protection! Tough, air-tight, transparent seal! Preserves are *safe* when protected by Jiffy-Seals!
At 5c and 10c stores, grocery and neighborhood stores. Or send 10c to Clopay Corp., 1238 Exeter Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

EASY GOING EASY ACES

(*Continued from page 41*)

but in the meanwhile, think of the grief and the strain and the worry. He has to watch every little thing. He has to worry about the back-slappers and the slippery-tongued hangers-on who keep telling him he is great, no matter what he does.

"Now, we've got a little show, a happy, comfortable little show, that just goes on its even way, week in and week out. We try to build steadily all the time, but we've got a long way to go to hit the very top. I hope we don't hit the top for quite a while, because we're doing all right the way we are.

"More money? What good would that be? The more you make, the more the government takes! If we earned more, I figure we wouldn't earn enough more to make up for the additional grief.

"Jane and I live the way we like to live. We have a nice apartment; high in the Essex House in the heart of New York City. It's delightfully cool there in the summer, warm in the winter. We have our friends. We don't care much for night clubs or rushing around to the hot spots. Beverly Hills houses and swimming pools? Baloney! We'd be out of touch with the kind of people we know and for whom we broadcast. The psychology of it would be wrong."

Change the *Easy Aces* program? Goodman shook his head emphatically "no."

"Why?" he asked again. "This show still has friends and is going along all right. I will admit I get a bit stumped for story ideas now and then. But every time I think there's nothing else for us to do, something else comes along.

"Of course, like everybody else, we have 'family' problems. We have to be careful about expanding our little group, having or adopting a child, or letting an aunt or uncle visit us for too long. Because, as in real families, they're apt to be too expensive. Ye-ah, you see we pay off in salaries!

"For instance, do you remember, a while back Jane wanted to adopt a child? Well, I was worried for quite a while how that story was going to come out. If we really had adopted a child, it would have been a permanent member of the family. A permanent cast addition with a permanent salary and, worse than that, I'd have had to think up dialogue for it as well as for Jane and Margie and me!"

Like most newspapermen who have been trained to write on "deadlines," Goodman never turns out his radio script until the very last moment. Two are due on Sunday evening and that means he has to work all day Sunday. Another is due Monday. No, of course, he never does 'em beforehand!

"Sometimes they come right out of the typewriter," Jane told me. "Other times, it takes hours for him to get them going, hours of walking up and down, smoking cigarettes, lying down on the couch, drinking one glass of water after another — oh, well you know all the things a writer can think up to do in order not to write!"

"What do you do about it?" we asked Jane. "Can you help with the ideas?"

She laughed. "Mostly," she answered, "I fetch the water or the cigarettes. Sometimes I make a suggestion and he says: 'No, no, that's not it, but still—wait—' and then he goes and bangs away. But when it comes out, it's nothing like what I said."

Goodman tried a couple of script writers at one time, he said. He thought they would give him not only rest, but fresh ideas.

"It didn't work," he said. "The writers, clever as they were, got me off on wrong tangents. Ours is just average family stuff and I usually get my ideas from friends of ours, or amusing things that actually happen to Jane and me—dramatized, of course. My hired writers tried to be too clever."

That story that Jane is such a swell comedienne and that Goodman wants her to go on the stage or in the movies and develop her talents? That, it appears, came out of a spontaneous compliment paid one evening by Frank Fay, after he had watched the *Easy Aces* broadcast. He told Jane she was simply swell and she had something definitely for audiences. That she ought to do something with her ability.

Pleased with the praise, Jane says frankly she thinks Fay is over-optimistic.

"Actresses know instinctively when to laugh or cry or have a little catch in their voices, don't they?" she asks. "Well, I never do. It never comes to me. I have to go over my script beforehand and mark in every little piece of business such as laughing, sneezing, coughing or crying. Now it's fun, but I want to do nothing more. If ever this program stops, I am going to retire and let Goodman do the work from then on. I'll just be a wife. I love to go shopping!"

Goodman Ace is his own publicity director, for two reasons. First, he doesn't, at heart and although a newspaperman, believe in publicity about the *Easy Aces*. He doesn't like to send out fan pictures. He doesn't believe in personal appearances. He thinks such things destroy the illusion he and Jane have built up in seven years over the air, that the *Easy Aces* are an actual family with woes, hopes and happiness, as any other family. He tells me they get many letters from fans who actually worry about Jane's and Goodman's problems, and take them seriously as a real family.

"Why make those people think of us as performers, rather than real individuals?" he asks. "We tried personal appearances once. Our fan reaction wasn't good and we hated the personal appearances ourselves. We loathed the noise, the crowds, the pushing, the five or three or four-a-day shows we played. People stared at us. We felt like curiosities. The way we live now, nobody knows us. Nobody stares at us. We can go about our own business like human beings and keep our perspective.

"We had a press agent once. He got us fine notices in the paper, but when I'd pick up somebody's radio column and read

things like: *'Goodman and Jane Ace are the two best bets on the air today,'* I'd know it wasn't anything we'd done that had obtained that notice. It was just the press agent doing his job. If you really do a good job, you don't need press agents. Your fans will talk about you.

"Change our name, just because bridge isn't as popular as it once was? I think that's silly, too. We're known as the *Easy Aces* and it is a good name and we are going to keep it. It would be like changing your married name. It would just confuse your friends.

"Go in the movies? I don't think so. We tried making some short subjects once, but we didn't like the work. Again, it destroyed illusion and, again, it took too much of our time and kept us from leading the kind of pleasant, quiet life we like. I think it's better if people don't know what we look like."

About that crack of Goodman's that it took him a long time to win Jane over to the idea of being Mrs. Ace, it's true. It took him the better part of twelve years.

You might call him, this figure out of *Gentlemen of the Press,* this hat-wearing, cigar-smoking, nonchalant Goodman Ace, a true, certainly a persistent romantic. He fell in love with blonde, pert Jane when they were in the seventh grade at school.

He wooed her obstinately, through seventh and eighth grades, high school, journalism work at college and after he became a full-fledged newspaperman, until she said "yes," twelve years later!

She wouldn't give him the time of day at first. She had lots of beaux and, to her, Goodman was just that boy who sat across the aisle in school.

In order to see her at all, he was at one time reduced to calling on the kid sister, under pretense of helping with school lessons, but always hoping for a glimpse of Jane.

One night, after he had become a pretty good newspaperman, he called up and said he had a couple of passes for an Al Jolson show. Would she go? Nobody else had asked her and it was a good show. She would.

Goodman pressed his advantage. He kept on getting more show passes and taking her out. He started proposing. Any place, any time. At the soda fountain after the show. Underneath the arc light on the way home. In the movies. Between rubbers of bridge. She just laughed gaily and Goodman kept right on.

One night there was a full moon—a lovely, big, glowing Kansas moon—and Jane found herself being kissed. By the time papa got down to the front door, they were engaged. They were married shortly thereafter and have lived happily ever since.

Easy Aces? Come to think of it, it's not such a bad name. They're easy-going, pleasant people with a thoroughly sane slant on life. Maybe that's why their program has kept along at its comfortable gait these past years, and why so many radio listeners think of them as friends.

Are you registering your radio preferences? See pages 56—57 of this issue. Let us hear yours. Address: QUERY EDITOR, Radio Stars, 149 Madison Avenue, New York.

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS PERSPIRATION

Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration with all these five advantages:—

1. Cannot rot dresses, cannot irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—keeps armpits dry and odorless, saves dresses from perspiration stains and offensive odor.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

39¢ a jar

At drug and dept. stores

ARRID

TRIAL JAR: Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) for a generous size jar of Arrid. Feminine Products Inc., 55 Park Place, New York, N.Y.

MAN'S WORK LASTS TILL SET OF SUN

WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE - YET

WHILE DOING OTHER THINGS YOU CAN ENJOY Double Mint

GUM — HELPS KEEP YOUR FACE YOUNG AND LOVELY.

PINE RIDGE GOES HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 39*)

But we love it here, too, and we thought it was foolish not to go where we could get sunshine and outdoor life, as long as we could afford it."

Just as *Pine Ridge* is "a little wide place in the road" and Mena, the boys' home town, a city and the county seat, so Hollywood is just another pretty place in which to live. The fact that movies are made here, and that the world at large imagines it as a rather hectic spot, has not prevented the boys from seeing it as an overgrown country town, with much to offer in the way of the quiet life they love.

"The people are grand—you expect them to be different, maybe, but they aren't. They are just the same as in Chicago or Mena or anywhere. And we have so many friends here. Bob Burns and Don Ameche, for instance—Don used to live in the same apartment house with us in Chicago, and now Goff's place is right next to his."

Overhearing Lauck and Bob Burns exchange reminiscences is like listening in on one of their programs. *"Did you know—have you seen—do you remember—Amaryllis Jones, Sadie what's her-name, that girl with the yellow pigtails!"* And with a drawling twang that grows richer as the talk goes on!

"Back home" takes on a deeper meaning to us all, as time and space widen between us, but it seems that Lauck and Goff—and Robin Burns!—are more fortunate than most, for their home town and their past are ever with them, an integral part of their lives and of themselves. We cannot all turn our memories into a livelihood—perhaps that is why the little glimpses they give us on their program have, in addition to humor and homely philosophy, a certain nostalgic charm.

As a landed proprietor, Lauck has a big house, a swimming pool in the rear and an acre of fruit trees—orange, lemon, tangerine, kumquat, avocado. And Goff (who is "Tuffy" to his intimates) has fourteen acres, a swimming pool, of course, a tennis court, a horse and—less usual on a Hollywood "ranch"—hens and a cow and calf. The cow has obliged them with four gallons of milk a day and the hens provide fresh eggs for breakfast. Also, we must not forget the parrot or the Great Dane and the dachshund!

Evidently the odd combination of dogs appealed to Chester Lauck, for he provided his family with a cocker spaniel and a St. Bernard!

"There is nothing very startling about our lives," Lauck commented. "It is all very simple, but we have a big time, enjoy life a lot . . . "

"We admire and love that type of character," Goff explained, "and the simple life they represent. You might not think it, but we would be perfectly contented to live just that sort of life."

Mena sounds a far cry from Hollywood, but they were unanimous in extolling its charms—if either suffers by comparison, it is Hollywood!

The cross-section of life and the people they present on their program are intimately known to them from long association in their boyhood days and from later thoughtful study and careful interpretation. They present them with all their foibles, but they never mock or make fun of them.

The program itself came about almost accidentally. The boys had enjoyed amateur theatricals, but had expected to live the same sort of life that their friends did, to follow some more usual line of business. Both had been to college. Lauck had studied commercial art and had edited a small magazine in Texas, before returning to Mena, and, after some time in a local bank, became manager of an automobile finance company. Goff was helping his father run a wholesale grocery business and the boys, who had known each other since childhood, went about together and fell into the habit of helping with such local entertainments as were put on by the Elks and the Lions Club.

They both possess a keen sense of humor, as well as insight into the natures of the people they knew and dealt with. So, when they had an opportunity to go on the air in Hot Springs, they devised a brief skit based on the hill folk they had come in contact with. It was in April, 1931, that *Lum and Abner* thus came into being, but the two boys, busy at their respective jobs next day, were far from guessing what a momentous occasion that had been.

Like a snowball rolling down hill, that first broadcast led to nine more and the boys suddenly were confronted by the startling idea that they might have hit upon something with real possibilities. A vacation, time out for some intensive thinking, seemed in order. Radio was young and alluring. An audition in Chicago was the next step, and, before they had really made up their minds, they found themselves signing a contract.

Their early experiences were not too successful. They had a succession of sponsors and, for one reason and another, though *Pine Ridge* and the little coterie which gathered at the *Jot 'Em Down Store* were very popular with their fans, the program still was restricted to the Middle West. It was not until the latter part of 1934 that, through the interest and efforts of the late Mr. Horlick, they were put on a Coast-to-Coast hook-up and became familiar to fans from Maine to Florida, from New York to Hollywood.

Chicago had become home, with the Laucks, whose household includes two lovely little girls, Shirley Mae and Nancy, and the Goffs, with their baby boy, Gary, established in beautiful apartments on Lake Michigan. Their wives were Arkansas girls, both dark-haired and pretty, both quiet, both well content to follow where their husbands led. Like the boys, they have been completely unspoiled by their increasing affluence. Each runs her big house the way they were taught back home. They like to shop at the Farmers' Market and come home laden with fresh vegetables and fruit.

"Probably spend a whole lot more than they would if they shopped by phone,"

was Lauck's amused, husbandly comment.

Naturally, all of them enjoyed their introduction to Hollywood and a taste of Hollywood's famed night life. They had to go to the Clover Club, the "Troc'," the Brown Derby, to see their favorite movie stars near to.

But otherwise Hollywood has had no more effect on them than Chicago. Nor is it likely to. They retain their Arkansas twang, almost that way of speaking, though naturally not so noticeably as for *Lum and Abner*. More important, they retain that way of thinking, that deep sense of values.

"Naturally, our way of life has been changed and we've been changed by our experiences," Goff said. "Just as anyone is changed who travels, who meets a lot of people. But fundamentally, we are the same, like the same things, have the same ideals."

They are essentially conservative, putting their money by in the form of annuities and not living extravagantly, not doing anything for show. They thoroughly enjoy being able to have the things they like, to dress well and to give their wives and children security as well as pleasure. They like to have a good time, as anyone does, but they see that good time in terms of being together, of playing golf, of swimming and boating and riding, and perhaps risking a small bet now and then at Santa Anita. They'd like to travel.

"But we are not in any hurry," Lauck grinned. "As long as anyone wants to hear about *Lum and Abner* and their doings, we won't get far away!"

Of course, being in the movie capital, they have given some thought to the making of a movie. But not just any movie— they won't make one at all, unless the right vehicle can be found. Something that will present *Pine Ridge* and its inhabitants as they really are, as they are portrayed to you over the air. They would not risk spoiling the illusion that has been so carefully created, destroying the picture fans have built of these likable, amusing people. Because they take their work seriously and regard their program not merely as comedy but as an interpretation of one kind of American life.

And because, in a sense, like *Frankenstein*, they have built something that has grown to tremendous porportions and that in a very real, though entirely pleasant sense, controls their lives. They feel they owe a debt not only to their fans but to their own creations. *Lum and Abner* are near and dear to their hearts, and hardly less real than the actual *Dick Huddleston*, who is the only real-life character in their skits. And the others seem equally as real, so much so that neither Lauck nor Goff can visualize doing anything to disrupt the picture they have created. Just as Waters, Arkansas, the little town which they picked as a locale for their stories, changed itself to *Pine Ridge* in fact as well as fancy, so their fictional townspeople live their similar lives, share their problems and their small adventures.

And whether in Chicago or Hollywood, Lauck and Goff live likewise and imagine themselves as really being landowners in *Pine Ridge* or Mena—"back home"—where, perhaps, they will live again some day.

"YOUR skin looks beautiful—what are you using?" ask her dearest friends. Kitty-cat lady just smiles. She wants to keep the secret. But *we* are going to give her away! She is using Satinmesh twice a day and her skin has become *simply lovely.*

BECAUSE Satinmesh, the remarkable new liquid preparation cleanses pores as they've never been cleansed before; stimulates the skin to a rosy outh; gently closes gaping *"cosmetic pores"*—and acts as a perfect powder base.

You can *feel* it work—*see* its marvelous results. Wonder of wonders—here is a liquid that will give you *radiant beauty! Thrifty,* too—does the work of *four* expensive preparations!

10C at your "five and ten" store.

Larger sizes at Drug & Dept. Stores.

If you cannot buy Satinmesh locally send 10c in stamps to ALMA WOODWARD, Dept. J., Graybar Bldg., New York City.

CANTOR ON THE CARPET!

(*Continued from page 23*)

"Not yet," said Eddie.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Come home with me and you'll see," he said. "Come home and have a bite to eat. Ida always has supper waiting after the broadcast," he added.

So I rode with him to the big white house in Beverly Hills, the house Cantor has leased from Raoul Walsh, the picture director.

Loudly he rattled his key in the lock, opened the front door, marched into the living-room.

Ida greeted him with a kiss.

"How was it?" he asked.

"On the whole, good," said Ida. "But . . ."

"I don't like that *but,*" murmured Eddie. He looked about him at his daughters, who sat around the room. "Where's Janet?" he demanded.

"Upstairs, in bed," answered Ida.

"And listening to Jack Benny!" supplemented Natalie.

"I come home from work and my daughter is listening to Jack Benny!" Eddie grinned. "Well, he's my best friend, anyway. You folks go on in and eat. I want to say good night to Janet. I'll be with you in a minute." And he raced upstairs.

Ida led the way through the dining-room and into an intimate, pine-decorated, many-windowed sun parlor, where the Cantors eat their breakfasts and late suppers. The table was set with cold chicken, home-made chocolate cake and preserves. Ida piled our plates.

When Eddie came down he turned to the girls: "Did you hear Jack Benny, too?"

"Most of it," said Marjorie. "He told a very funny joke." Her manner was both sad and reproving.

"But what about *my* jokes?"

"You'd better eat first, Daddy," interrupted Marilyn.

"Yes, eat . . . We'll talk about it later," soothed Edna.

"Was it as bad as all that?" he asked.

"It was okay, but . . ." began Marjorie.

The *but* stopped him from eating. "If I don't have a good program, I don't deserve to eat!" he said. "And if it's not good, it won't be long before we don't eat altogether."

They laughed at this. Then there was a silence, an almost ominous silence.

Then they all hopped on him with: "*You* should be good thirty minutes out of thirty!"

"Why did you sing that song?" asked Edna.

"You mean, *Hungry Women*?"

"Yes."

He bridled. "I sang it in *The Follies of 1916.* Audiences paid six-sixty a ticket, and they loved it!"

"This is a new generation," said Edna.

"Besides, the lyric was silly. Nowadays girls don't go around gold-digging men for meals," said Marjorie.

"There you're wrong," Eddie insisted. "You happen to be fortunate, living in a nice home, sure of your food, but plenty of girls gold-dig for a dinner."

"Then you should educate them."

"Educate them! Why, Marjorie, I'm paid to *entertain!* If they want somebody to educate them, let the sponsors hire Nicholas Murray Butler!"

There Mr. Cantor was right. But his family had not finished.

"What about that political joke you told?" asked Natalie.

"Why, what about it? I said to Jimmy Wallington I had a new dance called *The Republican-Democratic Swing.* He asked me how I do it, and I demonstrated. Then he said: 'What kind of a dance is that, just shaking your knees?' And I said: 'That's why it's called *The Republican-Democratic Swing*—because they keep knocking each other!'"

"We couldn't *watch* you demonstrate," admonished Marjorie. "We could only *hear* the story."

He alibied: "Maybe it was your radio. Even President Roosevelt's voice sounds badly, when there's static.'

"But a bum joke is always a bum joke," squelched Natalie.

I have tried to report this conversation exactly the way it occurred, but upon reading my efforts I see it was impossible for me to put down on paper the spirit of comradeship existing between Eddie Cantor and his girls. Eddie listened attentively to their opinions, making them unseen stooges, a vital part of his program. And through it all Ida sat there, silent, patient and wise.

Later, he explained: "I love those post mortems. My family is an average family. Their reactions must be the reactions of the average audience. Therefore, I gauge my performances by them.

"They keep me on my toes. I've been twenty-five years in every branch of the show world, except the circus, and that's a long stretch for anyone. Whenever I am tempted to cut down on my jobs, I stop and remember my family might think I am slipping.

"Marjorie is a typical American girl. When my programs do not appeal to her, I know there is something vitally wrong. They have to please her—or else!

"She has a remarkable ear for what the public wants. She knows radio deals with all classes so: 'This line is a little obvious,' she says, or: 'Take that one out, it might offend.'

"For example, in one broadcast, I explained some of the Bible stories to Bobby Breen. He wanted dramatic reading material. I told him the Bible is full of such tales, of mystery, romance and adventure. I cited the chapter about Jonah and the whale; I suggested he read the story of Noah and the flood. He said he liked books about invention; I told him how the earth and everything in it was created in six days. He asked for a public enemy yarn; I related the story of Cain, Public Enemy Number One. And when he demanded prize fights, I described how a lightweight beat a heavyweight for the championship of the world.

"'David knocked out Goliath with one blow,' I said, 'and there were no motion

picture rights in those days, either!'

"You can readily see why this was a ticklish script to handle. So that it might not offend churchgoers, Marjorie edited the entire program. She insisted I cut out twelve lines, a lot in radio. She did such a good job that, within twenty-four hours after the broadcast, I received over five thousand requests for mimeographed copies!

"Edna often chooses my songs. With meticulous care she scans trade papers and studies the weekly song ratings. Then she runs to me with: 'I've been playing this over; it's coming up fast. Sing it two weeks from now, when it'll be on top!'

"I never broadcast a joke unless it is fit for my younger daughters' ears, so Marilyn and our nine-year-old baby, Janet, join my preview audiences.

"The girls invariably are right. They did not like my last picture. I let them see the daily rushes. They didn't like it even then, during the making.

"'That's not you,' they said. 'It's false!'

"It was hard for me to admit I did not care for it myself, but that my boss, a man well-versed in the motion picture business, thought it was what the public wanted. So I said nothing. As events developed, my boss, with his experience, was wrong, and my daughters were right!

"Constantly I learn from them. They censor my life as well as my programs. Naturally, in the erratic pace of my work, I am liable to forget others. Natalie, who was a typist for Columbia Broadcasting System, taught me to be more thoughtful.

"One evening she did not arrive home from the office until half past eight. She entered, pale, tired, and handed me my forty-one page radio script.

"'You forget how busy the Columbia typists are,' she said. 'I don't care, for myself, but if you could only arrange to turn in your final copies at a reasonable hour, the girls wouldn't have to work overtime!'

"On account of my family, I am a better man. Continually I have to *show* them my ability by my performances, my character by my conduct.

"One graphic example, I think, they have not forgotten. I was invited to make a speech for what I considered an important cause. My friends told me it would hurt my popularity; the thousands against that cause would never buy a ticket to see me again!

"But I believed in that cause. My family *knew* I believed. Their eyes shone with faith in me. So I made the speech.

"When I stood upon the platform, ready to talk, and saw Ida and the girls seated out front, I told the audience: 'It may hurt my pocketbook to be here, but if I didn't do it, it would hurt me more *here!*' And I pointed to my heart.

"So you see, it is not surprising that I feel I owe everything, from the success of my program to the success of my life, to my family. I *have to be* what they *expect* me to be. I daren't disappoint them!"

This time I did not need to look for a reason underlying Eddie Cantor's words. Tears glistened in those big eyes of his. And I *knew* the reason. It was just one word—*love*.

LETTERS TO LISTENERS

(Reversing the Usual Order)

Dear Listeners:

Many of you have written to ask about our Monday night program over *CBS* for *Dill's Best Tobacco*, and wanted to know if it were true that we did our program with blackface make-up on. Well, we do.

The reason for this is that it gets into the spirit of things to a greater extent. Our efforts seem to sound more convincing and more like the characters we portray. Then, too, the members of the studio audience enjoy the programs more because of the visual illusion.

On the other hand, when we broadcast as *Molasses 'n' January*, we wear no make-up and costume, conforming to the pattern set by the sponsor.

We hope this answers a question that has been asked us for years.

PICK MALONE AND PAT PADGETT

Dear Listeners:

It's a very odd thing, this relationship between a speaker on the air and his listeners. I've never seen you of the radio audience who listen in on the *Varsity Show* broadcast, and yet, I feel I know pretty much what you're thinking on Friday nights at 10:30.

"Well," you say to yourselves, "here's this fellow Held again. He may be a fair master of ceremonies, but, say—those boys and girls from the universities he visits really have what it takes!"

Therefore, I'm going to say very little for myself, but in behalf of the student performers who have appeared on *Varsity Show*, I want to thank you for the letters you've written and for the support you've given to the first broadcast that has taken the spotlight away from athletics in the universities and put it on the talented musicians and actors found in these halls of learning.

JOHN HELD, JR.

Dear Listeners:

Too few of you understand the correct use of that delicate missive, the fan letter. True, we artists look forward to receiving them, but in 99 cases out of 100, your letters are confined to praise of our efforts on the air.

Now, don't misunderstand. These letters of yours are as welcome as strawberries in December. But what we would like, now, would be for more of you listeners to tell us our faults. Naturally, any air artist tries to give his or her best at all times. There are instances, however, when we might fall short of the mark. Perhaps this week's program wasn't as good as the one we did last week.

Won't you tell us about these things, too? We bask in your praise and we love it, for we feel that you mean it, since you have gone to the trouble of writing us. Therefore, we consider you as friends. True friends point out one another's faults—won't you do that for us?

MILTON BERLE.

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AT ALL 5 AND 10c STORES

Why suffer, when relief costs only a dime. A tested and approved Cro★Pax Foot Aid for every foot ailment...Corns, Bunions, Callouses and Weak Arches. You will be amazed at Cro★Pax value and delighted with Cro★Pax quality. Over 35 million Cro★Pax foot aids sold every year.

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6 WATERPROOF PADS WITH
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Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau
CRO★PAX PRODUCTS · CLEVELAND, OHIO

white shoes deserve a right smart cleaner and whitener... and one that will not *rub* off!

that's WHITTEMORE'S CADET WHITE
10¢ IN TUBES AND BOTTLES EVERYWHERE

How to WORM YOUR DOG Safely

• *All puppies* should be wormed when 4 weeks old. *All dogs* should be wormed in the Spring and Fall.

There are different kinds of worms. No one medicine can safely be used for all kinds or for all size dogs. Don't gamble with your dog's life. Use these safe, sure, effective treatments: Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules (or Liquid) for Roundworms and Hookworms in grown dogs and large puppies; Sergeant's Puppy Capsules for these worms in puppies and toy breeds. For Tapeworms in puppies and dogs, use Sergeant's Tapeworm Medicine.

There are 23 tried and tested SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES. Standard since 1879. Made of the finest ingredients. Sold under a Money-Back Guarantee by Drug and Pet Stores. Ask them for a FREE copy of Sergeant's Book *on the care of dogs or write:*

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Just isn't sticky
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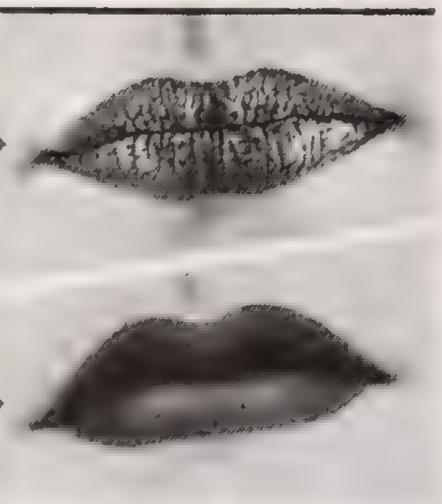
For Your Hands, Face, Arms and Shoulders
Ideal Powder Base. Its Pure, Soothing ingredients penetrate in a second. Leaves your skin satin-smooth. Use freely before and after outdoor exposure. First trial will convince you.

AT ALL 5c & 10c STORES

HOW OLD IS YOUR MOUTH?



5 YEARS YOUNGER

• Give your lips the freshness of youth! Use Cutex Lipstick, with its special oil that helps make your lips look smoother, softer—5 years younger! In Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby. Try Cutex Lipstick today!

50¢ CUTEX Lipstick

... TROMBONE TROUBADOUR

(*Continued from page 33*)

band's idea of broadcasting was to hit everything as hard as they could. The mike, however, was one of the old, tough affairs of long ago. It had to be shaken every once and so often, or the audience heard nothing.

Jerry made his radio début over this station. He thought he knew the choruses—and then discovered, mid-broadcast, he knew only a few lines! Besides, he was so nervous, his voice came through in a strange squeak. His friends, listening in, told him candidly that he was awful and advised him to stick to parlor crooning. But Budreau believed he had good stuff, got him some copies of the songs and gave him another opportunity. This time it was better.

Anyone else would have given up. Remember this when you discuss Jerry Cooper. He came right back. After that he sang regularly. He used to go around with the band. To make himself welcome, he used to carry the instruments.

"I was horse for the band," he said, laughing.

For his singing and for his horse-work, he received no money. Wearying of this, he asked Steve what he could do to make some money out of his music. Steve told him to learn to play some sort of an instrument.

But what instrument? Steve could not advise him. One day, passing a dance hall, he heard a solo of the song, *Just a Melody*. He went up, discovered it was a trombone solo. The next day he put ten dollars down on a $175-trombone. With the instrument went eight free lessons.

The Italian teacher gave him a piece to learn. Jerry insisted on learning four, knowing, in his shrewd way, that soon the free lessons would be over, and he must learn all he could quickly. At the end of the eight lessons he told the professor he could not continue, he was broke. The good soul agreed to give him additional instruction gratis.

At the end of eight weeks, he had the temerity to apply and what is more, get a job. It was with a 12-piece band in Biloxi, Mississippi, a summer resort across the river. The leader of the band said to Jerry:

"Hey, stuff that horn with paper. And when the boss comes around, just act wise."

He got away with it, for the length of the band's engagement—two weeks—and received one hundred and ten dollars. After a while he got to be a fair trombone player, became a member of the 50-piece Illinois Central band, wore a red coat with yellow striped trousers, and became expert in all the rousing *ta-ra-ra* Sousa marches.

"I was that dumb," he confided, "I used to come home and ask my mother how I sounded. And me playing with a fifty-piece band, and no solos, either!"

Looking about for something that he could use to accompany himself, he bought a guitar for three dollars from a blind Negro and learned to be pretty good at it. With his guitar, he used to sing for two hours over the old *WWL* station at New Orleans, and for the first time experienced the thrill that comes with fan mail. Letters came to him from as far west as the state of Washington.

Work at the railroad office was slack. Man after man was let go and Jerry was reduced to piece work, some weeks making no more than fifty cents a day. But with his singing and tromboning, he made, after hours, fifteen dollars a week.

The next upward step came in the shape of an offer to sing in a night club. The offer was for thirty-five dollars a week. He was scared. He never had sung without a megaphone. But giving the patrons of the club, *Roar, Mississippi, Roar,* he clicked.

The club was a school in human nature for Jerry Cooper, an essential part of his education. He learned to go about from table to table. He studied people, got to know them—and some nights made as high as a hundred dollars. He took down the names and addresses of these habitués—and when, later, he changed jobs, he dropped them each a card. They followed him. It made him valuable to all who chose to employ singers.

One night the master of ceremonies quit and Jerry got the job. He told me it was just as hard to speak for the first time in public as it had been to sing. And then the orchestra walked out. Jerry picked up his own band. In a small way, he had made good.

Among those early jobs was one at a lakeside resort. The band would stand on the porch and, when they saw a car coming, would rush inside and start to play. If the car stopped, they would go on, but if it passed, they would come to a sudden stop.

Jerry's first hope of climbing higher than New Orleans was kindled by Roger Wolfe Kahn, who heard him sing and said he would give him a job. But Kahn's dickerings with hotels in Chicago and Dallas, Texas, came to naught. He had nothing to offer. But the seed had been planted and one day Jerry, then master of ceremonies and leader of the Cooper-Cabrera Band, borrowed a little money from his grandmother, and thumbed his way to New York.

Before he went, he said goodbye to his friends. They told him not to go. New York, they said, was a cold, brutal city, the only people who got by there were New Yorkers. They prophesied that he would be back in a month. It's three years since he left, and still Jerry Cooper hasn't gone back.

Those were hard weeks, those early weeks in New York. A rule of the musicians' union forbade his playing until he had been there at least six months. He could have got work in small night clubs, but, penniless and hungry though he was, he refused these opportunities. He felt that they would hurt his future.

Auditions he received, from everybody of importance, from all the radio studios,

from all the bandleaders. They thought he was good "but not colossal." Everybody heard him, nobody gave him work. Finally he drifted into a recording studio and did the vocals for some dance records at twenty-five dollars apiece—and for the moment, the wolf was off the Cooper doorstep.

Ben Selvin, chief of the recording studios, got Emil Coleman, the bandleader, to give him a job and Jerry was hired. The job was at the Palais Royale, huge New York night club. Jerry learned all the songs, his own and everybody else's, and one afternoon, during rehearsal, when there was difficulty with another singer who didn't know his lines, he butted in.

"I know the words," he said.

When he went on for the first time, he had to hire a dress suit, which he describes as "one of those green ones." People liked him. He was only earning fifty dollars a week, but he was on his way. When a juvenile in the floor show quit, he stepped into the job at a twenty-five-dollar-a-week increase.

Always alert, a charming, unaffected, boyish individual, he made friends with everybody. Among them, the *WOR* announcer, who found a couple of guest spots for him to sing in. His songs were heard somehow, some way, by the keen ears of the radio impresarios—and *CBS* brought him in on a sustaining program. The date is important in Jerry's life—May 22nd, 1935.

This program was a sort of death valley for new talent. It came at 4:15 in the afternoon. Fifteen before him had landed there and fizzled back into oblivion. But Jerry Cooper did not fizzle. Some objected to him, because he was said to sound like Bing Crosby. If there is a resemblance, it is unconscious, pure coincidence. Years before, his mother had tuned in on Bing and remarked to Jerry:

"There's someone I heard sounds just like you, Jerry."

The Columbia executives were worried over the similarity. But one of them declared: "Heck, let the kid sing as he pleases."

After that it was all right. He, himself, scotched the legend of his appeal being the result of the resemblance, by singing on the *Drene Shampoo* program, under a different name—the name "Jack Randolph."

Just recently Cooper was signed as master of ceremonies and singing star of *Hollywood Hotel,* replacing Fred MacMurray. Now, for the first time, he makes his appearance on one of radio's outstanding, full-hour broadcasts. And, any day now, a call may come from the movies. Cooper will go far, for he is ready for it. Good-looking, beautifully mannered, he can travel with the best company. His clothes are tailored by New York's best, he looks, acts and thinks as a man in the money.

It's a long pitch, this, from the days when he played horse for Steve Budreau's band. A long haul from the bitter, poverty-stricken years of his early life to the romance of his present success. But, it was no simple piece of luck that brought Jerry Cooper along. It was his strength and shrewdness that made the success possible. Which is why you can be assured that, when he promises to stick to romance, he will keep his word.

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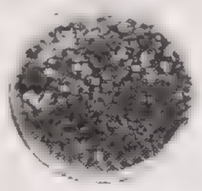
THERE is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

The Truth About Soap Shampoos



1. Bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.

Fitch Shampoo

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that *ordinary* shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. *Try it today!* For sale at all drug counters. Professional applications at beauty shops and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

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Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

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● Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent — a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

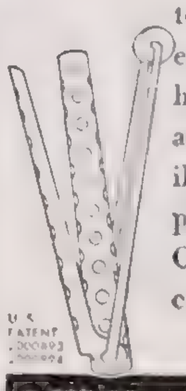
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME..

KEEP CURLS LOVELY with

HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLERS

Summertime! Outdoor time! Play in sun and wind and water. Wonderful days...but cruel to curls. Lucky, isn't it, that Hollywood Curlers can repair the damage so quickly. Roll your hair for a little while on Hollywood Curlers and there you have...*beauty restored!* At Malibu Beach and Palm Springs, where picture people play, a "first aid" supply of Hollywood Curlers is in every dressing room. Get *your* emergency supply for summer needs NOW.

Insist on Hollywood Curlers!



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Indoors or out—on dance floor, tennis court, or beach—bring the sparkle of youth to your skin with Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Apply it to face, neck, arms, legs—your skin feels silky, looks fresh, tempting, radiant. You're lovely! Play hours under scorching sun or dance till dawn—Miner's stays on, won't rub off or streak. At drug and dep't stores, 50c. Trial sizes 25c and 10c at any 10c counter, or send 10c for a generous trial bottle, mentioning shade, to Miner's, 40 East 20th St., N. Y. C.

Peach
Rachel
Brunette
Suntan

MINER'S, INC. Masters of Make-up Since 1864.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED!

(*Continued from page 37*)

Know what it meant? Of course you did, and so did every other kid in school. Ah, those silk hats, those gold-headed canes twirled so elegantly by the natty gentlemen of the ensemble as they paraded down the street! And the drum major, who tossed his baton high into the trees and caught it behind his back, with the calmest of smiles—what a god was he!

Then that glorious night and the end seat in the second row, from where you could see half circles of beautifully over-dressed gentlemen, flanked by fantastically over-dressed end-men, done in coal black, holding antic tambourines. And the interlocutor, all dignified but with a twinkle in his eye, who'd say those immortal words: *"Gentlemen—be seated!"*

Shades of George H. Primrose, of Billy Emerson, of George Thatcher, of Gus Hill and all that immortal band! Can't you hear "Daddy" Rice singing *Jim Crow* and *I'd Choose To Be a Daisy*? Why, it was Dan Emmett, a minstrel man, who wrote *Dixie*, that all-time Southern anthem. And Lew Dockstader's coat, was there ever *anything* like it? "A thing of shreds and patches . . ." indeed, and as the patches increased in size and number, the more did Lew (and the audience) treasure it.

Yea, the minstrel show was truly America's own!

One of the better known minstrel men of the day was a gentleman known as 'Lasses White, who called his minstrel show, *'Lasses White's Tab Show.* It was to 'Lasses White that Pat went, after an unwilling year at Georgia Military Academy.

"Besides amateur-night experience at clowning," began Pat, "I'd learned to play the harmonica in the Sunday School band and this stood me in good stead when I asked 'Lasses for a job. He let me sit in the ensemble until, one night, the end man on my left had the misery and I got my chance. For two happy years I was one of 'Lasses' end men, at forty per."

To earn his forty per he played the harmonica and did specialty acts, like playing Negro girl parts—easy enough because his voice hadn't changed. Another, which called for eight other men, took the form of a skit called *The Three O'Clock Train,* which train was supposed to be coming into a haunted station. One crabby critic advised the troupe to take an earlier train than the *Three O'Clock*, if they really wanted to keep their skins, but he was a morose exception, for the show was generally liked and when they hit a town and their band swung into *Capiscola's March,* almost every kid in town was seized with violent pains which necessitated his immediate quittance of the classroom and the vicinity of the *McGuffey Fifth Reader.*

"I did more in vaudeville than in minstrel shows," said Pick, "but I got a crack at them, too. I'm from Dallas, Texas, you know. That is to say, I was born there; back in '93, but when I was a little shaver of six my daddy moved us out to Oklahoma, where, to my joy, there were still Injuns."

His daddy tried to make a school teacher out of him, but it didn't take, so he joined the army. Naturally, when the War came along, he did his bit by entertaining the men. He got to liking it so much that when the War, and his time, were up he went into minstrel shows, then into vaudeville and then stock. One of his big moments in stock occurred when he imitated a horse's hooves—bringing no less than General Sheridan's horse right up to the wings from twenty miles away. He acted, too, he said.

"Pick saw me before I saw him," explained Pat. "My brother and I were in a show in St. Louis, called *South and West.* It's always been a wonder to me, since, how he was willing to work with me after seeing us in that *E-flat tab.*"

An "E-flat tab," gentle readers, is a bad show. It's nigger talk and it simply, and terribly, means—*lousy!*

But it didn't make any difference, because, when they were introduced in a New York Automat, they signed articles five minutes later.

" 'Pat,' I said," Pick tells, " 'want to go up to my hotel room and talk over the partnership?' He was all for it, so we went over to the room. I took out my key to open the door but I couldn't get the key in because there was a plug in the keyhole. 'Somebody musta broken a key off in the door,' I said, innocently. 'Jes' wait till I phone the little old manager on this hall phone, here.' So I called the desk and said: 'Mister, I think you ought to know that there's a plug in my keyhole.' 'Sure,' answered the man at the desk, 'we know about it. Why don'tcher pay yer rent?' "

"Our first plug," Pat said, and ducked.

"Well, we talked it over," continued Pick, "and I showed Pat to the manager. I guess he liked his looks, because he let us in. That was a fine start."

They had adventures a-plenty after this. They were first booked into a theatre on 125th Street, and to celebrate the engagement they bought much-needed clothes and had them sent to the manager *C.O.D.* They even borrowed twenty-five dollars from him.

Then they went over to *WOV* one day, looking for work. "Sure," said the station manager, "I'll give you a job, if you can write, and act in, a minstrel show in half an hour." Could they? Of course they could. An assignment like that was duck soup for a pair of old minstrel-ians.

It wasn't a too-bad show that they turned out that day, nor were the succeeding ones, even if they did detest the eight o'clock (in the morning) performance. That early session, however, was to be lucky for them, as the manager of *WOR* tuned in while shaving one morning and nearly cut himself over one of their gags.

WOR kept them at sustaining for a year-and-a-half and there were no more plugs in the keyhole, just an occasional plug from an admirer. The same being ever a delight to the soul of a performer.

• Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringe of dark, long, silky beauty with this extra-creamy mascara. Smudgeproof. Permanent. Non-smarting. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.

For that extra touch

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
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NOW! *Beautiful* NAILS
AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long, tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Marvelously natural-looking. Try them!

Set of 10 20¢ At all 5 and 10c Stores

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS
NU-NAIL CO. 5249 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

A vaseline company thought that they were smooth enough to do advertising for them over *NBC*, and the youngish hopefuls figured they'd arrived. But it wasn't until the *Maxwell House Show Boat* slid down the airways that they really came into their own, and the sponsor's generous budget. *Dill's* came along later, so there you see them, *Molasses 'n' January* and *Pick and Pat.*

Somewhere, sometime, in the midst of all the hustle and bustle, they got themselves married. Pick married a girl who had been in the profession, and Pat married a *Follies* girl he'd met in Montreal. She hated him when they met and he hated her, but love changed that. She died two years ago, leaving their nine-year-old Bobby and Pat to fend for themselves. Bobby at present is at Riverdale-On-The-Hudson, in a military academy.

"He's *not* going to be an actor," Pat swears, "he's enrolled in Georgia Tech already, where they're going to teach him engineering and perhaps make an artist out of him. His tuition's paid for and now all he has to do is to grow up."

Pick's two boys, Jack and Buddy, are still in school. Pat asked him whether he had to whip his seventeen-year-old Jack.

"Only in self defense!" snapped back Pick.

You *expect* radio comics to say things like that.

They're really hard-working guys. For instance, on Mondays and Thursdays, their activities shape up something like this: Rehearsal at one o'clock. Dress (rehearsal) at three. No—they don't write their own stuff, publicity releases to the contrary. Naturally, they make little changes in their material, so it will be just a bit more their own, but that's expected. They sit around all afternoon, discussing gags and situations, then at radio time get into their costumes and apply the burnt cork. Thus you have *Molasses 'n' January* or *Pick and Pat,* depending on which night you tune them in.

"Gets so," complained Pat, "that half of the time we forget which we're supposed to be on that particular hour and I'm apt to turn to Pick and call him *January,* on the *Dill's Best Show.*"

"Huh," grunted Pick, "I remembers one little old night when you didn't know who *you* were! Lordy me, but that was funny! Pat's Doc told him to drink some whiskey for a cold he had, so he asked me to keep him company. Since I'm most *unnaturally* polite and considerate," *(Pat snorted)* "I jes' helped him do away with a pint before the broadcast. Well, the first five minutes on the air were okay. I could jes' about make out every other word, and I wasn't complaining, when I noticed Pat was havin' trouble. I nudged him and he near' fell over. Then he threw his script down on the floor and I did, too. We ad libbed all the rest of the show!"

"Yassir," added Pat, "and bless me if the President of the United States, who was supposed to follow us on the air, wasn't fifteen minutes late and didn't we have to ad lib that extra fifteen minutes, too!"

They howled at the memory of it. Pat said people from everywhere told them it was one of their best broadcasts. Then

Comfy Baby!

THANKS TO HIS OLIVE OIL POWDER

MOTHER, nothing will keep your baby so cool and happy, so free from chafing, as Z.B.T. *Olive Oil* Baby Powder. The olive oil makes Z.B.T. smoother, longer-clinging, superior in "slip"—makes it more effective for diaper rash, prickly heat and skin irritations. Free from zinc stearate, Z. B T. is approved by leading hospitals, by Good Housekeeping *and your baby.* Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

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HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SAFEST *because easiest to clean*

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

CORNS COME BACK BIGGER-UGLIER

UNLESS REMOVED ROOT & ALL

DRAW OUT ROOT AND ALL—*this safe, gentle way*

● When you pare a corn you only trim the surface—the root remains imbedded in your toe and the corn soon comes back bigger and uglier—more painful than before.

But when you use the new double-action Blue-Jay method the corn is gone for good. The tiny Blue-Jay medicated plaster, by removing pressure, at once relieves pain and in 3 short days the corn lifts out—Root and All (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Try this safe, easy Blue-Jay method today. 25¢ for 6—at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

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IN just a few seconds eyes look clearer, brighter . . . larger! And feel so marvelously refreshed! With Eye-Gene . . . new scientific stainless eye lotion discovery. Tested and approved. Now used by thousands whenever eyes are dull, tired, overtaxed or temporarily veined. At all drug, department and 10c stores.

EYE-GENE Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

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With Big Bottle Nail Polish — Only 10c for Both!

Lady LILLIAN

CREME NAIL POLISH

Don't mar beautiful hands with a nail polish that streaks on your nails when it goes on and chips off after a couple of days. Don't wear out-of-date shades. Try the new LADY LILLIAN Creme Polish in Rose, Rust and "Smoky" red colors. LADY LILLIAN is approved by Good Housekeeping.

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Conveniently On Sale At 5 and 10 Cent Stores

he went on, apropos of nothing at all:

"We've come to the conclusion that we don't ever want to go back on the boards. We don't even like to make personal appearances. Oh, we've played the Paramount, and theatres like that, but we don't like it."

"No," echoed Pick, "we do not. Why, once when I was making an out-of-town personal appearance, two guys named Tom and Jerry threw me off the train." He threw out a hint that that was supposed to be funny, but, giving up all hope for a laugh, continued: "We do do an occasional benefit, however. We were over at Radio City Music Hall the night they put on that big flood benefit. We'd agreed on some lines, but darned if we didn't get to talking with some of our performer-friends and forget the routine we'd agreed on."

"An' we hadn't been taking any cough medicine," slipped in Pat.

In their eight years together they've had only one fight, and that was because Pat rushed off after a stage matinée to find out how his baseball-playing cousin, Burley Grimes (now manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers), had come out on the day's pitching—and so consequently hadn't taken his bows.

Then, under the heading of "events," there was the time they left their costumes in the car while they did a benefit at the Hudson Theatre. Somebody, some dastard, stole them, and as Pick said, it was a tough thing to happen to them when they were doing a good deed!

Their only solace was the thought of the thief's face when he undid the bundle and found that the costumes were of too-bright a hue to be worn and that the shoes were the kind clowns wear—three feet long!

"I've found a feller," said Pat, "who's a real character. He's a farmer down near my home town of Bogart, Georgia, and I don't even know his name, but he's the doggondest man I ever did see. He can mimic *anything* there is. I'm going to bring him up for one of the shows, pay his fare, give him some dough and show him the sights. I'll bet he's never been more than twenty miles away from Bogart in all of his life!"

However, the biggest interest the boys have is a 210-acre farm in a town actually (so Pat says) called Gloucester Court House, down in old Virginny. There's a beautiful old mansion on the land and they're going to raise saddle horses, with the help of three Negroes, one of whom is a preacher.

But that isn't all. No, sir, they're going to raise pigs. And what are they going to do with the pigs? That's right, Ma'am, they're going to transform the pigs into hams and smoke the hams over hickory logs. Then they're going to call them *Molasses 'n' January Hickory Smoked Hams,* and sell them all over the country. (*Advt.!*)

That's what they're going to do and if you have any jokes in mind about hams, in the theatrical sense of the word, you'd better jes' fo'git 'em, or else little old *Pick and Pat* or little old *Molasses 'n' January* will tear you limb from limb or tie you up and make you listen to some of their poorer jokes!

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Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse —3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

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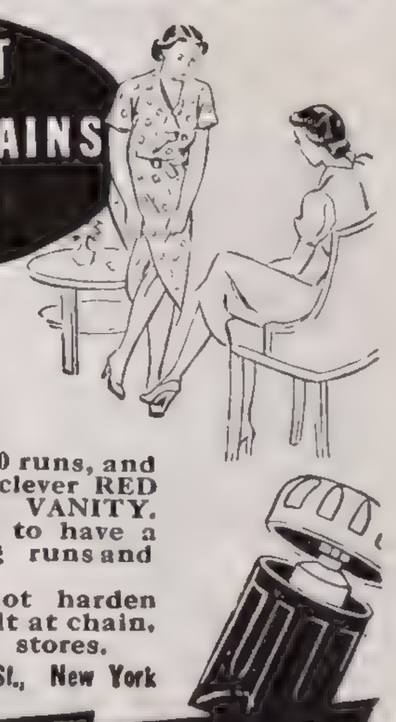
I'M A GREAT ONE FOR BARGAINS MY DEAR!



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Run-R-Stop does not harden nor wash out. Ask for it at chain, department and shoe stores.

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What does a radio star think about? See NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH? (Page 82)

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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Shampoo and color your hair at the same time, any shade. SHAMPO-KOLOR won't rub off. Colors roots; leaves hair soft, natural; permits perm. wave. Free Book Valligny Prod. Inc. Dept. 39-A, 254 W. 31 St. N. Y.

George Murphy, star of *Top of the Town*, with Louella Parsons, noted Hollywood press and radio columnist.

HOLLYWOOD INVITES YOU

(*Continued from page 59*)

Glenda Farrell, Warner Brothers' star, will entertain you in her San Fernando home. She is a bird lover.

second trippers, and Dick Arlen's "Melting Pot" party features the third vacation trip.

And here's another main event—a party at *NBC's* Hollywood station, where you'll meet radio celebrities in person! So keep that dial turned to the *NBC Red* and *Blue* networks and tune in Jack Benny, Marion Talley, Walter Winchell, Conrad Nagel, *Amos and Andy, Lum and Abner,* Col. Irvin S. Cobb, Les Tremayne and his *First Nighters,* Victor Moore and Helen Broderick, and all that galaxy of entertainers who come to you through the *NBC* network from Hollywood.

Did we forget to mention Bing Crosby and Bob Burns? That would burn 'em up, because they're looking forward to your visit, too! This is going to be fun, and you'll enjoy every minute of it.

But we haven't space for more than a few words here. The whole complete story, containing details and costs, is in the big illustrated booklet to be mailed you free.

Write now, right now! Make up your mind that, when that crowd of merry-makers pulls out of Chicago, you'll be on board, or that you'll hop on somewhere en route. This is one vacation that you don't want to miss! The cost is no more than you'd pay for a so-so vacation, slapping mosquitos at the lake, but it will fill your memory book with one thrill after another.

This is the last call—reservations are nearly complete—so act today! See you in Hollywood!

Joe Godfrey, Jr., Suite 1804
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free illustrated booklet containing full description of the RADIO STARS MAGAZINE Tours to Hollywood.

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LIKE TO TRY IT? Send coupon and 10c (Canada 15c) each to CLARK-MILLNER CO., Dept. 15-G, 666 St. Clair St., Chicago, Ill., for ☐*Cream* or ☐*Stick*. Check tint: ☐Light ☐Medium ☐Brunette ☐Sun Tan.

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avoid bristly re-growth

Why spoil your summer fun with ugly hair on arms and legs? Bathing suits and shorts demand the utmost feminine daintiness. Forget shaving—discover the NEET way—easy, sure, dependable!

NEET is like a cold cream in texture. Simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how petal-soft and smooth it leaves the skin.

That's because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with a razor. Regrowth is thus delayed and when it does appear there are no sharp-edged bristles. Millions of women depend on NEET. Get it in drug and department stores; trial size at 10¢ stores.

RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

JUDY: Zeke played a mean trick on our parrot.
ANNC'R: What'd he do?
JUDY: The parrot was sound asleep in its cage, so Zeke got a great big candy Easter egg and sneaked it into the cage with it. Then he woke the parrot up. The parrot took one look at this great big old egg and said: "THAT'S A LIE!"
(JUDY CANOVA, Woodbury Program.)

GRACIE: Why don't you give yourself a treat and coax me to give you a kiss?
GEORGE: Gracie, you wouldn't want to kiss Tony before all these boys!
GRACIE: Why, sure. . . . I certainly wouldn't want to be last!
(BURNS and ALLEN, Campbell Program.)

MARY: I've been working on my garden all week. Yesterday I put in carrots, pansies, cherries, violets and radishes and I planted them in straw.
JACK: In straw? Well, what are you trying to raise?
MARY: Straw hats.
(JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jell-O Program.)

PORTLAND: Mr. Allen, Mr. Allen.
FRED: Quiet, please! There is only one Mr. Allen, fortunately, as some of the radio critics put it.
PORTLAND: Hello!
FRED: Well, sir, they laughed when I said I was going to brush up on my bridge. They didn't know I was a street cleaner on the New Triboro. If it isn't Portland!
(FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.)

PHIL: You know, my screen test for United Artists came out so well, I was offered a job by Twentieth Century.
HARRY: You were offered a job by Twentieth Century? Really, Phil? What did they want you to do?
PHIL: Make up the berths.
(PHIL BAKER, Gulf Program.)

JANUARY: Stop gabbin' an' get up to bat, small, dark and repulsive. Before he pitches again I want to take a few trial swings.
MOLASSES: Oh, you don't want to do that. . . . Last week my uncle had a few trial swings.
JANUARY: Then what happened?
MOLASSES: They hung him.
(MOLASSES and JANUARY, Show Boat Program.)

HENRY: But those income tax collectors . . . it was a cinch. All I had to do was give them my last dollar and a mortgage on my wife. I still own my father outright. . . . And what service they had there! On the way out a man gives you a mirror, so you can watch yourself starve to death!
(HENNY YOUNGMAN, A & P Band Wagon.)

MOTHER: I'm so glad you're all right, Joseph, my son. Here, drink this hot lemonade. Then we'll pour you a hot bath.
JOE: But mother, if I drink this lemonade, I won't have any room for the bath!
(JOE PENNER, Cocomalt Program.)

MILTON: Judge, this is your director, Cecil B. deMoody. Cecil, I'd like you to know Judge Hugo Straight, a very repulsive friend of mine.
MACK: Director? He couldn't direct a jackass.
GORDON: Yes, I can—we'll get along fine. Not only am I a great director, I am also a very fine camembert.
MILTON: Wait a minute, Moody—you don't mean camembert—you mean cameraman.
GORDON: I said camembert and I mean camembert.
MILTON: But you're wrong. Camembert is an imported cheese.
GORDON: What are you—a native?
(MILTON BERLE, Gillette Program.)

PAT: Eddie Cantor, wid his five gals, thinks de stork is de worst postman in de world.
PICK: Why does Eddie Cantor, wid his five gals, think de stork is de worst postman in de world?
PAT: Cause it never delivered any male to him.
(PICK and PAT, Pipe Smoking Time.)

BING: This doesn't happen to be your birthday, does it, Bob?
BOB: That depends, Bing.
BING: Depends on what?
BOB: If it was—would you give me a present?
BING: But of course.
BOB: Then it's my birthday!
(BING CROSBY and BOB BURNS, Kraft Program.)

BERGEN: Robbie never gave up the idea of going to sea and wanting to be a sailor, so one day he got a position on a boat.
CHARLIE: Yeah—after all, that's the best place to be a sailor.
(EDGAR BERGEN and Dummy Charlie, Vallee Program.)

CLERK: I hope your plants will be thriving when you reach Southampton.
MARY: When I reach where?
CLERK: Southampton.
MARY: How dull of you! Everyone knows Southampton is on Long Island, and I want to go to England.
(MARY BOLAND, Saturday Night Party.)

JUDY: It's a nice heavy material, all right, but every time Annie puts on that dress, it makes her feel sad.
ANNC'R: Why does it make you sad, Annie?
ANNIE: I keep a-thinkin' about that poor horse, goin' around without his blanket!
(THE CANOVAS, Woodbury Program.)

PHIL: Bottle, another crack like that, and on the Fourth of July you'll be without a punk.
BOTTLE: Oh, Mr. Baker—don't leave me.
PHIL: You know, Bottle, I tried to remove a ring for five years and I finally got it off with soap and water.
BOTTLE: Oh, I say, sir, didn't you wet your collar?
(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

BUDD: You know, Pop, we could go even further with that abbreviation stuff. For instance—if I wanted to say that Albany is the capital of New York, I'd just say Alb is the cap o' New.
STOOP: Never mind the Greek fraternities . . . stick to the text here.
(STOOPNAGLE & BUDD, Minute Tapioca Program.)

GRAHAM: Well, did your aunt have the dinner party, Ed?
ED: Oh, yes, Graham . . . and my aunt never stopped talking the entire evening. She said to my uncle: "I believe my voice is getting husky." And my uncle said: "Well, if I got as much exercise as your voice, I'd be husky too!"
(ED WYNN, Spud Program.)

MARY: I even found a way to grow mashed potatoes.
JACK: How?
MARY: First I put vanishing cream on the skins.
JACK: Yes?
MARY: Then I plant them with a hammer.
JACK: Oh, go away, Gracie!
(JACK BENNY and MARY LIVINGSTONE, Jell-O Program.)

FRED: I thought your mother got your father in a raffle.
PORTLAND: When Papa was courting Mamma, he came to the house every night, and Mamma'd cook him pot roast.
FRED: Oh—girl MEATS boy, eh?
(FRED ALLEN, Town Hall Tonight.)

MOLASSES: Strike one!
JANUARY: Strike one? You idiot . . . the ball hit me on the head.
MOLASSES: Well, it struck you, didn't it? That's two dollars' fine for you.
JANUARY: Two dollars' fine? What's the two bucks for?
MOLASSES: To buy a new ball.
(MOLASSES and JANUARY, Show Boat Program.)

HENRY: I stepped into the barber shop, . . . there was a sign on the wall saying: SHAVES FIFTEEN CENTS AND A QUARTER. I said to the barber: "What's the difference?" He said: "With the quarter shave you get bandages." Just then a bald-headed man rushed in, took off his toupee and said: "Give me a haircut and shampoo—I'll be back in half an hour!"
(HENRY YOUNGMAN, A & P Band Wagon.)

WALTER. But it's on March 15th—income tax day—that every one starts taking things off. I took so much off that the government sent me one of Sally Rand's fans. For what I paid, you'd think they'd send me Sally Rand!
(WALTER O'KEEFE, Vallee Program.)

ANNC'R: "What is so rare as a day in June?"
JUDY: Hey, Zeke, what is so rare as a day in June?
ZEKE: A red-headed Chinaman.
(THE CANOVAS, Woodbury Program.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Fashion Parade of the month... **JULY**

The New "Smoky" Nail Shades as Miss Nancy Harrar wears them

Manoir Richelieu Canada

Nancy Harrar puts her tennis opponent very much off his game with her new above-the-knees outfit in 2 shades of blue accented with a rose-colored sash and Cutex Old Rose nails.

"Old Rose is lovely for blonde types," Nancy says, "and especially with pastels for both sports and evening."

Rainbow Room Rockefeller Center New York

Nancy Harrar is the particular star of the evening in gleaming white satin boldly splashed with primavera bouquets and belted with chartreuse . . . worn with nails in the startling new Cutex Burgundy.

Nancy finds Burgundy creates a big stir—it's so new and unusual. She wears this sophisticated color with black, white, wine, carnelian and, above all, blue.

En route to London

For tea with the Captain of the Aquitania—Nancy Harrar chooses distinguished gray and white sheer jersey with lovely dusky nails in Cutex Rust.

Nancy says Rust is gorgeous with green, beige and copper, as well as gray. "And it's absolutely *the* nail color when you're sun-tanned!"

Old Rose *Burgundy* *Rust*

NO GATHERING of the smart younger set is completely lovely without the willowy, blue-eyed Nancy Harrar—one of the outstanding New York debutantes of this last season.

Whether she's doing 18 holes of golf or playing Chopin for her friends, Nancy has the knack of making a charming color picture of herself.

Part of this glamour picture are her tapered musician's hands that she makes still more interesting with the new Cutex "smoky" polish shades. "Even the deep shades are soft and smoky," she says. "You can do a lot more with them as color accents than with ordinary glaring polishes."

See just how she uses three of the Cutex "smoky" shades by cutting out the figures above. Now work out several clever Cutex color schemes for yourself! There are 12 smart shades to choose from—Old Rose, Burgundy, Rust, Light Rust, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Ruby, Robin Red, Cardinal, Natural, Colorless. Cutex is more lustrous, too—wears for days, won't thicken up in the bottle, won't fade!

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